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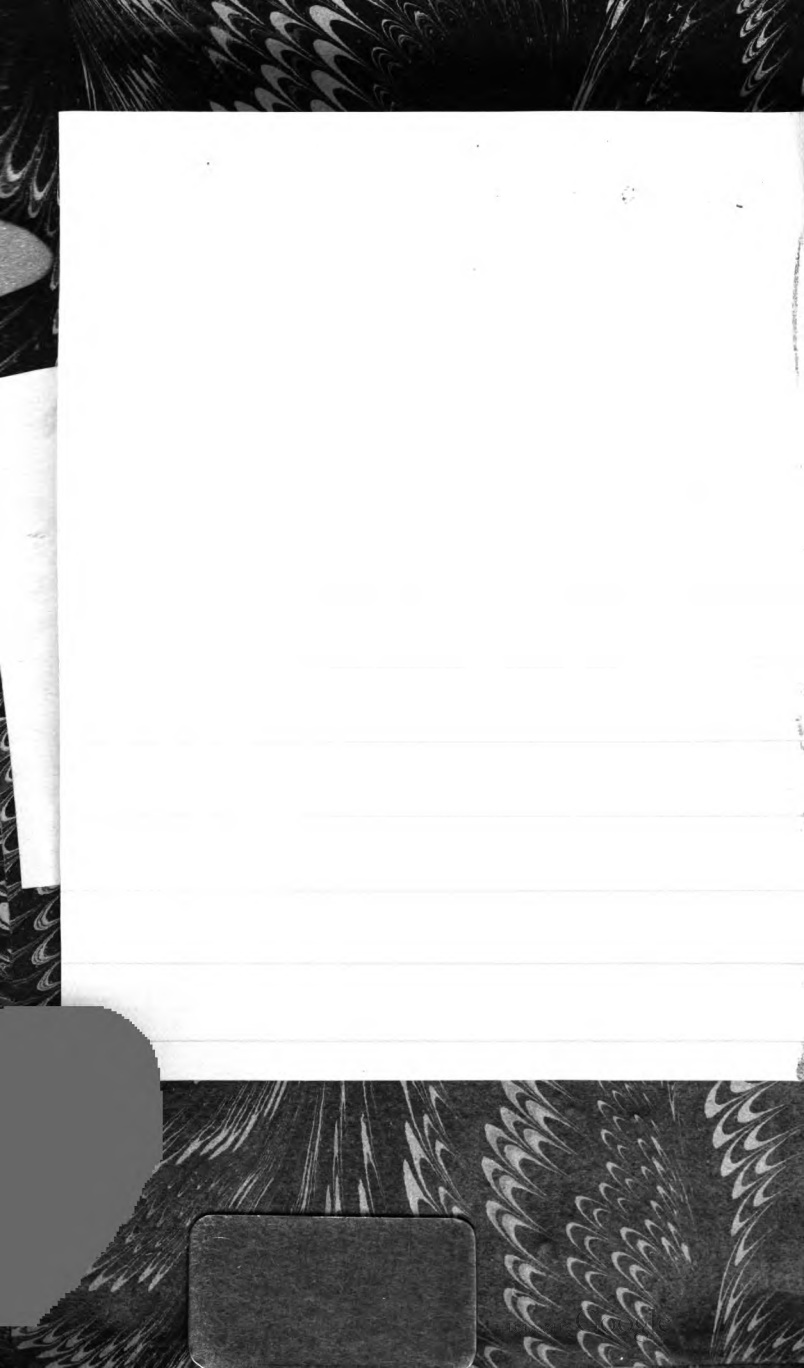
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# EXTRACTS.

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## SKETCHES OF EMINENT PERSONS.

The following sketches of likenesses and characters of various eminent persons in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are extracted from different parts of Aubrey's Lives, (recently printed from the originals in the Bodleian and Ashmolean Libraries, Oxford). They are interesting as being given by a writer contemporary with, and the friend of the greater part of them :—

Sir WALTER RALEIGH.—He was a tall, handsome, bold man ; had a most remarkable aspect—an exceeding high forehead, long faced, and sour eie lidded, a kind of piggie-eie ; but withall, that awefulness and ascendancy in his aspect over other mortals, that as K. Charles I. said of the Lord Strafford, he was a person that a Prince would rather be afraid than ashamed of. At an obscure tavern in Drury-Lane (a bayliff's) is a good picture of this worthy, and also of others of his time, taken upon some execution, I suppose, formerly. But the best is at Mr. Raleigh's, at Dowaton (an original) where he is in a white satin doublet, all embroidered with rich pearles, and a mighty rich chaine of great pearles about his neck. The old servants have told me, that the pearles were near as big as the painted ones. I heard my cousin Witney say that he saw him in the Tower. He had a velvet cap laced, and a rich gowne and trunke hose.

Sir PHILIP SIDNEY is described as being not only of an excellent wit, but extremely beautiful. He much resembled his sister, says our author, but his haire was not red, but a little inclining, viz.—a darke amber colour. If I were to find a fault in it, methinks 'twas not masculine enough. My great uncle Browne remembered him, and sayd that he was wont to take I is

table book out of his pocket and write down his notions as they came into his head, when he was writing his *Arcadia*, as he was hunting on our pleasant plains (in Wiltshire).

SPENCER, Mr. Beeston says, was a little man, wore short haire, little band, and little cuffs. When he brought Sir Philip Sidney his *Faerie Queen*, Sir Philip was busy at his study, and his servant delivering Mr. Spencer's booke, he lay'd it by, thinking it might be such kind of stuff as he was frequently troubled with. Mr. Spencer staid so long that his patience was wearied, and he went his way discontented, and never intended to come again. When Sir Philip perused it, he was so exceedingly delighted that he was extremely sorry he was gone, and where to send for him he knew not. After much inquiry he learned his lodging, and sent him so handsome a present, that from this time there was a great friendship between them to Sir Philip's dying day. Lately taking down the wainscot of his chamber, at Sir Erasmus Dreyden's, they found abundance of cards, with stanzas of the *Faerie Queen* written on them.

Dr. WILLIAM HARVEY, (author of that great discovery, the circulation of the blood). He was not tall, but of the lowest stature; round faced, olivaster (like wainscott) complexion; little eie, round, very black, full of spirit. His haire was black as a raven, but quite white 20 years before he died.

Sir JOHN DENHAM's eie was a kind of light goose grey, not big; but it had a strange piercingness, not as to shining and glory, but (like a Momus) when he conversed with you, he look't into your very thought. He was of the tallest, but a little incurvetting at his shoulders, not very robust; his hair was but thin and flaxen, with a moist curl. His gait was slow, and was rather a stalking (he had long legges).

Sir JOHN SUCKLING was of the middle stature and slight strength, brisque round eie, reddish-faced and red nose (ill liver), his head not very big, his hayre a kind of sand-colour; his beard turn'd up naturally; so that he had a brisk and graceful look.

BEN JONSON.—Aubrey says he first acted and wrote but both ill, at the *Green Curtain*, a kind of nursery

and play-house, somewhere in the suburbs, towards Shoreditch or Clerkenwell; and that he afterwards undertook again to write plays, and hit it admirably well, particularly *Every Man in his Humour*, which was his first good one. This play-house, according to Mr. Malone, was called "*The Theatre*," a term of distinction which makes him conjecture that it was the first regular play-house built near the metropolis. It stood in the Curtain Road, Shoreditch, and acquired its name of the curtain, from the custom of hanging it up as a sign, a *striped* (q<sup>u</sup>ery, *green*?) curtain, while performing.—Jonson is said by the above writer (Aubrey) to have killed Mr. Marlow, the poet, on Bunhill, coming from the Green Curtain play-house. He adds the following curious information, as to Jonson's person and habit.—“He was, or rather had been, of a fair and clear skin, with one eye lower than t'other, like Clun, the player, his habit very plain. I have heard Mr. Lacy, the player, say that he was wont to weare a coate like a coachman's coate, with slits under the arm pitts. He would many times exceed in drinke; Canarie was his beloved liquor; then he would tumble home to bed, and when he had thoroughly perspired, then to studie. I have seen his studyeing chaire, which was of straw, such as old women used, and as Aulus Gellius was drawn in. Long since, in King James's time, I have heard my unkle Danvers say (who knew him) that he lived without Temple Barre, at a comb-maker's shop. In his latter time he lived at Westminster, in the house under which you passe as you go out of the church-yard into the old palace, where he dyed. He lies buried in the north aisle in the path of square stone, (the rest is lozenge), opposite to the scutcheon of Robertus de Ros, with this inscription only on him, (in a pavement square) blew marble, about 15 inches, '*O Rare Ben Jonson*,' which was done at the charge of Jack Young, afterwards knighted, who, walking there when the grave was covering, gave the fellow eighteen pence to cut it. The following grace was a grace made by him extempore, before King James:—

“Our King and Queen the Lord God blesse,  
The paltzgrave, and the Lady Besse,



And God blesse every living thing,  
 That lives, and breathes, and loves the King,  
 God blesse the Council of Estate,  
 And Buckingham, the fortunate,  
 God blesse them all, and keep them safe,  
 And God blesse me, and God blesse Ralph.

"The King was mighty inquisitive to know who this Ralph was. Ben told him 'twas the drawer at the Swanne Tavern, by Charing Crosse, who drew him good Canarie. For this drollery his Majestie gave him a hundred pounds."

SHAKESPEARE.—"He was a handsome well shap't man, very good company, and of a very reddie and pleasant smooth wit. The humour of the constable in the *Midsummer Night's Dreame*, he happened to take at Bucks, which is the roade from London to Stratford, and that constable was living there about 1642, when I first came to Oxon. Ben Jonson and he did gather humours of men daily, wherever they come."

---

## PROLOGUE

### TO "LOVE GIVES THE ALARM."

Written by W. T. FITZGERALD, Esq.—Spoken by Mr. C.  
 KEMBLE.

LOVE gives the Alarm !—but where, you say, or how ?  
 The answer's plain—on Beauty's matchless brow ;  
 In dimpled smiles, and every varied grace,  
 That form the nameless magic of the face !  
 Nor have men dimpled smiles alone to fear,  
 Still greater peril waits upon a tear ;  
 'Tis pity's gem, the offspring of a sigh,  
 And doubly valued in a female eye ;  
 For still the wisest and the bravest know  
 The pow'r resistless of a woman's woe.  
 But even Love's Alarms themselves must yield  
 To those that call us to th' embattled field,  
 While sounds in ev'ry ear the warlike drum,  
 And day by day the cry is still " they come !"  
 The muse all other subjects must forego,  
 But such as hurl defiance at the foe !

For never will we live to see the day  
When this great City is the plund'rer's prey ;  
When all its wealth shall feed a savage band,  
The curse, where'er they go, of ev'ry land !  
But while our fleets command the ocean's tide,  
The threats of France this Island may deride.  
Yet say her hordes were tented o'er our plains,  
Can we submit to wear the Invader's chains ?  
Can we our rights to Frenchmen basely yield,  
And, terror-struck, forsake the glorious field ?  
What Briton but prefers, on land or wave,  
To die a freeman, than to live a slave ?  
No ! while the life-blood circles in our veins,  
Britons will never wear a Tyrant's chains !  
Party distinctions now no more are known,  
The Nation, one and all, protects the Throne ;  
In brother bands her martial Sons appear,  
Draw the keen sword, or point the patriot spear,  
Swearing their much-lov'd Monarch to defend,  
Who reigns his People's Father, and their Friend !  
A King to ev'ry honest heart endear'd,  
As Sov'reign honour'd, and as man rever'd !  
Assembled round their country's sacred shrine,  
They swear, by all things human and divine !  
By all that bad men fear, and good adore,  
No foreign Tyrant shall pollute their shore—  
Or should he pass the well-defended wave,  
England shall prove his everlasting grave !  
And all mankind with admiration see,  
That nothing can subdue a nation free ;  
For still the muse repeats her patriot Song,  
With ardent zeal, and voice as thunder strong,  
That while the life-blood circles in our veins,  
Britons will never wear a Tyrant's chains !

---

#### MISCELLANIES.

A FACETIOUS Country 'Squire, who thought his two sons consumed too much time in *hunting* and *shooting*, very sarcastically styled them *Nimrod* and *Ramrod*.

A country performer has appeared on the stage, who boasts of his descent from the great Mr. Locke. Con-

sidering who Mr. Locke was, we should have thought a descent from Shakespeare more likely to improve the breed!

As Cooke, the actor, has set sail for America, he will soon experience what it is to be literally, as well as metaphorically—*half-seas over!*

---

### WHALE AND STURGEON.

A WHALE, of the bottle-nose tribe, measuring upwards of 22 feet, was captured at Southerness, on Thursday the 26th of January, 1827.

On Thursday, the 2nd of February, 1827, a sturgeon, 8½ feet long, was caught above Berwick Bridge, and sent to London.

---

### WILLIAM GORDON.

DIED at Grahamston, by Glasgow, on Feb. 4th, 1827, WILLIAM GORDON, aged 97, who was buried on Thursday following in the Anderston burying-ground. This singular individual, who had for ten years past worn the same coat, patched and mended, and who is said for seven years never to have used soap in washing himself, left behind him an immense quantity of keys, old and new, highly burnished; a hatful of pins; 15 large screws; from 90 to 100 hammers, adzes, and gimblets; a great quantity of bottles and jars; and, what may appear most singular, a roomful of boys' tops, peeries, whips, &c. His collection of sticks is curious. These, with gold and silver watches, are in the possession of his executor. For many years he wore a polished key on his thumb, and a gold watch in one pocket, and a silver one in the other.

---

### EAST GREENLAND.

GIESEKE, the mineralogist, after a residence of eight years, draws a sombrous picture of the colony of East Greenland, which he visited and explored to the 62nd degree of latitude. He is confident, from the information given him by the natives, that at present that

rigorous coast is not inhabited, or even inhabitable, beyond the 64th degree at farthest; and that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to penetrate farther.

---

### MICHAEL ANGELO.

THIS great man from his infancy shewed a strong inclination for painting, and made so rapid a progress in it, that he is said, at the age of fourteen, to have been able to correct the drawings of his master, Dominico Gilbandai. When he was an old man, one of these drawings being shewn him, he modestly said, "In my youth I was a better artist than I am now." His quickness of eye was wonderful; he used to say that a sculptor should carry his compass in his eye. "The hands, indeed," said he, "do the work, but the eye judges." Of his power of eye he was so certain, that having once ordered a block of marble to be brought to him, he told the stone-cutter to cut away some particular parts of the marble, and to polish others. Very soon an exquisite figure starts out from the block: the stone-cutter looked amazed. "My friend," says Michael Angelo, "what do you think of it now?" "I hardly know what to think of it," answered the astonished mechanic; "it is a very fine figure to be sure. I have infinite obligations to you, Sir, for thus making me discover in myself a talent which I never knew I possessed." Angelo, full of the great and sublime ideas of his art, lived very much alone, and never suffered a day to pass without handling his chisel or his pencil; when some person reproached him with living so melancholy and solitary a life, he said, "Art is a jealous thing; it requires the whole and entire man."

---

### EPILOGUE.

Written by Mr. T. DIBDIN—Spoken by Mr. EMERY.

I'm just come to say—why, odzooks! give me patience!  
They're off, and I've lost all my new-found relations.  
They've finished their matters, and never once felt  
A moment's concern about *Jonathan Welt*;

And master's gone wi'em—why, then, let him go,  
 There's more masters here—and, if he didn't know  
 When he had a good servant—I see no disgrace  
 In proving I know when I've got a good place.

Ere I first came to town, like all fools I'd been told  
 Lunnun streets were all diamonds, and silver, and gold ;  
 But when I arriv'd, ev'ry street, lane, and square  
 Seem'd to me to be only built—just as they are ;  
 While the girls look quite rural, more fashions, fine  
 flockings,

In red cloaks, in red faces, red elbows and stockings ;  
 And while men wear their *hands* in their *pockets* so  
 grand,

The ladies have pockets to wear in their *hand*.  
 Master went to a Playhouse—the Uproar they call it,  
 Where they sing nought but French, and dance to a  
 ballette ;

Where men have great hats, put on t'wrong side afore'm,  
 I pockéted this to find out how they wore 'em.

Their capers and vapours put me in a rage,  
 Till I found they were show-folk and drest for the stage.  
 Then so jealous were they—it's true what I tell,  
 They lock'd up a lady for singing too well.

Well ! to-night I have been at an English Play,  
 And only saw there what one sees every day :

'Twas call'd *Love's Alarm*, tho' for sartin I know it,  
 No soul in the house was alarm'd but the Poet :

For Players, with all their fine speeches and brogues,  
 Are, 'twixt you and I, but a droll set of rogues,

One man they for *Lieutenant Seymour* mistook,  
 When, I'll be on my davy, he's nought but a *Cooke*.

The fine Lord was a *Knight*, and a queer-spoken body,  
*Don Raymond O'Thingumbob*—plain Mr. *Waddy*.

The *Ladies* are *Women*, and as for the Chap  
 That was call'd *Charley Mane*, wi' his fine feather'd cap,

I've seen him get into more scrapes than a fiddler,  
 For *Raising the Wind*—his name's *Jerry Diddler*.

There's a Lad, too, from York—but tho' he's a strange  
 elf,

By gom ! I respect him as much as myself,  
 And wish him so much in his part to remain,  
 That I hope you'll allow him to act it again.



All this I *saw* here—with respect I impart  
 What I *felt* at St. James's—an Englishman's heart—  
 A heart for my KING, which, each true Briton knows,  
 Can give life to an arm to be felt by his Foes.  
 Let 'em come, if they dare! and, by GEORGE! if they do,  
 We'll make 'em bow lower than I do to you.

---

## THE DWARF OF ST. KILDA.

*An Incident in the City of Edinburgh.*

LATELY Edina's spacious streets and squares  
 A gallant Highlander perambulated—  
 Now Highlanders some consequential airs  
 Assume—particularly when elevated  
 By fam'd John Barleycorn's mild inspirator,  
 Or Ferintosh's fiery stimulator.

Our Hero of the Dram-a had his jorum,  
 Nor would have paused a dæmon then attacking;  
 When, lo! a Man of Fashion passed before him,  
 Arrayed in Boots illumed by WARREN'S BLACKING,  
 The Jet reflecting in its brilliant hue  
 Campbell's tall form, claymore and kilt, to view.

“Guid Shentleman (he cried), or else guid Tevil,

“Whatever title best your nature suits!—

“I'd ask—the question if not deemed uncivil—

“What Highland Urchin lives within your Boots,

“Is he of far St. Kilda's dwarfish race,

“Or claims, with kindred Imps, a warmer place?

“And yet it matters not,” in kind salute

His hand extending to the gleaming shade

The fine inimitable Jet display'd,

He grasp'd—the wond'ring Stranger's polished Boot!—

Nor yet his dauntless resolution fell,—

Fearless and firm, “Pass, friends, (he cried) all's well!”

The cause explain'd the droll mistake creating,

At home Edina's wonders while relating,

Its Palaces,—its Castle,—Arthur's Seat,—

Tow'ring on high, as if the clouds attacking,

Campbell still swears to him the greatest treat

Was Kilda's Dwarf in WARREN'S brilliant BLACKING.

## CONGREVE ROCKETS.

A LETTER from Captain Kay, of the ship *Margaret*, of London, dated Sept. 7, addressed to Lieut. Colquhoun, R. N., says—

“I have taken the liberty of inclosing you an account of a few trials I have made of Congreve’s rockets. Fearing the harpooners would not fire it correctly, I had determined to try its effect myself, and it was not until the 8th of June that an opportunity presented. Early on that morning a whale of the largest size was discovered near the ship; I immediately pursued it, and, when sufficiently near, fired a rocket into its side; the effect it had on the fish was tremendous; every joint in its body shook, and, after lying for a few seconds in this agitated way, it turned on its back and died. It appeared on flinching, that the rocket had penetrated through the blubber, and exploded in the crann near the ribs; the stick and lower part of the rocket was taken out entire, the upper part was blown to pieces. My next attempt was on the 9th of July, on a whale of the same size as the former, but owing to the rapid motion of the fish, and a heavy swell of the sea, which rendered the boat unsteady, the rocket entered below the middle part of the body, in consequence of which its effect was considerably lessened; its frame, however, was much shaken by the explosion, and it immediately sunk, but rose again, blowing an immense quantity of blood; it was then struck with a harpoon and killed with lances. On flinching, part of the stick of the rocket could only be found, it therefore appears probable that the rocket had burst in the inside of the fish.

“I much regret the want of an opportunity of trying them on the sun fish, which, although frequently pursued, could never approach sufficiently near for a rocket to have the slightest effect. The unusual scarcity of whales also precluded a more extensive trial of them.

“P. S.—We have killed nine fish this season, and have about 130 tuns of oil.”

## AMERICAN LOTTERY.

AN American paper of July last, among a collection of miscellaneous paragraphs, under the title of "Things in General," has the following: "A lottery is advertised in Delaware, for the purpose of drawing comfortable berths in a *burying ground*."

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## MR. VERNON.

MR. VERNON, of Wentworth House, Yorkshire, who died lately abroad, was reckoned one of the best-bred men in England. When a boy, he was page to George II., and in days when courts were more highly bred than they are at present. Among the many *whimsicalities* in which he indulged, was buying up every singularly coloured horse. The one he generally rode was spotted like a leopard.

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## STUD OF BLOOD HORSES.

To be Sold by Auction, by Mr. Boulton, at Wentworth Castle, two miles from Barnsley, Yorkshire, on Thursday the 2nd day of February, 1815, the entire Stud of the late HENRY VERNON, Esq.; the Sale to commence at eleven o'clock in the forenoon.

*Horses in Training.*

LOT 1. SALAMANCA, a Bay Colt, 4 years old, by Sancho, out of Eliza (the dam of Scud and several other good Runners), by Highflyer; grandam by Eclipse; great grandam by Herod.

Lot 2. A Chesnut Colt, 3 years old, by Dick Andrews, dam by Zachariah or Beningbrough, out of Lot 7.

Lot 3. A Bay Filly, 2 years old, (own Sister to Agnes Sorrel) by Stamford; dam by Trumpator; grandam by Florizel.

*Brood Mares.*

Lot 4. HORNPIPE, a brown Mare, by Trumpator; dam, Luna, by Herod, out of Proserpine, own Sister to Eclipse. Stinted to Sorcerer.

Lot 5. JET, a Bay Mare, by Buzzard; dam by Marc Antony; grandam, Signora, by Snap; great

grandam by the Godolphin Arabian. Stinted to Cerberus.

Lot 6. LADY JANE, a Chesnut Mare, by Buzzard ; dam, Garland, by Mercury ; grandam, Marygold, by Herod ; great grandam by Blank ; great great grandam, by Crab ; great great great grandam, by the Godolphin Arabian. Stinted to Sorcerer.

Lot 7. LADY CHARLOTTE, a Bay Mare, (dam of Mc.George, Cwrw, and Tyger), by Buzzard ; dam, Calash, by Herod ; grandam, Theresa, by Match'em ; great grandam, by Regulus. Stinted to Dick Andrews.

Lot 8. LADY CAROLINE, a Bay Mare, own Sister to Lot 7. Stinted to Dick Andrews.

Lot 9. A Bay Mare, by Gohanna, (bought of Col. Onslow). Stinted to Sorcerer.

Lot 10. A Brown Filly, 3 years old, by Walton ; dam, Goosander, by Hambletonian ; grandam, Rally, by Trumpator ; great grandam, Sister to Diomed, by Florizel. Stinted to Cerberus.

Lot 11. A Bay Filly, 3 years old, by Stamford ; dam, Bribery, by Gohanna ; grandam by Woodpecker ; great grandam by Herod. Stinted to Cerberus.

*Two-Year Olds.*

Lot 12. A Bay Filly, by Sir David, out of Lot 7.

Lot 13. A Bay Filly, by Sir David, out of Lot 8.

Lot 14. A Brown Filly, by Mr. Teazle ; dam, Sylph, by Saltram ; grandam, Sting, by Herod.

*Yearlings.*

Lot 15. A Chesnut Colt, by Camillus, out of Lot 4.

Lot 16. A Chesnut Colt, by Sorcerer, out of Lot 7.

Lot 17. A Brown Colt, by Sorcerer, out of Lot 5.

*Foals.*

Lot 18. A Brown Colt, by Dick Andrews, out of Lot 4.

Lot 19. A Brown Colt, by Camillus, out of Lot 5.

Lot 20. A Chesnut Colt, by Camillus, out of Lot 6.

Lot 21. A Bay Filly, by Dick Andrews, out of Lot 7.

Lot 22. A Bay Filly, by Dick Andrews, out of Lot 8.

Lot 23. A Chesnut Filly, by Rubens, out of Lot 9.

*ALSO,*

A Pair of excellent and beautiful Pyeballed Coach Horses ; a Pyeballed Stallion ; and several half-bred Horses.

## PERCY COLUMN.

ON July 1st, 1816, the foundation stone was laid of a column erecting at Alnwick, by the Duke of Northumberland's tenants, to perpetuate the many acts of his grace's benevolence and generosity, when a great concourse of people collected to see the ceremony upon that occasion, which was nearly as follows:—

The tenants having assembled by noon at the White Swan Inn, the company walked from thence in the following order, viz. :—1st. A band of music. 2ndly. A gentleman carrying a blue and yellow satin flag, with the following inscription in gold and blue letters interchangeably, "In honour of their most munificent Landlord, Hugh, 2nd Duke of Northumberland; by his grateful Tenantry, 1st July, 1816." 3dly. The architect with a highly-finished silver trowel, ornamented with appropriate devices and inscriptions. 4thly. One of the principal tenants bearing a basket with corn, wine, and oil. 5thly. Twenty-one of the oldest tenants, who had either been 50 years themselves, or whose ancestors had been upwards of 200 years on his grace's estate, two and two, with white wands in their hands, and blue and yellow favours on their left breasts. 6thly. A gentleman carrying the roll of the late Percy tenantry volunteers, hermetically closed in a glass tube. 7thly. Two clergymen in their gowns. 8thly. The standing committee, two and two, and then the rest of the principal tenants. On arriving at the ground, which is a commanding spot, at the entrance to Alnwick from the south, the procession surrounded the foundation, which had been railed off, and the glass tube was delivered to the architect, to be placed, with some medals, in a cavity cut in the lowest stone to receive them. The tube contained the names of the tenants who composed the late Percy tenantry volunteers, which corps consisted of upwards of 1500 men, and had this memorandum attached to the list, which covered a large sheet of vellum: "Roll of the Percy tenantry volunteer artillery, cavalry, and riflemen, who, during 15 years of war, were clothed, paid, and in every respect maintained in arms, at the sole expense of that princely patriot, Hugh, 2nd Duke of Northum-

berland, Knight of the Garter, who placed the noble heir of his house, Earl Percy, at their head. He, pursuing the example of his exalted father, stood forward early in the defence of his country ; and his followers in arms, joining the other tenants of the noble duke, anxious to record their attachment to the Percy family, have caused this list of the persons composing his lordship's corps, to be laid under the column which the tenants are raising with their own hands, to record for ever his grace's many acts of munificence and generosity." The cause of this deposit being explained to the company, the large centre stone for the building was rolled over it, and the 21 oldest tenants went through the usual ceremony of using the trowel ; after which, the stone was riveted down, with strong iron bolts, run in with lead, to the course below, where every stone was from 3 to 5 tons each, and brought from a quarry two miles off. The clergyman of the parish, now getting on the pile, said " Let us pray," upon which about 20 masons knelt around him, the people uncovered and were extremely silent and attentive, while the following prayer was read. " O Lord, raise up, we pray thee, thy power, and come among us ; and with thy great might succour us. Bless, we beseech thee, this our undertaking ; and cause it to be an everlasting bond of union between landlord and tenant ! Stretch forth thy right hand, O God ! to preserve our noble benefactor, endue him plenteously with heavenly gifts, restore his health, prosper him with all happiness, and grant him in wealth, long to live ! We also humbly implore thy blessing upon her grace the Duchess of Northumberland, the right honourable Earl Percy, and all the branches of that noble family. Defend us, O Lord, from all the accidents and casualties attending our respective callings ; so by thy continual help, we may bring this our work to good effect ; and because the frailty of man without thee cannot but fall, or this, our tribute of gratitude, continue in safety, without thy succour, deign, O God ! to be our refuge and our strength : be ready, we beseech thee, to hear our devout prayers ; and grant that those things, which we ask faithfully, we may obtain effectually, through

Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen !" After this benediction, the corn, wine, and oil, were poured upon the stone, the company gave three cheers, and 21 guns were fired.

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### MR. SHERIDAN.

MR. SHERIDAN died on July 7th, 1816. For two days he had taken no nourishment, when convulsive fits came on, and his speech failed him. His sight was, however, good ; and he shewed, by feeble gestures, that he knew those who were near him. At noon precisely he breathed his last, without struggle or effort.

We lament to say, that for several weeks prior to his death he lay under arrest, and that it was only by the firmness and humanity of the two eminent physicians who attended him, Dr. Baillie and Dr. Bain, that he was not removed from his house to a death-bed in gaol. Will it be believed that the man who has adorned the age in which he lived with such varieties of light and splendour, should himself have been left to feel the pressure of want ! He enjoyed, however, to the last moment, the sweetest consolation that the heart can feel in the affectionate tenderness, sympathy, and attention of his amiable wife and son. Mrs. Sheridan, though herself labouring under severe illness, could not be withdrawn from his couch ; she has watched over him with the most anxious solicitude through the whole of that protracted suffering which has parted them for ever.

Mr. Sheridan was the third son of Mr. Thomas Sheridan, celebrated as an actor, eminent for his lectures on elocution, and entitled to the gratitude of the public for his judicious and indefatigable exertions to improve the system of our national education. His mother, Mrs. Frances Sheridan, was no less respected for her domestic virtues than admired for her literary attainments. She was the author of *Sidney Biddulph*, a novel which possesses the merit of combining the purest morality with the most impressive interest. She also wrote *Nourjahad*, an Oriental Tale, and the Comedies of *The Discovery*, *The Dupe*, and *A Trip to Bath*. Richard Brinsley Sheridan was born in Dorset Street, Dublin, in October, 1751. The following is a literal extract from the register of St. Mary's parish, Dublin :—

"Charles Francis, son of Thomas and Frances Sheridan, baptized July 21, 1750. Richard Brinsley, son of Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan, baptized November 4, 1751."

Charles Francis was the author of that excellent work *The Revolution in Sweden*, and was Secretary of War in Ireland. Mr. Sheridan's eldest son, Thomas, died in childhood.

Richard Brinsley, after his departure from Harrow school, was entered as a student in the Middle Temple; but his introduction at the age of twenty to the society of men of acknowledged abilities, taste, and learning, and his early marriage with Miss Linley, in his 24th year, diverted him from the study of the law. At this period he wrote several poetical pieces, equally distinguished for genuine tenderness of sentiment and brilliancy of imagination. In the course of a few weeks, at the end of 1774, he wrote the comedy of *The Rivals*, which was performed at Covent-Garden theatre on the 17th of January in the following year. At the commencement of 1776, his comic Opera of *The Duenna* was brought out. The elegance of the diction, the sweetness of the poetry, and the natural and appropriate spirit of the characters, raised it above all competition, and imparted a celebrity that surpassed even that of *The Beggar's Opera*. Such was the attraction of *The Duenna*, that it was represented *seventy-five* nights during the season, while Gay's singular production ran only sixty-five.

In 1776, Mr. Sheridan became one of the Patentees of Drury-Lane theatre, and the following year he produced *The School for Scandal*, a comedy which deservedly raised his fame to undisputed pre-eminence over all contemporary dramatic writers, and conferred in the opinion of foreign literati a lustre on the British drama which it did not previously possess.—After the lapse of so many years, it still stands, and will continue long to stand, in the "valued file" a composition unique in its claims to distinction. In simplicity of plot, in the natural progression of incident, in faithful imitation of manners, in the natural and vivid delineation of the characters, and, above all, in fertility of wit and felicity of expression, it is complete and unrivalled. It was performed on the 8th of May, 1777. *The Critic* and



the Monody to the Memory of Garrick followed at no great distance of time.

In 1780, Mr. Sheridan was elected Member for Stafford, and in the course of a few years what Bishop Burnet said of the celebrated Waller could be more justly applied to him;—"In Parliament he was the delight of the house."—He was rapidly approaching to perfection as an orator, when the impeachment of Mr. Hastings supplied him with an opportunity of displaying powers which have been rarely equalled. His celebrated speech was delivered in June, 1788, when he summed up the evidence on the charge respecting the imprisonment of the Princesses of Oude and the seizure of their treasures. His mind indeed appears to have expanded with the magnitude and to have been elevated with the dignity of the subject. He conceived its various relations with a comprehensive perspicuity that was embellished by the noblest effusions of eloquence :

"Animo vidit ; ingenio complexus est ;

"Eloquentia ornavit."

The address with which he arranged his materials ; the art and energy with which he anticipated objections ; the ingenuity with which he commented on the evidence, and the natural boldness of his imagery, evince a singular combination of genius and judgment. He blended together the three grand classifications of eloquence. He was clear and unadorned, diffuse and pathetic, animated and vehement. There was nothing superfluous, no affected turn, no glittering point, no false sublimity. Compassion and indignation were alternately excited, and the wonders related of the oratory of Greece and Rome were almost revived.

The eloquence of Mr. Sheridan possessed strength without coarseness—liveliness without frivolity—he was bold but dexterous in his attacks—not easily repelled, but when repelled, effecting his retreat in good order. Often severe—much oftener witty, and gay, and graceful—disentangling what was confused—enlivening what was dull—very clear in his arrangement—very comprehensive in his views—flashing upon his hearers with such a burst of brilliancy—when no other speaker was listened to, he could arrest and

chain down the Members to their seats—all hanging upon him with the most eager attention—all fixed in wonder and delight ; he never tired—he could adapt himself, more than any other man, to all minds and to all capacities, ‘from ‘grave to gay, from lively to severe.’ Every quality of an orator was united in him—the mind—the eye—quick, sparkling, penetrating, matchless almost for brilliancy and expression.

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### REMBRANDT.

AN extraordinary picture, painted by Rembrandt, has been recently discovered, and the progress of the discovery is curious. The President of the Royal Academy saw this picture by chance, with a great mass of other rubbish and inferior productions, which were preparing for sale by auction. Sir Thomas Lawrence’s taste was immediately struck with the merits of this picture, even in its dirty and mutilated condition ; he attended the sale, and the hammer was on the point of ratifying Sir Thomas as the purchaser for four guineas, when a lynx-eyed dealer suddenly contended for the prize, and was the eventual purchaser for two hundred guineas. He took home the picture, had it cleaned and newly mounted, and in the first instance offered it for sale to his tasteful competitor, whose property it now is, for seven hundred guineas. The picture is said to be the finest ever painted by Rembrandt, and worth seven thousand pounds. The subject relates to Joseph and Potiphar’s wife.—*Morning Paper*.

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### DOGS.

A COUPLE of the dogs, male and female, brought over to England by Captain Parry, have arrived in town. In point of shape and colour, they very much resemble the Pomeranians, a breed of dogs now nearly extinct in this country. They are considerably larger than the Pomeranians, but not so large as the Newfoundland, with the exact head of the fox, an immense bone in the fore legs, and great strength in the loins, two essential qualities for the purposes of draught, to which

they are applied in their native country. The name of the male dog is Almoliac, that of the female Eljuliac. They appear a good deal affected by the closeness of the London atmosphere. The female will shortly have pups.

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I. FELL.

WE have heard of the fall of Lucifer, and the fall of Cromwell, and the fall of Wolsey, but one of the pleasantest tumbles upon record was that of a Mr. John Fell, who, when he removed from one part of the metropolis to another, wrote over his door—*I Fell from Holborn Hill.*

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LINES

Engraved upon a Monument, erected at Muncton Combe, near Bath, to the Memory of Mrs. Shute, of Sydenham, and her Daughters, who were unfortunately drowned at Chepstow, on Sunday,\* September the 20th, 1812. They are from the pen of their friend and neighbour, Mr. Campbell, Author of the "*Pleasures of Hope*,"—"Gertrude of Wyoming," &c.

IN deep submission to the will above,  
 Yet with no common cause for human tears,  
 This stone, for the lost Partner of his love,  
 And for his Children lost, a Mourner rears.  
 One fatal moment—one o'erwhelming doom  
 Tore threefold from his heart the ties of earth,  
 His MARY, MARG'RET, in their early bloom,  
 And her who gave them life, and taught them worth.

Farewell! ye broken pillars of my fate,  
 My life's companion, and my two first-born;  
 Yet while this silent stone I consecrate  
 To conjugal, paternal love, forlorn—  
 Oh! may each passer-by the lesson learn,  
 Which can alone the bleeding heart sustain,  
 (When Friendship weeps at Virtue's funeral urn)  
 That to the pure in heart—"to die is gain."

\* It is remarkable that they had all attended the Church on the day, and heard a sermon from Phil. c. i. v. 21.

### SUIT THE WORD TO THE ACTION.

IT is related of Dr. Young, that having placed a sundial in his garden with this motto on it from Horace—*"Eheu fugaces!"* the next morning it was gone. A circumstance of a similar nature happened some time ago to Mr. R. of Ashford. He had set some steel traps and spring guns in his grounds, and stuck up the customary notice on a board against the wall. Till then the thieves had never molested him, but this temptation was too great, for some marauders speedily carried away the whole train, leaving this distich on the board:—

"Stare not, nor let your silly heart with rage be swoln,  
For *spring guns* will go off, and *steel traps* should be stol'n!"

### THE WINTER IN PARIS, 1823.

PARIS, Jan. 17.—The weather at Paris continues to be extremely cold. On the 14th the mercury experienced at Paris a greater depression than at any period within the memory of the oldest person now living in France. It fell 3-4ths of a degree below the minimum marked on the thermometers as the point to which it descended in the memorable frost in 1741— $11\frac{1}{4}$  degrees (of Reaumur) under Zero! Unaccustomed as the English are to such an extreme of cold, those of your countrymen now resident in Paris bear it much better than their Gallic neighbours—so much so, that you would be inclined to say they had exchanged characters. On the basin de la Villette, near the barrier St. Martin, where there was much skating, the English were left undisputed masters of the field. Many of the latter went through a number of beautiful evolutions upon the ice, in a style which proved pretty clearly to me that the performers had graduated on the Serpentine. One party executed with admirable precision several quadrilles, without making a single *faux pas* in the intricate chain Anglais—others engraved their own initials, or G. R. upon the frozen tablet, while the more aspiring and dexterous essayed and succeeded in the spread eagle. Deterred equally by the cold and the rivalry of John Bull, not a single *Patineur Francais*

appeared upon the Basin or the Canal d'Ourcq. In Paris the English were not idle. The Marquis of Worcester, in a superb sledge, headed a line of at least a dozen similar machines ; several French were amongst his followers, one of whom (the Duc de Guiche) you will recollect to have seen in London. Flying past the Thuilleries, up the Rue Rivoli, across the Place Louis Quinze, ascending the Champs Elysées, back again, up the Rue de la Paix, and along the Boulevards, this cortège had a picturesque and fine effect. From the centre of each car rose a species of mast, which was surmounted by a gaudy and nodding plume of feathers ; the trappings of the horses by which they were drawn, studded with innumerable glittering bells, while (the pun is irresistible) the *Belles* inside each vehicle vied with each other in the profusion and costliness of the furs in which they were enveloped. This scene has been daily repeated since, and, as there is no prospect of a thaw, bids fair to enliven the north of Paris for some time to come.

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### MR. FOOTE.

FOOTE being once annoyed by a poor fiddler, "straining harsh discord" under his window, sent him a shilling with a request that he would play elsewhere, as one *scraper* at the door was sufficient.

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### WEEPING AT A PLAY.

It is a prevailing folly to be ashamed to shed a tear at any part of a tragedy, however affecting. "The reason," says the Spectator, "is, that persons think it makes them look ridiculous, by betraying the weakness of their nature." But why may not nature shew itself in tragedy, as well as in comedy or farce? We see persons not ashamed to laugh loudly at the humour of a Falstaff, or the tricks of a Harlequin ; and why should not the tear be equally allowed to flow for the misfortunes of a Juliet, or the forlornness of an Ophelia? Sir Richard Steele records on this subject a saying of Mr. Wilks, the actor, as just as it was polite. Being told in the

green-room that there was a General in the boxes weeping for Juliana, he observed with a smile, "And I warrant you, Sir, he'll fight ne'er the worse for that."

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## ANECDOTE.

SIGNOR ———, an English singer, who had been making the tour of Italy to improve his musical tactics, was at Reggio, in Italy, and anxious to proceed to Vienna by the shortest route, where he was engaged to sing before the Emperor. He embarked without passports in an open boat, bound to Ancona, a capital town on the Adriatic Gulf, but was seized near Cape Otranto by a Venetian galley, and thrown into prison, where he managed to have a letter delivered into Lord Byron's hands, who very soon had him released. He sang at the nobility's concerts, and became a general favourite. He was also a *navigable* gentleman, very partial to swimming, and gave a singular proof of his expertness in that exercise. At a moon-light meeting on the shore, he sang to amuse many of the chief nobility without receiving any recompense; and was wearied out with encores, when the Duke de Montcassio insisted upon his repeating a song; he remonstrated in vain, and they pressed upon him till he stood on the last of the Virgin's steps leading to the water. They thought he was now safe; but, to their utter astonishment, he made a low bow, and taking to the water like a spaniel, swam across to the square, amidst thunders of applause. Except upon the stage, the Signor was never after troubled with an encore.

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## BREWING.

THE art of brewing is very easy to be understood, for it is exactly similar to the process of making tea. Put a handful of malt into a tea-pot; then fill it with water, the first time rather under boiling heat. After it has stood some time, pour off the liquor, just as you would tea, and fill up the pot again with boiling water; in a similar manner pour that off, and so go on filling up and pouring off till the malt in the pot is tasteless, which

will be the case when all the virtue is extracted. The liquor, or malt tea, thus extracted, must then be boiled with a few hops in it, and when it becomes cool enough, that is, about blood heat, add a little yeast to ferment it, and the thing is done. This is the whole art and process of brewing, and to brew a large quantity requires just the same mode of proceeding as it would to make a tea breakfast for a regiment of soldiers. A peck of malt and four ounces of hops will produce ten quarts of ale, better than any that can be purchased in London, and for which purpose a tea-kettle and two pan mugs are sufficient apparatus. A bushel of malt to 1 lb. of hops is the most general proportion; and eighteen gallons of good light ale, or table ale, may be produced from 1 bushel of malt and 1 lb. of hops, which will not cost above 7s. that is, 6d. a gallon, or 1½d. a quart.—Brewing utensils, consisting of a mashing tub and oar, a sieve, two coolers, and wicker hose, a spigot and faucet, together with a couple of 9 gallon barrels, new from the cooper's, cost me but 36s., and with these utensils I have frequently brewed, at one time, four bushels of malt. The plan I have adopted is, from one bushel of malt to extract 9 gallons of liquor for ale, and afterwards nine gallons more for table beer, both of which will be excellent.—*Birmingham Chronicle*.

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### MR. BECKFORD.

(*Extract of a Private Letter, Bath, Oct. 6.*)

MR. BECKFORD's new projects in the neighbourhood of Bath, although not of the same magnitude with those at and about Fonthill Abbey, partake of the same extraordinary character. He has purchased an enormous hill, known by the name of "Lansdowne Hill," just without that city, completely overlooking it, and having some most extensive views in every direction. There is no material obstruction at any point, except at a considerable distance; places and portions of the country all around, to the extent of 25 or even 30 miles, may be seen from the summit of this hill, on a clear day, with the naked eye. As a point whence fine prospects and extensive views may be obtained, there is perhaps

not a more complete site in the kingdom than this extraordinary hill. Those who have visited Bath know Lansdowne Hill very well, the road over a portion of it being delightful, much frequented, especially by company residing in the Crescents, and leading to the "Lansdowne Pillar" and the Race Course. That pillar was raised by George Granville, Lord Lansdowne, in 1780, in memory of his "renowned grandfather," Sir Bevil Granville, "who conquered, dying in the Royal cause, July 5, 1643," in a battle between the Royalist and the Parliamentary armies.

This hill is now the scene of most active labours. To be sure, the workmen do not yet work by torch light, as did the men during the operations connected with building Fonthill Abbey; but, from sun-rise till sun-set, there are to be seen three or four hundred workmen, in different directions, attended by immense numbers of carts, &c. &c. hastily engaged in building walls about ten feet high with Bath stone, levelling irregularities or hillocks on the summit or about the hill, forming roads, and laying out grounds for the plantation of upwards of 200,000 young trees. The summit of the hill is preparing for the erection of a Saxon Tower, from the top of which will be seen Fonthill Abbey, a distance of near 35 miles! That Abbey might now be seen from Lansdowne Hill, but for a portion of the high hill at Warminster, which obstructs the view. The height of the Saxon Tower, which is to be an extraordinary structure, will obtain for Mr. Beckford a clear view of his recent residence of Fonthill Abbey. The peculiarity of Lansdowne Hill, and of the contemplated Saxon Tower, perhaps may be better imagined when it is stated, notwithstanding the frequent elevation of the roads, that, during the whole journey from Bath to Fonthill, no view of Fonthill Abbey is obtained until the traveller approaches within about four miles of it.

Mr. Beckford's present residence is in the Lansdowne Crescent, which is in Bath, but built on the rise of Lansdowne Hill. Such portions of the hill, together with its summit, completely close upon his residence, with one exception of about two or three acres of ground, now used as a common field, have been pur-



chased. The possession of that small spot is requisite to the more complete and satisfactory arrangement of Mr. Beckford's plans respecting his grounds, and to the agreeable formation of a road from his residence to the Saxon Tower, &c. ; but although the other purchases were managed agreeably enough to all parties, Mr. B. has not been able to get possession of that small piece of ground. It is stated in Bath, that its proprietor asks *eight thousand pounds* for it ; that Mr. B. has offered £6000 for it without success ; and that such is Mr. B.'s determined character, not to depart from his word once given, arrangements are making to do without the contested spot.

There were several paths and roads across the hill. These have been closed, especially those about Moger's farm, and new ones opened in other directions, under the orders of Magistrates met in session, which orders are stuck up on boards in different parts of the grounds. A vast extent of wall is already raised about the hill ; many spots are ready for the plantation of trees ; and the entire circuit is by some means enclosed against the public.

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### LEDYARD'S EULOGIUM ON WOMEN.

THE following testimony to the universal benevolence of the female character is borne by Mr. Ledyard, an accurate observer of human nature, and one of the first geographical missionaries employed by the African Association. "I have always remarked," says he, "that women in all countries are civil and obliging, tender and humane ; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest ; and that they do not hesitate, like men, to perform a generous action. Not haughty, nor arrogant, nor supercilious, they are fond of courtesy, and fond of society ; more liable, in general, to err than man ; but, in general, also more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he. To a woman, whether civilized or savage, I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it is often otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden,

and frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartar—if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, the women have ever been friendly to me and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue, (so worthy the appellation of benevolence), these actions have been performed in so free and kind a manner, that, if I was dry, I drank the sweetest draught, and if hungry, I ate the coarsest morsel with a double relish.”

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### DEATH OF JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE, Esq.

THIS eminent tragedian died in Lausanne on the 26th of February, 1823. The following particulars of his death are contained in a letter from that place.

“Our great tragedian is no more! and he who, in histrionic art, could so well depict the final pangs of nature, has been called on in turn to act the part in sad reality. I have seen the physician who attended him, and, anxious to obtain particulars of the latter days of so great a character, for my own satisfaction, and for your information, I hastily subjoin the result. On Sunday the 23rd instant, he was, in his own estimation, so very comfortable, that, on sending away his hairdresser, he requested that he should say to his friend, Mr. Precote, that it would give him pleasure to learn, that, after the operation of shaving, his friend was as well as he was. In fact he seemed on that day in particularly good spirits. The next morning he rose apparently quite well, breakfasted at nine, and subsequently went to an adjoining room to speak to Mrs. Kemble, and when returning to his room was observed to totter in his gait. Mrs. Kemble noticed this with anxiety, and assisted him to his chair, and when seated, he took up a number of Galignani's Messenger; but getting worse, his friend and physician, Dr. Schole, was sent for, who arrived instantly, and found him in the position described, but already altered and exhibiting very unfavourable symptoms—his left side had suffered a decided attack, and he could with difficulty articulate. He seemed extremely anxious to spare the feelings of Mrs. Kemble. Dr. Schole, with the assistance

of his old attached servant George, helped him to his bed, and in the act of conducting him there, a second attack took place, so suddenly, that his clothes were obliged to be cut asunder, in order that he might the more speedily be let blood. But nature was fast exhausting; nor could he ever make use of his speech after a few words he uttered on Dr. Schole's arrival. He, however, assented or dissented by signs of the head, until within two hours of his complete extinction. His last intelligible words were "George, George!" and you may imagine the feelings of an attached and faithful servant to so excellent and worthy a master under such circumstances. In fine, a third attack, on Wednesday the 26th instant, just forty-eight hours after the first, proved fatal; and though to a stranger he might appear to suffer, it is the opinion of the Doctor that he was long insensible to acute feelings of pain. The English clergyman was also present. Mr. Kemble was particularly esteemed here, and is much regretted by all classes. The funeral is to take place to-morrow, and will, doubtless, be numerously and respectably attended."

Mr. Kemble was born at Prescott, in Lancashire, on the 1st of February, 1757. Like many other eminent actors, he may be said to have been cradled on the stage. At the time of his birth, his father, Mr. Roger Kemble, was manager of a company of comedians, who had a regular routine of performances in Lancashire and some of the neighbouring counties. And we learn from a play-bill of that time, that when Kemble was only ten years old he played in his father's company, at Worcester, the part of the Duke of York in the tragedy of King Charles the First. The early part of his education he received in the Roman Catholic seminary at Sedgley Park, Staffordshire. He was afterwards, in the year 1770, sent by his father to the university of Douay, in order that he might be qualified for one of the learned professions. Nature, however, had obviously "picked and chosen" him from the world for a peculiar destination. Even at Douay he had rendered himself remarkable by his recitations of Shakespeare; and on his return to England he made his appearance at Wolverhampton, in the character of Theodosius in *The Force*

of Love, without any extraordinary success. His second appearance was in *Bajazet*, in which he produced a stronger impression. The provincial life of an actor presents little besides anxiety, toil, and uncertainty. Of these Mr. Kemble was not without his share. He has often related to his friends the vexation he felt at continued neglect, while men of stronger lungs and more boisterous action were honoured with attention and applause. At York he distinguished himself by recitations, and at Edinburgh by delivering an able lecture on sacred and profane oratory. It was, however, a Dublin audience which first appreciated his merits. In 1782 he appeared in that city in the character of Hamlet; and in 1783 came out in the same character at Drury-Lane Theatre. His reputation was immediately established; but it was not until the year 1788 that he became the monarch of the stage. In 1787 he married Mrs. Brereton, daughter of Mr. Hopkins, the prompter of Drury-Lane Theatre, of which, in the following year, he became the manager. With the exception of a short interval he continued manager until 1801. During this period his conduct in his arduous situation was remarkable for firmness, diligence, integrity, and talent. His single energy accomplished a complete reform in the whole system of scenic dress and decoration. Macbeth no longer sported an English General's uniform; men of centuries ago no longer figured in the stiff court dresses of our own time; and "Cato's full wig, flowered gown, and lackered chair,"

gave way to the crop, the toga, and couch. Nor were the improvements in the scenery less remarkable and important. The consequence was an *ensemble*, such as had never been seen before in any modern theatre. At the close of the season of 1801, he devoted a year to travelling abroad, and on his return in 1803, he purchased a sixth share of Covent-Garden Theatre, became manager, and appeared for the first time on those boards in his favourite character of Hamlet, on the 24th of September. Here he continued his career with eminent success, both as a manager and a performer, until 1808, when the tremendous fire broke out, which destroyed the theatre. The raising of the present noble edifice, the O. P. riot of 1809, Kemble's taking leave of the

Edinburgh audience in the part of *Macbeth* in March 1817, his final retirement from the stage on the 23rd of June in the same year, and the magnificent public dinner and other honours bestowed on him in commemoration of that event, are of so recent occurrence that detail would be tedious.

Mr. Kemble combined, in an eminent degree, the physical and mental requisites for the highest rank in his profession. To a noble form and classical and expressive countenance, he added the advantages of a sound judgment, indefatigable industry, and an ardent love and decided genius for the art of which he was so distinguished an ornament. He possessed, besides, what we have always regarded as an essential characteristic of a first-rate tragic actor, an air of intellectual superiority, and a peculiarity of manner and appearance, which impressed the spectator at the first glance with the conviction that he was not of the race of common men. His voice was defective in the under-tones necessary for soliloquies; but in declamation it was strong and efficient; and in tones of melancholy indescribably touching. No music was ever heard which could better revive the tale of past times. It was indeed one of the most exquisite beauties of his performances, that one passage frequently recalled to the mind 'a whole history.' But, in despite of ourselves, we are falling into the very error we had promised to avoid. Without another word, then, on Kemble's acting, we must be allowed briefly to remark, that full justice has never been done to his unrivalled management of the stage. His groupings, his processions, all his arrangements, while they were in the highest degree conducive to theatrical effect, were yet so chaste and free from glare and undue pompousness, that they appeared rather historical than dramatic, and might have been safely thrown upon the canvass by the painter almost without alteration.

As an author Mr. Kemble produced nothing that is likely to add materially to his fame. What he has written, however, contains satisfactory evidence of his learning and good taste.

A life spent in labour he closed in polished retirement; and we may with justice apply to his memory, private and professional, the passage of *Cicero*, which

was quoted by a great poet on the death of Betterton—  
“*Vitæ Bene actæ jucundissima est recordatio.*”

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## FIELD SPORTS FOR AUGUST.

(From the “*Annals of Sporting.*”)

ANGLING and the course now afford abundance of amusement, shooting, coursing, and hunting, being necessarily at a stand ; but there are many sportsmen who are at this moment on the tip-toe of expectation—feeling more delight at the very idea of an excursion to the moors than in the contemplation of a race, and who are better pleased with the more active exertions of the field than in watching the silent float, or throwing the fly. The writer speaks from his own feelings ; the grouse-shooting season is impatiently expected as soon as young rooks have afforded a temporary relief to the *ennui* which must, in some degree, follow the close of the fox-hunting season. When August arrives, the shooter becomes impatient for the 12th ; the favourite fowling-piece is repeatedly examined, handled, and again returned to its place, or perhaps fired at a mark, in order to ascertain, beyond all possibility of doubt, that it still retains undiminished possession of those admirable qualities for which it has already been famed. At length the journey commences to Yorkshire, Scotland, or elsewhere ; but for an account of subsequent operations we must refer to our next.

The season for red grouse commences on the 12th of this month ; that for black game on the 20th. Black game is principally confined to Scotland ; though a few may be met with in Staffordshire, Derbyshire, and some other parts.

In our last, we remarked that young birds had made their appearance rather earlier than usual this season ; and this statement has been confirmed by subsequent observation. On Stainmoor, near Bowes, as well as in the neighbourhood of Kirkby-Stephen, young grouse were observed earlier than usual.

The spring and summer of 1823 were uncommonly wet. On all the low and swampy grounds last year the game was literally destroyed, owing to the long continuance of the rains. In 1824, the spring was

early and dry ; very little rain fell, except in particular spots, before the middle of June, which is about the general time of the hatching of partridges and pheasants, yet the young appear to have suffered little or nothing in consequence. The rain came down gradually, and vegetation was so far advanced as to render many of the nests impervious to wet ; when these circumstances are taken into consideration, as well as the early hatching, it may be easily conceived that the young would not suffer much from the wet. At the latter end of June the writer saw several coveys of partridges, but was not able to count them with precision ; they consisted, however, of numerous individuals. On the first of July, two pointers which accompanied the writer drew and made a very steady point, when, after some time, one of the old birds rose with loud screams ; all that noise, alarm, and confusion took place which so uniformly accompany cases of this kind, and the young partridges (three weeks old at least) took shelter among some wheat.

Late in the afternoon of the 3rd of July, we observed a nide, or a brood of pheasants, consisting of thirteen young birds, in the township of Kirkby, six or seven miles from Liverpool ; they were in a meadow that had been mown, accompanied by the old hen.—On proceeding towards Kirkby-brook, the writer observed two striplings angling. He went up to them, and had not been a spectator many minutes, before there was a nibbling sort of bite, followed by another, evidently proceeding from a much larger fish. An eel was drawn out ; when it became manifest that the first bite was that of a gudgeon, hooked through the lip, and which was immediately swallowed by the eel. The eel, weighing not quite a pound, was opened, and in it were found another large gudgeon and three pricklebacks or stricklebacks.

We noticed last month the scarcity of the swallow tribe in the present summer, and we are still further convinced that they are certainly not near so numerous as usual. In the summer of 1819, during a violent storm of rain, a marten was beaten down by it, and fell into the writer's garden. The poor bird was picked up by one of the females of the family, and brought

into the house ; it was placed in the window, and in a short time its feathers became dry, and the bird was so familiar as to eat some flies offered it from the hand. As it was thought probable that the bird might belong to a nest built, for the first time that year, at the corner of one of the windows, a silk thread was tied round the neck of the bird under the feathers, so as not to inconvenience it, and the bird set at liberty ; it immediately flew to its nest before mentioned, where it had young. The following year the nest was again repaired by, as was supposed, the same birds. By means of a small net the two old birds were easily captured, and one of them proved to be the identical individual picked up in the garden the preceding summer. Up to the present year the bird visited and reared its young in the same spot ; but this summer it has not appeared, and its nest has mouldered away. As these birds traverse a great extent of ocean, it has most likely been lost during its passage.

For those who are pleased with the sport, gull and sea-fowl shooting may be enjoyed with perfection, as the young birds are now pretty strong on the wing.

Young wild ducks will be soon getting on the wing. This is the time for cub hunting.

In Ireland the season has been fine. While on the north-western coast of England, the cutting of grass was postponed for several weeks, owing to the state of the weather ; the hay in Ireland, at least between Dublin and Belfast, was all housed, and well housed too, before the end of June.

ANGLING.—All the different species of fresh-water fish will take a bait this month ; and barbel, roach, dace, and perch, are now coming into good condition for the table, having nearly recovered their strength from their late spawning ; but the angler must not expect much sport during the hot bright days of August ; his only chance of success is to fish a few hours after the earliest dawn of day, and again in the evening, until quite dark, or during the night. Salmon and trout continue still to be worth taking and dressing, but they are generally rather shy and capricious as it respects the bait and feeding during the month of August.

The barbel fisher in the river Thames may expect



good sport this month, but he will have better in September.—Live minnows and shrimps now begin to be valuable in perch angling. In ponds, pools, &c. carp, tench, eels, and flounders will now take bait morning, noon, and night.

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## THE LAST MOMENTS OF LORD BYRON.

(From the Westminster Review, No. III. July 1824.)

THE last moments of great men have always been a subject of deep interest, and are thought to be pregnant with instruction. Surely, if the death-bed of any man will fix attention, it is that of one upon whose most trifling action the eyes of all Europe have been fixed for ten years with an anxious and minute curiosity, of which the annals of literature afford no previous example. We are enabled to present our readers with a very detailed report of Lord Byron's last illness; it is collected from the mouth of Mr. Fletcher, who has been for more than twenty years his faithful and confidential attendant. It is very possible that the account may contain inaccuracies; the agitation of the scene may have created some confusion in the mind of an humble but an affectionate friend; memory may, it is possible, in some trifling instances, have played him false; and some of the thoughts may have been changed either in the sense or in the expression, or by passing through the mind of an uneducated man. But we are convinced of the general accuracy of the whole, and consider ourselves very fortunate in being the means of preserving so affecting and interesting a history of the last days of the greatest and the truest poet that England has for some time produced.

"My master," says Mr. Fletcher, "continued his usual custom of riding daily, when the weather would permit, until the 9th of April, 1824. But on that ill-fated day, he got very wet, and on his return home, his lordship changed the whole of his dress, but he had been too long in his wet clothes, and the cold, of which he had complained more or less ever since we left Cephalonia, made this attack be more severely felt. Though rather feverish during the night, his lordship slept pretty well, but complained in the morning of a

pain in his bones and a head-ache : this did not, however, prevent him from taking a ride in the afternoon, which I grieve to say was his last. On his return, my master said that the saddle was not perfectly dry, from being so wet the day before, and observed that he thought it had made him worse. His lordship was again visited by the same slow fever, and I was sorry to perceive, on the next morning, that his illness appeared to be increasing. He was very low, and complained of not having had any sleep during the night. His lordship's appetite was also quite gone. I prepared a little arrow-root, of which he took three or four spoonfuls, saying it was very good, but could take no more. It was not till the third day, the 12th, that I began to be alarmed for my master. In all his former colds, he always slept well, and was never affected by this slow fever. I therefore went to Dr. Bruno and Mr. Millingen, the two medical attendants, and inquired minutely into every circumstance connected with my master's present illness ; both replied that there was no danger, and I might make myself perfectly easy on the subject, for all would be well in a few days. This was on the 13th ; on the following day, I found my master in such a state, that I could not feel happy without supplicating that he would send to Zante for Dr. Thomas ; after expressing my fears lest his lordship should get worse, he desired me to consult the doctors, which I did, and was told there was no occasion for calling in any person, as they hoped all would be well in a few days. Here I should remark, that his lordship repeatedly said in the course of the day, he was sure the doctors did not understand his disease ; to which I answered, then, my lord, have other advice by all means. 'They tell me,' said his lordship, 'that it is only a common cold, which you know I have had a thousand times.' 'I am sure, my lord,' said I, 'that you never had one of so serious a nature.' 'I think I never had,' was his lordship's answer. I repeated my supplications that Dr. Thomas should be sent for on the 15th, and was again assured that my master would be better in two or three days. After these confident assurances, I did not renew my entreaties until it was too late. With respect to the medicines that were

given to my master, I could not persuade myself that those of a strong purgative nature were the best adapted for his complaint, concluding that, as he had nothing on his stomach, the only effect would be to create pain; indeed this must have been the case with a person in perfect health. The whole nourishment taken by my master for the last eight days consisted of a small quantity of broth at two or three different times, and two spoonfuls of arrow-root on the 18th, the day before his death. The first time I heard of there being any intention of bleeding his lordship was on the 15th, when it was proposed by Dr. Bruno, but objected to at first by my master, who asked Mr. Millingen if there was any very great reason for taking blood; the latter replied that it might be of service, but added that it could be deferred till the next day. And accordingly my master was bled in the right arm, on the evening of the 16th, and a pound of blood was taken. I observed at the time that it had a most inflamed appearance. Dr. Bruno now began to say he had frequently urged my master to be bled, but that he always refused; a long dispute now arose about the time that had been lost, and the necessity of sending for medical assistance to Zante, upon which I was informed for the first time that it would be of no use, as my master would be better, or no more, before the arrival of Dr. Thomas. His lordship continued to get worse, but Dr. Bruno said, he thought letting blood again would save his life, and I lost no time in telling my master how necessary it was to comply with the doctor's wishes; to this he replied by saying, he feared they knew nothing about his disorder, and then stretching out his arm, said, 'here, take my arm, and do whatever you like.' His lordship continued to get weaker, and on the 17th he was bled twice, in the morning and at two o'clock in the afternoon; the bleeding at both times was followed by fainting fits, and he would have fallen down more than once, had I not caught him in my arms. In order to prevent such an accident, I took care not to let his lordship stir without supporting him. On this day, my master said to me twice—'I cannot sleep, and you well know I have not been able to sleep for more than a week; I know,' added his lordship, 'that a

man can only be a certain time without sleep, and then he must go mad without any one being able to save him, and I would ten times sooner shoot myself than be mad, for I am not afraid of dying, I am more fit to die than people think.' I do not, however, believe that his lordship had any apprehension of his fate till the day after, the 18th, when he said, 'I fear you and Tita will be ill by sitting up constantly night and day.' I answered, 'we shall never leave your lordship till you are better.' As my master had a slight fit of delirium on the 16th, I took care to remove the pistols and stiletto which had hitherto been kept at his bed-side in the night. On the 18th, his lordship addressed me frequently, and seemed to be very much dissatisfied with his medical treatment. I then said, 'Do allow me to send for Dr. Thomas,' to which he answered, 'do so, but be quick. I am only sorry I did not let you do so before, as I am sure they have mistaken my disease; write yourself, for I know they would not like to see other doctors here.' I did not lose a moment in obeying my master's orders, and on informing Dr. Bruno and Mr. Millingen of it, they said it was very right, as they now began to be afraid themselves. On returning to my master's room, his first words were, 'Have you sent?' 'I have, my lord,' was my answer; upon which he said, 'You have done right; for I should like to know what is the matter with me.' Although his lordship did not appear to think his dissolution was so near, I could perceive he was getting weaker every hour, and he even began to have occasional fits of delirium. He afterwards said, 'I now begin to think I am seriously ill, and in case I should be taken off suddenly, I wish to give you several directions, which I hope you will be particular in seeing executed.' I answered, I would, in case such an event came to pass, but expressed a hope that he would live many years, to execute them much better himself, than I could. To this my master replied, 'No, it is now nearly over'—and then added, 'I must tell you all without losing a moment.' I then said, 'Shall I go, my lord, and fetch pen, ink, and paper?' 'Oh! my God, no—you will lose too much time, and I have it not to spare, for my time is now short,' said his lord-

ship; and immediately after, 'Now, pay attention;' his lordship commenced by saying, 'You will be provided for.' I begged him, however, to proceed with things of more consequence; he then continued, 'Oh, my poor dear child! my dear Ada! my God, could I but have seen her! give her my blessing—and my dear sister Augusta and her children;—and you will go to Lady Byron, and say — tell her every thing—you are friends with her.' His lordship appeared to be greatly affected at this moment. Here my master's voice failed him, so that I could only catch a word at intervals, but he kept muttering something very seriously for some time, and would often raise his voice and say, 'Fletcher, now if you do not execute every order which I have given you, I will torment you hereafter, if possible.' Here I told his lordship, in a state of the greatest perplexity, that I had not understood a word of what he said, to which he replied, 'Oh, my God! then all is lost! for it is now too late—can it be possible you have not understood me?' 'No, my lord,' said I, 'but I pray you to try and inform me once more.' 'How can I?' rejoined my master, 'it is now too late, and all is over.' I said, 'Not our will, but God's be done,' and he answered, 'Yes, not mine be done—but I will try —.' His lordship did indeed make several efforts to speak, but could only repeat two or three words at a time, such as, 'My wife! my child! my sister! you know all—you must say all—you know my wishes;' the rest was quite unintelligible. A consultation was now held (about noon), when it was determined to administer some Peruvian bark and wine. My master had now been nine days without any sustenance whatever, except what I have already mentioned. With the exception of a few words, which can only interest those to whom they were addressed, and which, if required, I shall communicate to themselves, it was impossible to understand any thing his lordship said after taking the bark. He expressed a wish to sleep. I at one time asked whether I should call Mr. Parry? to which he replied, 'Yes, you may call him.' Mr. Parry desired him to compose himself. He shed tears, and apparently sunk into a slumber. Mr. Parry went away, expecting

to find him refreshed on his return—but it was the commencement of the lethargy preceding his death. The last words I heard my master utter were at six o'clock on the evening of the 18th, when he said, 'I must sleep now;' upon which he laid down never to rise again! for he did not move hand or foot during the following twenty-four hours. His lordship appeared, however, to be in a state of suffocation at intervals, and had a frequent rattling in the throat; on these occasions, I called Tita to assist me in raising his head, and I thought he seemed to get quite stiff. The rattling and choking in the throat took place every half hour; and we continued to raise his head whenever the fit came on, till six o'clock in the evening of the 19th, when I saw my master open his eyes and then shut them, but without shewing any symptom of pain, or moving hand or foot. 'Oh, my God!' I exclaimed, 'I fear his lordship is gone!' The doctors then felt his pulse, and said, 'You are right—he is gone.'"

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## ROBERT BURNS AND LORD BYRON.

(From the London Magazine.)

I HAVE seen Robert Burns laid in his grave, and I have seen George Gordon Byron borne to his. One was a peasant, and the other was a peer; but nature is a great leveller, and makes amends for the injuries of fortune by the richness of her benefactions; the genius of Burns raised him to a level with the nobles of the land; by nature, if not by birth, he was the peer of Byron. I knew one, and I have seen both; they rose by the force of their genius, and they fell by the strength of their passions; one wrote from a love, and the other from a scorn, of mankind; and they both sang of the emotions of their own hearts with a vehemence and an originality which few have equalled, and none surely have ever surpassed.

The first time I ever saw Burns was in Nithsdale; he was tall and of a manly make, his brow broad and high, and his voice varied with the character of his inimitable tale; yet through all its variations it was melody itself. He was of great personal strength, and

proud too of displaying it ; and I have seen him lift a load with ease, which few ordinary men would have willingly undertaken. The first time I ever saw Byron was in the House of Lords, soon after the publication of "Childe Harold." He stood up in his place on the opposition side, and made a speech on the subject of Catholic freedom. His voice was low, and I heard him but by fits, and when I say he was witty and sarcastic, I judge as much from the involuntary mirth of the benches as from what I heard with my own ears. His voice had not the full and manly melody of the voice of Burns ; nor had he equal vigour of frame, nor the same open expanse of forehead. But his face was finely formed, and was impressed with a more delicate vigour than that of the peasant poet. He had a singular conformation of ear, the lower lobe, instead of being pendulous, grew down and united itself to the cheek, and resembled no other ear I ever saw, save that of the Duke of Wellington.

The last time I saw Burns in life was on his return from the Brow Well of Solway ; he had been ailing all spring, and summer had come without bringing health with it ; he had gone away very ill, and he returned worse. He was brought back, I think, in a covered spring cart, and when he alighted at the foot of the street in which he lived, he could scarce stand upright. He reached his own door with difficulty. He stooped much, and there was a visible change in his looks. He was at that time dressed in a blue coat, with the undress nankeen pantaloons of the volunteers, and his neck, which was inclining to be short, caused his hat to turn up behind, in the manner of the shovel hats of the Episcopal clergy. He was not fastidious about his dress ; and an officer, curious in the personal appearance and equipments of his company, might have questioned the military nicety of the poet's clothes and arms.

From the day of his return home till the hour of his untimely death, Dumfries was like a besieged place. It was known he was dying, and the anxiety, not of the rich and learned only, but of the mechanics and peasants, exceeded all belief. Wherever two or three people stood together, their talk was of Burns, and of him alone ; they spoke of his history—of his person—

of his works—of his family—of his fame, and of his untimely and approaching fate, with a warmth and an enthusiasm which will ever endear Dumfries to my remembrance.

His good humour was unruffled, and his wit never forsook him. He looked to one of his fellow volunteers with a smile, as he stood by the bed-side with his eyes wet, and said, "John, don't let the awkward squad fire over me." He was aware that death was dealing with him; he asked a lady who visited him, more in sincerity than in mirth, what commands she had for the other world; he repressed with a smile the hopes of his friends, and told them he had lived long enough. As his life drew near a close, the eager yet decorous solicitude of his fellow townsmen increased. He was an exciseman it is true—a name odious, from many associations, to his countrymen—but he did his duty meekly and kindly, and repressed rather than encouraged the desire of some of his companions to push the law with severity; he was, therefore, much beloved, and the passion of the Scotch for poetry made them regard him as little lower than a spirit inspired. It is the practice of the young men of Dumfries to meet in the streets during the hours of remission from labour, and by these means I had an opportunity of witnessing the general solicitude of all ranks and of all ages. His differences with them on some important points of human speculation and religious hope were forgotten and forgiven; they thought only of his genius—of the delight his compositions had diffused—and they talked of him with the same awe as of some departing spirit, whose voice was to gladden them no more. His last moments have never been described; he had laid his head quietly on the pillow, awaiting dissolution, when his attendant reminded him of his medicine, and held the cup to his lip. He started suddenly up, drained the cup at a gulp, threw his hands before him like a man about to swim, and sprang from head to foot of the bed—fell with his face down, and expired with a groan.

When Burns died I was then young, but I was not insensible that a mind of no common strength had passed from amongst us. He had caught my fancy and touched my heart with his songs and his poems.



I went to see him laid out for the grave ; several elderly people were with me. He lay in a plain unadorned coffin, with a linen sheet drawn over his face, and on the bed, and around his body, herbs and flowers were thickly strewn, according to the usage of the country. He was wasted somewhat by long illness ; but death had not increased the swarthy hue of his face, which was uncommonly dark and deeply marked—the dying pang was visible in the lower part, but his broad and open brow was pale and serene, and around it his sable hair lay in masses, slightly touched with grey, and inclining more to a wave than a curl. The room where he lay was plain and neat, and the simplicity of the poet's humble dwelling pressed the presence of death more closely on the heart than if his bier had been embellished by vanity, and covered with the blazonry of high ancestry and rank. We stood and gazed on him in silence for the space of several minutes—we went, and others succeeded us—there was no jostling and crushing, though the crowd was great—man followed man as patiently and orderly as if all had been a matter of mutual understanding—not a question was asked—not a whisper was heard. This was several days after his death.

The multitude who accompanied Burns to the grave went step by step with the chief mourners. They might amount to twelve thousand. Not a word was heard ; and, though all could not be near, and many could not see, when the earth closed on their darling poet for ever, there was no rude impatience shewn, no fierce disappointment expressed. It was an impressive and mournful sight to see men of all ranks, and persuasions, and opinions, mingling as brothers, and stepping side by side down the streets of Dumfries, with the remains of him who had sung of their loves, and joys, and domestic endearments, with a truth and a tenderness which none perhaps have since equalled. I could, indeed, have wished the military part of the procession away—for he was buried with military honours. His fate has been a reproach to Scotland. But the reproach comes with an ill grace from England. When we can forget Butler's fate, Otway's loaf, Dryden's old age, and Chatterton's poison cup, we may

think that we stand alone in the iniquity of neglecting pre-eminent genius. I found myself at the brink of the poet's grave, into which he was about to descend for ever—there was a pause among the mourners as if loath to part with his remains ; and when he was at last lowered, and the first shovelful of earth sounded on his coffin lid, I looked up and saw tears on many cheeks where tears were not usual. The volunteers justified the fears of their comrades by three ragged and straggling volleys. The earth was heaped up, the green sod laid over him, and the multitude stood gazing on the grave for some minutes' space, and then melted silently away. The day was a fine one, the sun was almost without a cloud, and not a drop of rain fell from dawn till twilight.

A few select friends and admirers followed Lord Byron to the grave. His coronet was borne before him, and there were many indications of his rank ; but, save the assembled multitude, no indications of his genius. In conformity to a singular practice of the great, a long train of empty carriages followed the mourning coaches, mocking the dead with idle state, and impeding the honester sympathy of the crowd with barren pageantry. Where were the owners of those machines of sloth and luxury ? Where were the men of rank among whose dark pedigrees Lord Byron threw the light of his genius, and lent the brows of nobility a halo to which they were strangers ? Where were the great Whigs ? Where were the illustrious Tories ? Could a mere difference in matters of human belief keep those fastidious persons away ? But, above all, where were the friends with whom wedlock had united him ? On his desolate corpse no wife looked, and no child shed a tear. When the career of Burns was closed, I saw another sight—a weeping widow and four helpless sons ; they came into the streets in their mournings, and public sympathy was awakened afresh. I shall never forget the looks of his boys, and the compassion which they excited. The poet's life had not been without errors, and such errors, too, as a wife is slow in forgiving, but he was honoured then, and is honoured now, by the unalienable affection of his wife, and the world repays her prudence and her love by its regard and esteem.

Burns, with all his errors in faith and in practice, was laid in hallowed earth, in the church-yard of the town where he resided; no one thought of closing the church-gates against his body, because of the freedom of his poetry, and the carelessness of his life. And why was not Byron laid among the illustrious men of England in Westminster Abbey?

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SHAKESPEARE.

A LITERARY treasure of no common value, and of most singular rarity, which is likely to excite a strong interest in the minds of all well-read lovers of the ancient English drama, and will awaken the hopes and fears of every ambitious and jealous collector of scarce books, has, within the last few days, been brought to light, and is now in the hands of Messrs. Payne and Foss, of Pall-Mall.

This exhumated curiosity is a book in small quarto, said to have been once possessed by Sir Thomas Hanmer, but not alluded to by him—containing the scarce editions of eleven of Shakespeare's Plays, amongst which is *Hamlet*. The perusal of the whole of these must highly gratify a qualified reader; but a careful collation of the latter tragedy will bestow a greater reward on the diligence of the critical examiner than any, or all, of the others can give; it is, in fact, the principal feature in the volume. The following is the title under which it appears:—

“The Tragickall Historie of HAMLET *Prince of Denmarke*, by William Shake-speare. As it has been diuerse times actid by his Highnesse Seruants in the Cittie of London; as also in the Vniuersities of Cambridge and Oxford, and else-where. At London, printed for N. L. and John Trundell, 1603.”

Of this edition not the slightest mention has ever been made; it is therefore fair to conclude, that to the various able and laborious commentators of Shakespeare it was utterly unknown, the earliest which has ever obtained notice being that of 1604, of which Mr. Malone gives the title, though it is quite clear that he had no other knowledge of it.\*

\* A copy of this edition of 1604 was, however, in Mr. Kemble's collection, and is now in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire.

*Hamlet* first appeared, according to Malone's calculation, in 1600, therefore the edition which has called forth these few slight remarks was published only three years after the tragedy was produced. Hence we are inclined to suppose that, in some respects, it is a more exact copy of the original than any subsequently printed, and that consequently it may be considered as a better authority, in the case of those disputed points where common sense is on its side, than the later editions, which were more likely to give the interpolations of the players. That it shews an abundance of typographical errors, is most certain; and that a great want of skill in the copyist appears in many places, is equally clear; but when it omits passages which reflect no credit on the understanding of their author, we are anxious to believe that it is more faithful to the text of such a man as Shakespeare, than those copies are which impute to him obscenity, without even the apology of wit.

Many striking peculiarities in this edition of *Hamlet* tend strongly to confirm the opinion which, it will plainly appear, we wish to inculcate, that no small portion of the ribaldry to be found in the plays of our great dramatic poet, is to be assigned to the actors of his time, who flattered the vulgar taste, and administered to the vicious propensities of their age, by the introduction and constant repetition of many indecent, and not a few stupid jokes, till they came to be considered, and then printed, as part of the genuine text. Of these, the two or three brief, but offensive, speeches of *Hamlet* to *Ophelia*, in the play scene, act 3, are not to be found in the copy of 1603, and so far we are borne out in our opinion; for it is not to be supposed that Shakespeare would insert them upon cool reflection, and three years after the success of his piece had been determined; still less likely is it, that a piratical printer would reject any thing actually belonging to the play, which was pleasing to the great bulk of those who were to become the purchasers of his publication.

The drama, as it appears in the print of 1603, is much shorter than in any subsequent edition, partly owing, perhaps, to the neglect of the copyist, but more probably because the author himself elaborated and

augmented it after it had been for some time on the stage. That he improved his work by adding to, re-touching, and correcting it, none will be hardy enough to dispute; but that in some points the later editions misprinted the original text, many have been found to believe, and their opinion will not be weakened by the discovery of the present volume; for it is to be observed, that no collection of Shakespeare's plays was published till after his death, and there is not any reason to suppose that he corrected for the press, or even authorized the printing of those single pieces, which appeared in quarto, during his life.

The fact of Hamlet having been performed so early at Cambridge and Oxford, is not the least remarkable thing in this edition of the tragedy; we are not aware that such circumstance has ever before been recorded. There are in this copy several variations from the generally received text; some of them of importance; of these the opponents of the commentators will, of course, avail themselves; and a great many restorations may rationally be proposed. It is inconvenient to enter into farther detail in a daily journal, but we hope that an exact copy of the play will be published, with the notes of the different commentators subjoined and compared. A very useful and entertaining volume might thus be produced, that would indulge public curiosity, and perhaps throw a new light on some parts of a drama that is, by many able judges, viewed as the *chef d'œuvre* of Shakespeare.

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### O'KEEFFE.

(From the New Monthly Magazine.)

THE following Recollections of the Life of John O'Keeffe, written by himself, will be found to possess no small interest. His notices of Garrick, the late Duke of Cumberland, the account of his own introduction to the drama, and the description of the celebrated Nan Catley, are very forcible. The opera, which is mentioned as having failed, is now often acted, under the title of the Castle of Andalusia.

During my two years' residence in London I often saw Garrick; the delight his acting gave me was one

of the silken cords that drew me towards a theatre. I liked him best in *Lear*.—His saying, in the bitterness of his anger, "I will do such things— what they are I know not," and his sudden recollection of his own want of power, were so pitiable as to touch the heart of every spectator. The simplicity of his saying, "Be these tears wet?—yes, faith," putting his finger to the cheek of Cordelia, and then looking at his finger, was exquisite. Indeed he did not get his fame for nothing. I saw him do *Abel Druggier* the same night; and his appalled look of terror, where he drops the glass globe, drew as much applause from the audience as his *Lear* had done. Some years after, hearing Lord Mansfield on the bench, his voice and manner brought Garrick forcibly to my recollection. In 1779, I saw Garrick's funeral procession pass to the Abbey; a short time before I had seen him walking very quick (his way) on the Terrace of the Adelphi, before his own house, (the centre of the Terrace). He caught cold sitting in the orchestra, at a night view of the scenery preparing for R. B. Sheridan's opera of the *Camp*.

In 1762, I saw at St. James's, William of Culloden, the Duke of Cumberland; I was close to him; he walked leaning with his hands stretched out upon the shoulders of two gentlemen; I thought him the fattest man I had ever seen. The King's three brothers lived in Leicester-fields. Edward Duke of York, who died at Monaco, in Italy, lived in the house up high steps (long afterwards a carpet warehouse); the Princess Dowager of Wales in a house behind it; and the Dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland (not Dukes then) lived together in a small house in the square, turning to the left from Cranbourne-alley. In the same year I saw Jean Jacques Rousseau in one of the upper boxes at Covent Garden; I was in the pit: he wore his sort of Armenian dress, a dark gown furred, and fur cap, and attracted greatly the attention of the audience.

I wrote *Tony Lumpkin in Town*; or, the *Dilletante*; a sort of sequel to Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer*, in 1772. Coming to London the Christmas of 1777, and, fearing the mortifications that an author must of course feel on his compositions being rejected by managers, I sent my play to Mr. Colman, with a letter,

requesting that, should he disapprove of it, he would have it left at the bar of the Grecian Coffee-house, directed to A. B.; and if he liked it well enough to promise he would bring it out, he would send an answer as above; and the author, on his mentioning a time, would wait upon him. The next day I called at the Coffee-house, where I found a jocular, yet polite, and indeed friendly letter from Mr. Colman, directed to A. B. with his approbation of the piece, a promise to bring it out the following summer, and his wish to see the author at Soho Square the next day at eleven o'clock. A joyful letter to me, as, previous to my sending my play to Mr. Colman, I shewed it to my early friend, William Lewis, who told me it was not worth twopence!

The next morning I was punctual to appointment, and posted to Soho Square, where, at the left-hand corner of Bateman's Buildings, I knocked at the door of a fine-looking house, and was ushered into the library. Seated in cap and gown at breakfast, I there, for the first time, saw the manager of the Haymarket Theatre, author of the *English Merchant*, the *Jealous Wife*, &c. who received me with all the frank good-nature of his character, laughed heartily at the whim of the piece, and repeated his promise of bringing it out on his boards. I then ventured to disclose my name, John O'Keeffe; and he immediately, with my approbation of each, cast the parts, regretting that he had no performer for Tony Lumpkin but Parsons, who he feared would look too old for it; but added, that he was an excellent actor and a great favourite with the public. Charles Bannister was cast for Tom Tickle the bear-leader; and, though he had no song to display his fine vocal abilities, he liked the part much. The first night the audience expected the bear to come on. The character of Doctor Minim, in this piece, I made to have composed an oratorio, called "*The Prodigal Son*," not knowing that Dr. Arnold had actually composed such an oratorio. Some time after, the Doctor mentioned this to me with a great deal of good humour, supposing I had really written the character for him, of which he was rather pleased and proud, at the same time urging me to write a Sacred Oratorio for him to compose.

The Banditti, or Love's Labyrinth, was now brought out, cast to the strength of the company. The scenes were designed by Richards, and painted by Carver. At the top of the play-bills appeared, "By the author of the Son-in-Law and Agreeable Surprise," and the names of Carolan the Irish bard, and other composers : and Mr. Harris did not intend (what was quite out of rule) to have an after-piece, he was so perfectly sure of success ; when, to the surprise of every body, and the astonishment and dismay of those concerned, it was completely condemned the first night.

The superb scenery and decorations, sweet songs and duets of Mrs. Kennedy, and Leoni, the fine Italian Jew singer, one of these to the tune of "Vorneen Deelish Elleen Oge," this beautiful air at that time only known by its Irish words, were of no saving effect. The audience seemed to take offence at lightning flashing outside of the house through the windows of a dark room, though this at rehearsals was thought a fine preparation for the tempest and horrors of the scene in the forest when the travellers are astray, and the banditti known to have issued from their cave to attack them. They also disliked the character of Agnes, a good-natured talkative old nurse, my favourite, with which in writing I had taken the greatest pains. Mr. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who happened to be sitting by me that night in an upper box, said, "As you see they do not like your old woman, you must contrive to give them as little of her company as you can ;" which remark determined me, if I could without hurting the plot (had the opera gone on) to omit her altogether.

Before the curtain dropped upon my disgrace, I slipped out of the theatre, told my servant to call a coach, flung myself into it, and got to my lodgings in Titchfield Street, and in a state of confusion and utter despondency threw myself on the bed. I thought of my poor children whom I had taken from the kind and fostering care of their grandfather and grandmother Heaphy in Ireland, and the pang went to my heart. I was scarcely ten minutes in this situation, when a coachman's loud rap was heard at the door, and before John could apprise me of my visitor, in bolted into the



house, up stairs, and into my bed-room, Mr. Harris and Dr. Arnold, with a cheering to my sorrow, and a condolence of my comfort.

Mr. Harris with the greatest kindness took all the cause of the failure on himself; said that he had hurried me in the writing; that to serve the theatre I had produced the opera three months before the time agreed upon for its coming out; that he had found my reputation as a dramatic author high with the public, and the temporary hurt it had suffered that night proceeded from my alacrity and industry to accommodate the theatre and oblige him. He generously added that he would keep to the letter of our agreement, and pay me every shilling of the six hundred guineas; requesting I would dismiss all trouble from my mind, and he had not a doubt but I should yet be able, with a few alterations, to render this opera successful and productive. This candid and liberal conduct needs no comment.

The next morning a messenger came from Mr. Harris. It was my old Irish friend and school-fellow at the Drawing Academy, William Egan, who turned out from his waistcoat pockets one hundred guineas on the table, sent to me by Mr. Harris, with a desire that I would draw without scruple on Garten, his treasurer, for such sums as I might occasionally want. My spirits were raised by this morning visit, and the kindness of Mr. Harris spurred me to activity. In about three weeks I re-wrote the opera, the parts were distributed, and a rehearsal called; but, alas! the performers, one and all, declared that in its new state it stood a fairer chance of condemnation than before; the parts therefore were again called in; and Mr. Harris, in the kindest and most friendly manner, insisted that I should perplex myself no more about it, but take the whole summer, and he was sure I could bring it round for his next winter. For better air and park walks I took lodgings at Knightsbridge, where Mr. Harris often called upon me, and at his house I occasionally met several worthy patrons of the drama,—Mr. Palmer, of Bath; Mr. Dives, &c.

The first time of my venturing into the theatre after my defeat, Miss Catley, the celebrated singer, accosted me from a front row in the lower boxes, loud enough,

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as I was many rows back, to be heard by all and every body, "So, O'Keeffe, you had a piece d—d the other night. I am glad of it—the devil mend you for writing an opera without bringing me into it." On my second attempt, therefore, I wrote the character of a Lady Abbess for her, with a song and chorus of nuns, to the tune of "Stony Batter."

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## DEATH OF THE ELEPHANT

### AT EXETER 'CHANGE.

THIS stupendous animal, which has been for some time in a restive state, at four o'clock on Wednesday afternoon became unmanageable. The strong den in which he was confined is a compartment of the grand hall in which the superior animals of Mr. Cross's valuable collection are kept. If, therefore, he had finally succeeded in getting loose, the destruction of property would have been immense, and, from what has subsequently transpired, there is every reason to suppose some lives would have been lost before he could have been killed. At half-past four o'clock, the violent exertions he made to break the huge door and bars of his den, in which he partly succeeded, fully determined Mr. Cross's mind. He sent to Somerset House for the assistance of some of the guards stationed there, who soon arrived, and continued firing at him for one hour before he fell. There were one hundred and eighty musket balls fired at him, during which time the exasperated animal made furious but unsuccessful efforts to get at his assailants. The ball by which he fell entered under the ear. One of the keepers then fastened a sword to the end of a pole, and thrust it several times up to the hilt in his body. It is the same elephant that killed its keeper a few months ago. The Strand, for some hours, was almost impassable from the number of people collected around the 'Change. The number viewing the dead body was immense. In fact it was more attractive on account of the manner of its death than it ever had been while alive, and the price of admission was considerably increased. The animal stood 13 feet high—the body, as it lies on the floor, is of the height of six feet. The attack upon his late keeper,

which proved fatal, is not the only act of violence which this animal had committed. Some years ago he was in the habit of rubbing his head against the side of his apartment, to allay an itching on his forehead. From his great weight and strength, this operation shook the whole building, and the keeper, with a view to prevent its continuance, took an opportunity of driving some short nails nearly to the head, upon the favourite spot on the side of the cell. The event justified the expectation. The first time the elephant resumed his amusement his head was scratched by the projecting nails, and he soon discontinued the practice. The unfortunate keeper, however, paid dearly for his device. On his approaching the cell, the elephant, who knew to whom he was indebted for his scratched forehead, immediately attacked him, and but for the immediate interference of the servants of the place, would have killed him on the spot.

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## STANZAS.

WHEN one by one our ties are torn,  
And friend from friend is snatch'd forlorn ;  
When man is left alone to mourn,  
Oh ! then, how sweet it is to die !

When trembling limbs refuse their weight,  
And films slow gath'ring dim the sight ;  
When clouds obscure the mental light,  
'Tis nature's kindest boon to die !



## BOXING.

THREE interesting fights took place at Noman's Land, Hertfordshire. The first, which we shall more particularly detail to our readers, was between Bishop Sharpe, the Kentish Smuggler, and Alec Reed, the Chelsea Snob, for 50*l.* a side. The road to the scene of action presented a more lively aspect than usual; such an immense variety of equipages and toddlers being in motion, as to remind the old ring-goers of that period when a fight was at least as attractive as an execution.

Reed, who was backed by a "Matchless" swell, started per barouche and four, on Monday, and reached Colney Hatch, where, at the sign of the White Swan, he passed the night.

His Reverence, the Bishop, also began to progress on Monday, and, under the protection of Josh Hudson, doffed his mitre, and donn'd his night-cap at the Bull at Harpenden.

At noon, on Tuesday, an immense body of the Fancy, among whom were many of its oldest and best supporters, assembled round the ring at Noman's Land.

Reed first appeared within the stakes and ropes, with Tom Crib and Uncle Ben as his seconds. Sharpe followed in about ten minutes; his seconds were Josh Hudson and Peter Crawley. Reed weighed about 10½ stone; Sharpe might be nearly 11 stone.—Odds 5 and 6 to 4 on the Right Reverend.

Round 1. Sharpe did not stand for ceremonies, but commenced practice by putting in a right-hander, which drew first blood from Reed's mouth; and the latter, by no means shy of his man, showed an equal alacrity in returning the compliment. The rapid exchanges that ensued were to the advantage of Sharpe, whose right-handers altered the regularity of Reed's countenance. Reed, however, put an end to the rally by knocking the Bishop off his legs. This round was considered decidedly in favour of Sharpe, and 7 to 4 on him went a "begging" round the ring.

2. Sharpe made play: his superior strength told, and Reed was driven against the ropes and thrown.—Odds still on the rise on Sharpe.

3. Reed was bleeding from the mouth and nose, Sharpe also showed claret was about his ivories. Reed proved the superiority of his science, by warding off, in fine style, at least a dozen well-aimed facers, but Sharpe, who is a very quick hard hitter, planted

a body blow, which drove Reed off his guard, when the Bishop rushed in and threw the Snob, all on a heap, like a lump of wax.

4. In this round Reed turned the fight a little to his own advantage. Sharpe hitting out heavily with his right hand, missed his aim, and dropped on his knee; he sprang up to renew the contest, and was met as he rushed in, by such chattering facers, as drew blood in streams from his mouth and nose; his right eye was also injured, and the friends of the snob now took a turn at cheering their man.

5. Reed broke away from Sharpe's rush, and planted six facers. The Bishop dropped. "Chelsea College to an old *Keg* upon Reed," was the cry of the friends of the latter.

6 and 7. The Chelsea Lad had got the lead, and he kept it. Sharpe appeared rather distressed for wind, and he was heavily punished about the right eye. Still his hard hitting was dangerous, and it required all the art of Reed to avoid the tremendous left-handed lunges which this "bold smuggler" aimed alternately at the head and body.

8, 9, and 10. No great mischief was done in any of these rounds, but they were rather to the advantage of Reed.

11. The Chelsea Snob planted a left-handed facer, and following up his success, knocked the Bishop clean off his legs.

12, 13, 14. In the first of these rounds Reed had so decidedly the best of it, that after knocking Sharpe down, he stood over him, clapped him on the shoulder, and said, "You are a good man, Sharpe, but you must lose." Reed also had the advantage up to round

15. When Sharpe sent his right hand like a sledge-hammer against Reed's eye, and brought lots of claret from it; Reed, however, recovered his balance without going down, and Sharpe was hit off his legs.

16. Sharpe planted one of his swinging right-handed blows directly in Reed's stomach, on that dangerous spot denominated the *mark*. The Chelsea hero fell like a broken *Reed*, and rolled over on the ground, evidently suffering great pain. This blow was enough to take the fight out of any man, and had not Reed possessed the most determined courage, he would not have appeared at the scratch again; yet he came to time, though with much difficulty, and contended four rounds more. By the direction of his seconds, Sharpe kept trying to repeat the dose. He effected this in the 20th round, by planting another home hit on the same spot, by which he won the fight, for Reed could no longer stand. It was over in 24 minutes.

**REMARKS.**—As a showy fighter, and in the art of stopping, Sharpe is much inferior to Reed; but he is a very strong man, and he possesses the power of hitting quick, hard, and straight, which are natural points that all the theory in the world cannot overcome. Some of those who had lost their money on this fight did not fail to assert that it was a cross; but there was not the slightest ground for any suspicions of this sort.

## ANAGRAMS.

AN anagram is the dissolution of any word or sentence into letters as its elements, and then making some other word or sentence from it, applicable to persons or things named in such original word or sentence. There are words of this description, both of ancient and modern application, which exhibit coincidences that are truly astonishing, and almost incredible, until proved by examination, at the same time affording a very peculiar fund of amusement. The following is a selection of some of the best transpositions :—

Astronomers	—	Moon Starers.
Democratical	—	Comical Trade.
Encyclopedia	—	A Nice Cold Pye.
Gallantries	—	All great Sins.
Lawyers	—	Sly ware.
Misanthrope	—	Spare him not.
Monarch	—	March on.
Old England	—	Golden Land.
Presbyterian	—	Best in Prayer.
Punishment	—	Nine Thumps.
Penitentiary	—	Nay I repent it.
Radical Reform	—	Rare mad frolic.
Revolution	—	To love ruin.
Telegraphs	—	Great helps.

In the neighbourhood of Edinburgh there is engraved on a stone the anagram of Robert Daglish and Jean Douglass :—

“ God’s great and he is all our blis,”

## THEATRE ROYAL.

Miss FOOTE has been performing here to pretty good houses, and with much applause. The Observer says that a ludicrous incident occurred in ‘A Roland for an Oliver.’ It was in the scene in which the Hon. Alfred Highflyer first sees Sir Mark Chase, believing him to be mad. Sir Mark has a double-barrelled gun, which he offers to Mr. Highflyer, in order that he may enjoy a shot.—Jones, who performs Highflyer, in order to humour the supposed mad baronet, takes it, and concluding it to be unloaded, aims at a tame macaw, which is seen hopping about in its cage in a summer house. The gun ought to go off, but unfortunately it only burned priming ; Jones tried the other barrel, but with

the same result, and the macaw continued hopping about as before. For a minute both actors stood looking at each other; Jones seemed inclined to go on as if he had actually shot the macaw, but Murray thought this too palpably absurd, so he said, 'Lord bless me, there must be something wrong about the gun; let me look at the flints.' After a little delay he returned it, desiring Jones to try it now. Jones did try it, but nothing ensued, but two more flashes in the pan. The audience was in an uproar; some convulsed with laughter, and others with hisses. The performers were non-plussed. Jones was for dashing right through, and *making believe* he had fired, but how could Murray say—'Zounds! you have shot my macaw!' when every body saw the bird leaping up and down just as usual. So, with some embarrassment, he went off the stage for another gun, and left Jones to do what he could in the mean time. Jones said, 'Poor man! he imagines the gun is loaded,' and waited till Sir Mark returned with another gun. He did not wait long: either another or the same gun was put into his hands a third time, and a third time his attempts to make it shoot were equally fruitless! Murray saw that it was absolutely necessary to make a speech; he bowed to the audience, and said—'Ladies and Gentlemen, You will allow that an occurrence of this kind does not often happen in this theatre. This is the first appearance of this gun on any stage; and, as it seems determined not to *go off* with applause, I am resolved that it shall be its last.' This address restored good humour, and the piece proceeded; but the whole affair was sufficiently amusing.



## DEATH OF THE DUKE OF YORK.

*Lord Chamberlain's Office, January 8, 1827.*

Orders for the Court's going into Mourning, on Thursday next, the 11th instant, for his late Royal Highness Frederick Duke of York and Albany, his Majesty's next brother, viz.

The Ladies to wear black bombazines, plain muslins or long lawn linen, crape hoods, chamois shoes and gloves, and crape fans.

Undress—Dark Norwich crape.

The Gentlemen to wear black cloth, without buttons on the sleeves or pockets, plain muslin or long lawn cravats and weepers, chamois shoes and gloves, crape hat-bands, and black swords and buckles.

Undress—Dark grey frocks.

HERALDS COLLEGE, JANUARY 8, 1827.

*The Earl Marshal's Order for a General Mourning for His late Royal Highness the Duke of York and of Albany.*

In pursuance of his Majesty's commands; these are to give public notice, that upon the present melancholy occasion of the death of his late Royal Highness Frederick Duke of York and of Albany, next brother to his Majesty, it is expected that all persons do put themselves into deep mourning; the said mourning to begin on Thursday next, the 11th instant.

NORFOLK, E. M.

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DUKE OF YORK'S STUD.

THE following is a complete list of the sale (which took place on Monday), the prices, and the purchasers of the horses, bona fide.

The well-known Stallion Moses, to the Duke of Richmond, 1100 guineas.

Don Carlos (brother to Manfred) by Election, out of Miss Wasp, by Waxy—Mr. Wigram, 195 gs.

A Grey Barb Horse, from Tripoli—Mr. Macdonald, 179 gs.

HORSES IN TRAINING.

Abigail; engaged in Oaks—Lord Lowther, 81 gs.

Rachel, 3 years old, by Whalebone, sister to Moses; engaged in a Match with Lord Exeter's Recruit, 200, h ft, Recruit, 8st 3lb, Rachel, 8st D. M. Monday Craven Meeting; and with Mr. Rush's



Carthago, Monday, First Spring Meeting, D. M. 500, h ft, 8st 5lb each; also in the Port Stakes of 100, h ft, Friday, Craven Meeting—sold to his Majesty, 560 gs.

Miriam, rising 3 yrs. old, sister to Rachel; engaged in Riddlesworth, 1000 gs Stakes, Oaks; Filly Stakes of 100 h ft at Ascot (twelve subscribers)—in the Grand Duke Michael—in a Match with the Duke of Grafton's Filly, by Woful, out of Miltonia, A. F. October, Miriam, 8st 4lb, Woful Filly, 8st, 100 p p—Spring, 1828, Sweepstakes 100, D. I. colts, 8st 7lb; fillies, 8st 2lb (five subscribers)—not sold.

Lionel Lincoln, 4 years old, by Whalebone, dam by Sorcerer, her dam, Black Diamond, by Stamford—Mr. Sowerby, 480 gs.

A Bay Colt, rising 4 years old, by Woful, dam by Rubens, out of sister to Parisot; engaged in Forfeit class of Oatlands, 10 sov. D. I. Craven Meeting—Mr. Howe, 170 gs.

A Colt, rising 3 years old, by Merlin, out of Gramarie; engaged in a Sweepstakes of 200, h ft Craven Meeting; colts, 8st 5lb—fillies, 8st 2lb, D. M. (six subscribers)—Sweepstakes, 200, h ft, First Spring Meeting; colts, 8st 5lb, fillies, 8st 2lb D. M. (six subscribers)—and in the Derby—not sold.

A Colt, rising 3 years old, by Merlin, out of Dahlia's dam; engaged in the Derby—Mr. Tattersall, 570 gs.

A Colt, rising 3 years old, by Waterloo, out of Orion's dam; engaged in a Sweepstakes, Craven, 100 each, D. M. colts, 8st 7lb, fillies, 8st 4lb (six subscribers); ditto, Sweepstakes, 100 h ft R. M. colts, 8st 7lb each (four subscribers); First Spring Meeting, Match for 100 h ft D. M. 8st 5lb each, with Mr. S. Stonehewer's Theorem; and in Grand Duke Michael, in October, 50 each, A. F.—not sold.

A Chesnut Filly, rising 4 years old, by Rainbow, out of Jannette, by Camillus, out of Helen, by Delpini—Mr. Bennett, 91 gs.

#### YEARLINGS.

Brother to Rachel; engaged in Sweepstakes, 200, h ft; Craven, 1828, D. M. colts, 8st 7lb; fillies, 8st 4lb (four subscribers); and in the Derby—Mr. Harvey, 370 gs.

A Colt, by Buffalo, out of Hernia—Mr. Field, 60 gs.

A Colt, by Waterloo, out of Orion's dam—Mr. Beardsworth, 81 gs.

A Colt, by Selim, out of Gift, by Cardinal York; engaged in Sweepstakes, 100, h ft Craven 1828, R. M. (eight subscribers) colts, 8st 7lb, fillies, 8st 3lb—Mr. Bennett, 105 guineas.

A Colt, by Moses, out of Gramarie; engaged in Sweepstakes, 200, h ft Craven 1828, colts, 8st 5lb D. M., 3 subscribers; Sweepstakes, 200, h ft Craven, colts, 8st 7lb A. F., 3 subscribers.—and in the Derby; in Sweepstakes 100, h ft Second October Meeting, D. I. colts, 8st 7lb, fillies, 8st 4lb, 3lb allowed, eight subscribers; in Sweepstakes, 200, h ft, Second October Meeting, D. I. colts, 8st 7lb, 4 subscribers; Craven 1829, in Sweepstakes 100 D. I. colts, 8st 7lb, fillies, 8st 4lb, 8 subscribers.—Mr. Payne, 200 gs.

A Filly, by Whalebone, out of Varennes, sister to Quadrille; engaged in 1828, match, 300, h ft D. M. with colt by Merlin, out of Prue, 8st 7lb, filly 8st 4lb, First Spring Meeting; match, 200, h ft T. Y. C. with Duke of Grafton's filly, by Selim, out of Pope

Joan, 8st 5lb each; in 1000 gs. Stakes; and in the Oaks—Mr. Payne, 200 gs.

#### FOALS.

Brother to Rachel: engaged in the Riddlesworth; Sweepstakes, 300, h ft Craven, colts, 8st 7lb, fillies, 8st 4lb R. M., four subscribers; Sweepstakes, 300, h ft ditto, ditto, six subscribers,—Duke of Rutland, 370 gs.

Colt, by Tiresias, out of Dahlia's dam; engaged in Sweepstakes, 100, h ft D. M., six subscribers, Craven, colts 8st 5lb each—Colonel Russell, 155 gs.

Filly, by Moses, dam by Election, out of Lionel Lincoln's dam—Mr. Payne, 140 gs.

Filly, by Waterloo, out of sister to Premium—Mr. Payne, 48 gs.

Filly, by Moses, out of Favourite; engaged in October 1828, match, 200, h ft T. Y. C. with a filly by Centaur, out of Twatty, 8st 5lb each; match with Colt by Merlin, out of Prue, 8st 7lb, filly, 8st 4lb T. Y. C. 200, h ft—bought in at 80 gs.

#### BROOD MARES.

The dam of Moses—Produce engaged in Riddlesworth, 1831—the King, 230 gs.

Quadrille, by Selim, out of Canary-bird, she is the dam of Pas-time, Produce engaged in Riddlesworth, 1831—Mr. Payne, 530 gs.

Gramarie, by Sorcerer, dam by Sir Peter, out of Deceit, the dam of Prince Leopold—Mr. Angerstein, 120 gs.

Sister to Bourbon, by Sorcerer, dam by Precipitate—bought in at 120 gs.

Rowena, by Haphazard, out of Prudence, sister to Pope, Pledge, &c. in foal to Merlin; produce engaged in Column Stake, 50 h ft. Wednesday, Craven 1830, fifty-nine subscribers,—Lord Chesterfield, 370 gs.

Favourite, by Blucher, out of Scheherazade; in foal to Moses—Mr. Maberly, 155 gs.

The dam of Orion, sister to Prince Leopold; in Foal to Master Henry—the King, 320 gs.

Mare, by Waxy, out of Moses's dam, by Waterloo—Lord Exeter, 220 gs.

Dahlia, by Phantom, out of Waxy Mare—Lord Chesterfield, 220 guineas.

#### HACKS.

A bay gelding, quiet with troops, 180 gs; roan ditto, 115 gs; a bay mare, 35 gs; Putty, a brown gelding, 160 gs; a dun galloway 175 gs; a chesnut ditto, 90 gs; a bay gelding, 32 gs; total 787 gs.

#### CARRIAGES, &c.

A chariot, 60 gs; a headed chaise, 5 gs; a pair of state harness, 15gs; a set of six-horse harness and saddle, 50gs; curricule harness, 3gs; two sets of bars, 16s; and 13 saddles and bridles, in lots, £34 12s 6d; a four-horse break, 43 gs; a ditto, 18½ gs; a gig, 33 gs; total, 274. 6s.

#### DOGS.

Ranger, 9½ gs; Carlo, 5 gs; Sam, 2 gs; Rapp, 25s; Sweep, 25s; Juno, 4 gs (all pointers); Neptune, a retriever, 66 gs; Cossack

(Newfoundland), 2 gs; Laurie, ditto, 3 gs; Finder, 6 gs; Flora, 5 gs; and Music, 36s, spaniels; total, £111. 17s. 6d.

## RECAPITULATION.

Racing Stock	-	-	7,230 gs.
Hacks	-	-	787 gs.
Carriages	-	-	£ 274 6 0
Dogs	-	-	111 17 6

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Grand Total £ 8,804 0 6

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## THEATRICAL FUND DINNER.

Edinburgh, March, 1827.

YESTERDAY the first annual dinner of the Edinburgh Theatrical Fund was given in the Assembly Rooms, which was attended by upwards of three hundred gentlemen.—Sir Walter Scott of Abbotsford, Baronet, in the chair. —About six o'clock Sir Walter entered the room, followed by the Earl of Fife, Lord Meadowbank, and several other gentlemen, who were greeted by the assembled company with distinguished applause. The Chairman was supported on the right by the Earl of Fife, and on the left by Lord Meadowbank. To the right of the Earl of Fife were Sir John Hope of Pinkie, Admiral Adam, and several of the officers of the 7th hussars; and to the left of the chair, Baron Clerk Rattray, Gilbert Innes, Esq. of Stow, James Walker, Esq. of Dalry, and several hussar officers. Patrick Robertson, Esq., advocate, croupier.

Upon the cloth being removed, *Non Nobis Domine* was sung by Messrs. Thorne, Templeton, Collier, Murray, and Hawthorn.

The Chairman then gave

The King, with all the honours,—Air, “King’s Anthem.”

The Duke of Clarence, and the rest of the Royal Family,—Air, “Of a noble race was Shenkin.”

THE CHAIRMAN requested that the next toast might be drunk in solemn silence. It was to the memory of a branch of the Royal Family which we had lately lost. Every individual present would anticipate without his naming the late illustrious personage, that he meant to drink to the memory of the Duke of York. He would not dwell on the military talents of that illustrious in-

dividual ; these had been told in the senate and repeated in the cottage ; and where an English soldier was, his name would never be forgotten. What he now mentioned the name of his Royal Highness for was, because he was the patron of all charitable institutions ; that on every occasion he dedicated a portion of his time, giving up his own leisure and amusement, and was always ready to attend meetings for such purposes as they were now assembled. It was for this reason that he requested them to drink, on the present occasion, his memory in solemn silence.

The memory of the Duke of York—Tune, “Dead March in Saul.”

The CHAIRMAN now requested a particular bumper, while he endeavoured to attempt to say a few words on the subject which had brought them together. It was perfectly unnecessary for him to say much, for they all came to support a particular opinion—that the love of representations of one kind or other seemed to be implanted in human nature. It was the first enjoyment of a child under the schoolmaster ; and, in short, it was the enjoyment natural to humanity : and we could not suppose but that it was implanted in us by nature for the best of reasons, and that from it we should derive pleasure. The theatrical art had always kept pace with letters, and the refinement of human nature ; in proportion as the love of the drama increased, in like proportion we had seen those works improve which rendered the stage more refined ; and stranger as he was to its history, he knew that its first promoter was he who led the Athenian troops to battle ; the next who succeeded to him were men of consequence in their country—men who shook the senate by their discourses, as much as their works shook the Theatre itself. In the days of Louis XIV. and in the golden reign of Queen Elizabeth, England began to mingle deeply in the politics of Europe ; it was then she became an independent state—that she would receive laws from none, but made laws for others, and vindicated the rights of man.—There were times when the drama was in disrepute, in which its professors had been stigmatized by laws less dishonourable to themselves than to the times in which they were adopted,

and equally dishonourable to the statesmen who proposed them as to the legislators who passed them into laws. At that time the natural duties of man were forbidden ; the clergy were condemned to celibacy, and the laity were deprived of the use of their Bible ; the theatre was considered a place of profaneness, from which men would withhold their feet as they would do from tents of sin. He was not entitled to charge them with hypocrisy for doing so ; on the contrary, he gave them full credit for their sincerity, as he would to those who still entertained prejudices against the stage. But no one could deny, that to relieve the sick, and to support the wretched, were duties enjoined on them by our holy religion, and they were not entitled to ask to whom assistance was given, but by whom it was given. But performers were particularly entitled to the support and regard of those who had partaken of their amusements ; they were particularly entitled to such support, because their art was of a delicate and precarious description ; it was one to which a very long apprenticeship was necessary ; it was very long before even the first geniuses acquired a proper knowledge of the business of the stage ; and they have but a short time, too, in which, by the favour of the public and careful management, they may provide in some measure for future wants, but even that time comes late. Time, that spares no man, makes equal havoc on them ; the features fail them, the limbs fail them, and they are left dependent. He admitted that the public were liberal to those who deserve their protection ; but it was a sad thing to be dependent on the caprice of the public. He was not surprised that, among so many persons in the profession, some were charged with improvidence ; that there should be instances of opportunities neglected, of sums wasted, which might have been saved ; but let every gentleman look to his own bosom, and think of all the softer feelings of his nature, plunged into misery at the close of life—(*applause.*) He had hitherto yet been speaking of those who are called *stars* ; but there was another class, without whom the business of the theatre could not go on. It was very well known, that, as the seaman's phrase went, "every man could not be a boatswain," there must be others for inferior

stations ; every one could not act Hamlet, and there must be also a Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. It was not for the Generals, not for the Colonels, not for the Subalterns, they were to look ; but where were the private soldiers to support themselves ? Some had been driven to the profession by necessity, others had chosen that, though one for which they were not naturally competent. They could contrive what to make of an inferior artist or a poor poet ; the artist might be made to paint a sign-board, or the poet become a scribe ; but they could do nothing of that kind with a player ; they could not say to him, " If you are unfit to play Hamlet, you may play Rosencrantz or Guildenstern." What could they do with this man ? They could not condemn him to an inferior situation—they could not cast him off like an old hinge, or a piece of useless machinery—that would be unkind, ungrateful, and unchristian. His want is not of his own making, but arises from sickness or old age, which he cannot prevent. These were a class of sufferers for whom nothing could provide, and having once put his hand to the plough, he must continue toiling at it till death relieves him. He was afraid all they could do would not relieve from want ; but they might relieve, so as to render that want more tolerable—(*Applause.*) They must not be disheartened if they could not do a great deal, but they would do something, and any thing they could do, they were aware it would tend to relieve sorrow, and they would sleep the better, when conscious of having been the means of giving sleep to others. It was hard to think that those who had contributed to their amusement should be consigned to hard lodgings. They could not think of letting poor Falstaff go to bed without his cup of sack, or feed on bones as marrowless as those of Banquo—(*Loud cheers.*) The Chairman concluded by giving—" Prosperity to the Edinburgh Theatrical Fund."

Mr. MACKAY rose on behalf of his brethren, to return their thanks for the toast just drank. When he looked around on the large assembly, met for the benevolent purpose of aiding them in their intention of providing for the comfort of their aged brothers and sisters, he feared he was unable to express in proper terms his

feelings. To him this was the proudest day of his life, to have the honour, at the first Theatrical Fund dinner in his native land, to address so brilliant an assemblage of the rank and talent of his native city ; and inspired with confidence, he exulted and rejoiced that he was born between the Cross and the Luckenbooths—(*Cheers.*) Many of the gentlemen present, he said, were perhaps not fully acquainted with the nature and intention of the Institution, and it might not be amiss to enter into some explanation on the subject. With whomsoever the idea of a Theatrical Fund might have originated (and it had been disputed by the surviving relatives of two or three individuals), certain it was, that the first legally-constituted Theatrical Fund owed its origin to one of the brightest ornaments of the profession, the late David Garrick. That eminent actor conceived that, by a weekly subscription in the theatre, a fund might be raised among its members, from which a portion might be given to those of his less fortunate brethren, and thus an opportunity would be offered for prudence to provide what fortune had denied—a comfortable provision for the winter of life. With the welfare of his profession constantly at heart, the zeal with which he laboured to uphold its respectability, and to impress upon the minds of his brethren not only the necessity, but blessing of independence, the Fund became his peculiar care. He drew up a form of laws for its government, procured, at his own expense, the passing of an act of Parliament for its confirmation, bequeathed to it a handsome legacy, and thus became the father of the Drury-Lane Fund. So constant was his attachment to this infant establishment, that he chose to grace the close of the brightest theatrical life on record, by the last display of his transcendent talent on the occasion of a benefit for this child of his adoption, which ever since has gone by the name of the Garrick Fund. In imitation of his noble example, funds had been established in several provincial theatres in England ; but it remained for Mrs. Henry Siddons and Mr. William Murray to become the founders of the first Theatrical Fund in Scotland—(*Cheers.*) This fund commenced under the most favourable auspices ; it was liberally supported by the management, and highly

patronized by the public. Notwithstanding, it fell short in the accomplishment of its intentions. What those intentions were, he (Mr. Mackay) need not recapitulate, but they failed; and he did not hesitate to confess that a want of energy on the part of the performers was the probable cause. A new set of rules and regulations were lately drawn up, submitted to and approved of at a general meeting of the members of the theatre; and accordingly the fund was re-modeled on the 1st of Jan. last. And here he thought he did but echo the feelings of his brethren, by publicly acknowledging the obligations they were under to the management, for the aid given, and the warm interest they had all along taken in the welfare of the Fund—(*Cheers.*) The nature and object of the profession had been so well treated of by the President, that he would say nothing—but of the numerous offspring of science and genius that court precarious fame, the actor boasts the slenderest claim of all—the sport of fortune, the creatures of fashion, and the victims of caprice—they are seen, heard, and admired, but to be forgot—they leave no trace, no memorial of their existence—they “come like shadows, so depart.”—(*Cheers.*) Yet humble though their pretensions be, there was no profession, trade, or calling, where such a combination of requisites, mental and bodily, were indispensable. In all others the principal may practise after he has been visited by the afflicting hand of Providence—some by the loss of limb—some of voice—and many when the faculty of the mind is on the wane may be assisted by dutiful children, or devoted servants. Not so the actor—he must retain all he ever did possess, or sink dejected to a mournful home—(*Applause.*) Yet while they are toiling for ephemeral theatric fame, how very few ever possess the means of hoarding in their youth that which would give bread in old age. But now a brighter prospect dawned upon them, and to the success of this their infant establishment they looked with hope, as to a comfortable and peaceful home in their declining years. Such being the real—such the laudable and benevolent intention, every lover of the drama must be anxious for its success.—(*Cheers.*) When he beheld so many present, and the warm interest displayed on



this occasion, it augured most favourably for its ultimate prosperity, and left no room to doubt, that with proper management and attention, and a continuation of support from the public, it would fully answer the end proposed. He had, he was afraid, trespassed too long on the time of the meeting, and thanked them for the attention they had paid to him. He concluded by tendering to the meeting, in the name of his brethren and sisters, their unfeigned thanks for their liberal support, and begged to propose the health of the Patrons of the Edinburgh Theatrical Fund.---(*Cheers.*)

Lord MEADOWBANK returned thanks. For the patrons, he could answer, as he did for himself from his heart, for the anxiety all of them had evinced for the object of the institution in behalf of which they had assembled. From the earliest period of their lives, down to their declining years, they derived amusement from those for whom they were now contributing, and these were the happiest moments for all whose hearts were in their right places. It happened at the time when this institution was founded, he filled a most important situation in the country, and was happy in then having it in his power to be useful to the institution. As a small testimony of the feelings with which he now rose, he begged to propose a health which, in an assembly of Scotsmen, must be received, not only with feelings of delight, but with rapture and enthusiasm. Those who had risen on former occasions to give the health of the individual to whom he alluded, must have risen without being able to put aside those veils and clouds with which the native modesty of the individual had concealed himself; but he had the gratification to know that these clouds were now dispelled—that the Great Unknown—(*immense cheering*)—the minstrel of his country—(*continued cheering*)—that mighty magician, who had conjured up, not the phantoms of the dark ages, but the realities themselves—stands revealed to the eyes of his countrymen. He was sure it would be displeasing to him, were he able to say what he felt. Every man who had known his works was able to contemplate his talents, from the enjoyment which he had received from the great efforts of his genius, and must recollect that he has given his country an im-

perishable name, by illuminating its annals, by illustrating its wars, its heroes, and its statesmen, more than any other man that ever existed within its territory—(*great cheering.*) That great genius had opened up the beauties of his country to the eyes of foreigners, exhibiting to them those patriots and heroes who lived before us, and to whom we are to attribute that glorious state of freedom which we now enjoy. His Lordship gave—"The health of Sir Walter Scott."—(*Loud and continued cheering.*)

SIR WALTER SCOTT did not expect to have revealed before three hundred gentlemen a secret which had been remarkably well kept for a great number of years—(*a laugh.*) Though he might have been put on trial for this offence of which he stood convicted before Lord Meadowbank, yet an intelligent and impartial jury would consider the evidence before they gave a verdict against him; they might perhaps give a verdict of *not proven*—(*laughter*),—and not enter into the reasons which determined him to keep so long silence: perhaps caprice had a great share in it; the fault he entirely imputed to himself; indeed, he was afraid to think of what he had now done—look at it again, he dared not. But as this would go out to the public, he meant it to go seriously, when he said that he was the total and undivided author of these novels; there was not a single word written, except some quotations, or a suggestion made, which was not his own, or what he had found in his own reading—(*Much cheering.*) He would now propose, in the capacity of author of these novels, the health of a gentleman of this company, he meant his friend Bailie Nicol Jarvie—(*Great laughter.*)—When the author of Waverley and Rob Roy drank the health of Bailie Nicol Jarvie, they would all recollect the applause he received in the theatre, and they would, no doubt, be inclined to give him some here. (*Loud cheering.*) "The health of Bailie Nicol Jarvie."

MR. MACKAY, after a short pause, exclaimed—"My Conscience! My worthy father, the Deacon, had he been in existence wouldna have believed that siccan a great honour should befall me, his son—that I should have such a compliment paid me by the Great Unknown. I have now borne my civic honours for eight years,

and I trust that none of my brethren in the Council have given more satisfaction—(*Much laughter.*) Before I sit down, I beg leave to propose the health of—"The Lord Provost and Magistrates of Edinburgh." (*Loud cheers.*) Air, "'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh."

The CHAIRMAN said he was informed that the Lord Provost set off for London this day on particular business, otherwise he would have had the pleasure of being among them. He had, however, transmitted a handsome donation to the Fund.

The CHAIRMAN gave "The heroes who fought and bled on the plains of Waterloo." "The Duke of Wellington and the Army of England"—Air, "How merrily we live that soldiers be." "Lord Melville and the Navy"—Air, "Rule Britannia."

The CROUPIER was afraid after the speeches they had heard, that it would be presumptuous in him to intrude even for a moment; at same time as a toast had been assigned he hoped for their indulgence. He was sure that the stage in all ages, and in all countries, had great effect on the morals of the people; and therefore it was a most desirable object to retain the moral character of the performers. He was not one of those stern moralists who object to the stage,—(*a laugh*)—but he was sure that most of his fellow-citizens to whom he was known, would give him credit for his stern morality. (*A laugh.*) But the conduct of those who exhibited themselves on the stage of the Theatre-Royal of Edinburgh, was such that even the most serious and fastidious could not object to; and no evil could accrue from attending the theatre; for nothing improper would be exhibited so long as it was under the influence of Mrs. Siddons, who was not more remarkable for every female grace and proper deportment on the stage, than in her private character, where she illustrated every virtue which we admire in domestic life. Even those who were stern moralists, had an ample security in that individual for the proper conducting of the theatre. Before he concluded, he would take the liberty of reciting a few words from Shakespeare in support, not in contradiction of what he had stated.

"Good, my Lord, will ye see the players well bestowed, &c."

He would now propose the health of Mrs. Henry Siddons, and success to the Theatre-Royal of Edinburgh.

Mr. MURRAY.—Gentlemen, I rise to return thanks for the honour you have done Mrs. Siddons, in doing which I am somewhat diffculted from the extreme delicacy which attends a brother's expatiating upon a sister's claims to honours publicly paid,—(*hear, hear*)—yet, gentlemen, your kindness emboldens me to say, that were I to give utterance to all a brother's feelings, I should not exaggerate those claims. (*Loud applause.*) I therefore, gentlemen, thank you most cordially for the honour you have done her, and shall now request permission to make an observation on the establishment of the Edinburgh Theatrical Fund. Mr. Mackay has done Mrs. Henry Siddons and myself the honour to ascribe the establishment to us; but, no, gentlemen, it owes its origin to a higher source—the publication of the novel of Rob Roy—the unprecedented success of the opera adapted from that popular production—(*Hear, hear.*) It was that success which relieved the Edinburgh Theatre from its difficulties, and enabled Mrs. Siddons to carry into effect the establishment of a fund she had long desired, but was prevented from effecting, from the unsettled state of her theatrical concerns. I therefore hope that, in future years, when the aged and infirm actor derives relief from this fund, he will, in the language of the gallant Highlander, “Cast his eye to good old Scotland, and not forget Rob Roy.” (*Loud applause.*)

Sir WALTER SCOTT was most happy to know that he had in any way, however remote, been instrumental in removing the difficulties alluded to, and would think the better of Rob Roy for it. But whatever was the distress of that theatre, the internal management of the stage, under Mr. Murray—not to mention his own practical talents as an actor, which they all knew, were of the first order. He was sure they would drink the health of Mr. Murray with all the honours. (*Cheers.*)

Mr. MURRAY.—Gentlemen, I wish I could believe that, in any degree, I merited the compliments with which it has pleased Sir Walter Scott to preface the proposal of my health, or the very flattering manner in which you have done me the honour to receive it.

The approbation of such an assembly is most gratifying to me, and might encourage feelings of vanity, were not such feelings crushed by my conviction that no man holding the situation I have so long held in Edinburgh could have failed, placed in the peculiar circumstances in which I have been placed. Gentlemen, I shall not insult your good taste by eulogiums upon your judgment or kindly feeling; though to the first I owe any improvement I may have made as an actor, and certainly my success as a manager to the second.—When, upon the death of my dear brother, the late Mr. Siddons, it was proposed that I should undertake the management of the Edinburgh Theatre, I confess I drew back, doubting my capability to free it from the load of debt and difficulty with which it was surrounded. In this state of anxiety I solicited the advice of one who had ever honoured me with his kindest regard, and whose name no member of my profession can pronounce without feelings of the deepest respect and gratitude—I allude to the late Mr. John Kemble. To him I applied; and with the repetition of his advice I shall cease to transgress upon your time.—“My dear William, fear not; integrity and assiduity must prove an overmatch for all difficulty; and though I approve your not indulging a vain confidence in your own ability, and viewing with respectful apprehension the judgment of the audience you have to act before, yet be assured that judgment will ever be tempered by the feeling that you are acting for the widow and the fatherless.” Gentlemen, these words have never passed from my mind; and I feel convinced that you have pardoned my many, many errors, from the feeling that I was striving for the widow and the fatherless. (Long and enthusiastic applause followed Mr. Murray’s address.)

The CHAIRMAN now proposed the health of the gentlemen who had attended the company in the capacity of stewards. They had given up their own comfort to attend upon the company; but he was happy that they had now so far yielded up their stewardship, as to partake of the good things that were going.—“The health of the Stewards.”

Mr. VANDENHOFF.—Mr. President and Gentlemen,

the honour conferred upon the Stewards, in the very flattering compliment you have just paid us, calls forth our warmest acknowledgments. In tendering you our thanks for the approbation you have been pleased to express of our humble exertions, I would beg leave to advert to the cause in which we have been engaged. Yet, surrounded as I am by the genius, the eloquence of this enlightened city, I cannot but feel the presumption which ventures to address you on so interesting a subject. Accustomed to speak in the language of others, I feel quite at a loss for terms wherein to clothe the sentiments excited by the present occasion. The nature of the Institution which has sought your fostering patronage, and the objects which it contemplates, have been fully explained to you. But, gentlemen, the relief which it proposes, is not a gratuitous relief---but to be purchased by the individual contribution of its members toward the general good. This fund lends no encouragement to idleness or improvidence, but it offers an opportunity to prudence in vigour and youth, to make provision against the evening of life, and its attendant infirmity. A period is fixed at which we admit the plea of age as an exemption from professional labour. 'Tis painful to behold the veteran on the stage (compelled by necessity) contending against physical decay, mocking the joyousness of mirth with the feebleness of age---when the energies decline---when the memory fails---and the "big manly voice, turning again towards childish treble, pipes and whistles in the sound." We would remove him from the mimic scene, where fiction constitutes the charm. We would not view old age caricaturing itself. But as our means may be found, in the time of need, inadequate to the fulfilment of our wishes---fearful of raising expectations which we may be unable to gratify---desirous not "to keep the word of promise to the ear, and break it to the hope"---we have presumed to court the assistance of the friends of the drama to strengthen our infant institution. Our appeal has been successful, beyond our most sanguine expectations. The distinguished patronage conferred on us by your presence on this occasion, and the substantial support which your

benevolence has so liberally afforded to our institution, must impress every member of the fund with the most grateful sentiments---sentiments which no language can express, no time obliterate. I will not trespass longer on your attention; I would the task of acknowledging our obligations had fallen into abler hands. In the name of the Stewards, I most respectfully and cordially thank you, for the honour you have done us, which greatly overpays our poor endeavours.---(*Applause.*)

Mr. JOHN CAY apologized for the absence of Professor Wilson, and gave---“The Professors of the University.”---Tune, College Hornpipe.

Lord MEADOWBANK proposed “The health of the Earl of Fife.”

The Earl of FIFE returned thanks, and gave---“The Theatrical Company of Edinburgh.”

Mr. JONES rose to return thanks. He was truly grateful for the kind encouragement he had experienced; but the novelty of the situation in which he now was, renewed all the feelings he experienced when he first saw himself announced in the bills as a young gentleman, being his first appearance on any stage. He would endeavour to execute the unexpected task in the way he best could, and he must now, as usual, depend more on their indulgence than on his own powers. They would imagine to themselves the hearts of the members of the Theatrical Fund all promptly eloquent to express their gratitude, and that would be a copy of their feelings. He begged to trespass on the meeting, by introducing a toast “To the Edinburgh Professional Society of Musicians,” who, finding that this meeting was fixed to take place on the same day with their concert, in the kindest manner agreed to postpone it. He begged to express their best thanks for that kindness, and he was sure no other motive need be assigned to induce the meeting to drink “Prosperity to the Edinburgh Professional Society of Musicians.”

The CHAIRMAN said that through the courtesy of Colonel Fraser, and the officers of the 7th Hussars, they had this evening the advantage of the excellent band of that regiment, which had contributed so much

to their amusement; and he begged therefore to propose the health of Colonel Fraser and the officers of the 7th Hussars, which was drunk with all the honours.

Captain BROADHEAD said Colonel Fraser intended to have been present. Some unforeseen circumstance must have prevented him. He wished he had been present to return thanks in a suitable manner for the honour that had just been done to the regiment. The regiment was now about to leave this country: but, although it was natural for them to wish to go to their native land, they were so impressed with the hospitality and kindness which they had experienced, that he was sure there was not an officer or man in the regiment, that would leave Scotland without regret. (*Applause.*)

Mr. R. ROBERTSON rose to propose the health of an illustrious friend, Mr. Jeffrey, who was unfortunately prevented from attending this meeting by ill health. In Scotland, he was acknowledged as the most distinguished advocate who had ever appeared at the bar---as the highest ornament of literature; and throughout Europe he was equally known and admired as a critic. If he could pay him an additional compliment, he would only have to speak the sentiments of the junior members of his profession, whose hearts were endeared to him, and his kindness, frankness, and cordial manner, no less than his splendid talents attracted their admiration. To say more, particularly in Edinburgh, where his talents and accomplishments were so well known and appreciated, would only heap coals of fire upon his own head. He would conclude by once more proposing the health of Mr. Jeffrey, which was drunk with great enthusiasm.

Mr. JAMES MACONCHIE begged to propose a bumper to the health of the most distinguished lady which the stage of this country has ever produced, Mrs. Siddons.---(*Applause.*)

The CHAIRMAN said, if any thing could reconcile him to old age, it was his having seen the rising and setting of the brilliant sun of Mrs. Siddons. He recollected the anxiety with which he used to press forward to witness her performances. He had actually breakfasted at the door of the Theatre---he had remained till the doors were opened at six o'clock, and



had sat counting his fingers till seven that the curtain rose; and he could not but remember that the first words which that lady spoke more than repaid all his labour, and all his toils. Those who had only seen the setting of that brilliant and magnificent sun, must allow us old fellows (said Sir Walter) who have also witnessed its rising, to hold our heads a little higher.—(*Great applause.*)—Glee, “Here’s a health to all good lasses.”

Mr. DUNDAS of Arniston proposed a name, which he said had been too long unnoticed, but which must be revered by all who took an interest in the drama—the memory of Home, the author of Douglas—a name which must be remembered so long as the stage, the drama, or the language of England continued to exist.—Drank in silence.

Mr. MACKAY here announced that the subscription of the evening amounted to £280, and begged to return thanks for this substantial proof of the interest which the company took in the Theatrical Fund. Mr. Mackay then sung---“O Duncan Donald’s ready,” which was heard with much pleasure, and followed by loud applause.

The CHAIRMAN said Mr. Mackay had just shown that he was as much a master of the sentimental as he was of the ludicrous. He (Sir Walter) had too long delayed proposing a toast, which must ever be hailed with pleasure in a Scottish meeting. He meant the land that bore us—the Land of Cakes. So long as her sons should stand by her, as their fathers had done, she must be a happy country and a respected one. It was a toast which was drunk by every lass in her cottage and every countess in her castle—and (said Sir Walter) “may he that refuses to drink it in a bumper never taste more.”—(*Loud and enthusiastic cheering.*)—Air, “Weel may we a’ be.”

Sir Walter, then, after some playful remarks on the circumstance of his friend Lord Meadowbank having plucked the mask from his face, and some handsome compliments to his public and private virtues, begged to propose his Lordship’s health, which was drunk with all the honours, and for which Lord Meadowbank returned thanks.

Mr. H. G. BELL said that he should not have ventured to intrude himself upon the attention of the assembly, did he not feel confident that the toast he begged to have the honour to propose would make amends for the very imperfect manner in which he might express his sentiments regarding it. It had been said, that notwithstanding the mental supremacy of the present age---notwithstanding that the page of our history was studded with names destined also for the page of immortality---the genius of Shakespeare was extinct, and the fountain of his inspiration dried up. It might be that these observations were unfortunately correct, or it might be that we were bewildered with a name, not disappointed of the reality---for though Shakespeare had brought a Hamlet, an Othello, and a Macbeth---an Ariel, a Juliet, and a Rosalind, upon the stage, were there not authors living who had brought as varied, as exquisitely painted, and as undying a range of characters into our hearts? The shape of the mere mould into which genius pours its golden treasures was surely a matter of little moment, let it be called a tragedy, a comedy, a Waverley novel. But even among the dramatic authors of the present day, he was unwilling to allow that there was a great and palpable decline from the glory of preceding ages, and his toast alone would bear him out in denying the truth of the proposition. He would not at present insist either upon the merits of our distinguished country-woman whose genius gave birth to "De Montfort," or of the younger, but perhaps no less inspired authoress of "The Vespers of Palermo," or of that other female pen rendered so deservedly celebrated by the recent tragedy of "The Foscari." Nor would he enlarge upon the talents, already so well known, either of a Croly, a Baynim, a Shiel, a Coleridge, or a Maturin. But there was one name to which he was sure the Chairman would forgive him for venturing to call his attention---a name connected with the most spirit-stirring recollections of the modern drama,---a name universally endeared to those who were fortunately acquainted with him who bore it, and no less universally admired by those who knew the value of fearless intrepidity and originality of thought, richness and

strength of expression, exuberance of fancy, and delicacy and depth of feeling. He was sure that the Chairman, and many who heard him, anticipated that the name to which he alluded was that of the author of "Virginius," "Caius Gracchus," and "William Tell." When he mentioned the works of Mr. Knowles, he pronounced his eulogy, and it would be superfluous to attempt to enhance its force. Mr. Knowles's monument was in his works, and his fame in the spontaneous applause of the crowded theatre, in the tear which glistened in the eye, and the smile which played upon the lip. Nor could the approbation of a meeting such as this fail to be grateful to him; it was his intention, if possible, to have been present that evening, had not other avocations prevented him, which he regretted much.

The CHAIRMAN said, the last toast reminded him of a great neglect of duty—but he was not accustomed to such business as had fallen upon him to-night, and therefore every thing was not done perhaps in due order—and one or two toasts might be altogether omitted. He could not speak but with reverence and gratitude of the memory of Shakespeare. His name was held in almost universal idolatry—and he knew nothing that so much resembled his universality of genius as the Dervise of the Arabian Tales, who had the faculty of transporting his own soul into the body of any other person, and of speaking and acting exactly as he could have done himself. Although of no high origin—nor of great education, he seemed born at once to pourtray every thing in the world, from the king on the throne to the clown who stirs the Christmas fire. Whatever place he took, between these wide extremes—from the top to the bottom of the gamut, every note he struck was just and true, and called forth a response from every bosom. He would, without further trespassing on the meeting, propose the memory of William Shakespeare—which was drunk in silence.—Glee, "Lightly tread, 'tis hallowed ground."

Sir WALTER SCOTT, after alluding to a dramatic performance which had been successful here, (The Family Legend), gave the health of Miss Joanna Bailie, which was drunk with all the honours.

Song, by Mr. Thorne,—“The Anchor’s Weighed.”

Mr. MENZIES proposed the health of a performer who had been long the support of the Edinburgh Theatre. They must all remember the range of characters which that gentleman undertook, and was able to execute---which entitled him to be remembered in such a meeting as this. He was and is an actor of the first class, and was besides an accomplished gentleman who had been found worthy of the friendship of their illustrious chairman. This alone would authorize him to give the toast he proposed. The health of Mr. Terry.—(*Loud applause.*)

The CHAIRMAN gave the health of the Lord Chief Baron, who, he said, though not present, had sent a liberal collection to the fund.—(*Applause.*) He begged to unite with it the health of Baron Clerk.

Baron CLERK returned thanks. They had all heard the confession of the now *Great Known*; he trusted they had not yet heard his last word.—(*Applause.*)

The CHAIRMAN.---It was a good old proverb, that “we should keep our ain fish-guts to our ain sea-maws”---and this reminded him that there was one name which had a particular right to notice on this occasion. It was that of the person who first established dramatic entertainments in Edinburgh. He did so with considerable trouble, and, he believed, he had sustained some loss in the attempt. Most of those present would remember a place called Carrubber’s Close.—(*A laugh.*) It was there that a theatre was established and a stage erected, by no less a man than Allan Ramsay. Those who understood his Doric dialect would see that it was not exactly fitted for the stage. But he was a very clever fellow; a jovial, honest man; and he (Sir W.) had no doubt that he would have felt great pleasure to meet with them here. Let us therefore drink a bumper to the memory of “Old Allan.”

Mr. MURRAY here entertained the company with “’Twas merry in the Hall.”

Mr. JONES said there was one omission, which he begged to supply. One of our poets had said, what were the world without the sun? And he would say, what were the theatre without the ladies? They

were the most attractive stars of which the manager could boast---and they were unlike the professional luminaries---for they did not claim a share of the profits.---(*Laughter.*) It was to the influence of the ladies the stage owed its reformation from the grossness which characterized its earlier period---and from which even the divine genius of Shakespeare could not escape pollution. Had he lived in these days---like the great living author now before them, his works would not have contained a single sentence to have called forth a blush upon the cheek of purity. He would propose the Patronesses of the Theatre---“The Ladies of Edinburgh.”---(*Much cheering.*)---Air, “Kiss my Lady.”

Mr. ROBERTSON would not wish to introduce any subject which was calculated to produce discord---but he was sensible he ventured on ticklish ground, when he approached the region of the *Nor' Loch*. There had been already too much difference of opinion on this subject. He begged to say, however, that he did not mean to make the smallest allusion to the improvements' bill.---(*Laughter.*) There had been much keen discussion on this subject, and it had been remarked that the bill must certainly pass, if the consent of all parties were obtained---and no one opposed it.---(*Laughter.*) He hoped for the consent of all parties to the toast he now meant to propose. He hoped there would be no opposition---and he gave due notice to all interested---that whether in Bearford's park, or any other part of this our city, a theatre or play-house might be erected, he should move that the present company of the old theatre should become the tenants---(*Cheers.*) He would take no advantage of the absence of the Lord Provost ; he would take no advantage of the absence of his friend Mr. Cockburn ; he would reserve their individual rights to all concerned. He would beg to propose in the mean time, and he had no objection to its being proclaimed in every parish of the kingdom---“Better accommodation to the Old Company, in the new theatre, site unknown.”---(*Cheers and laughter.*)

The CHAIRMAN hoped the new theatre would not be a large one. The Scots were apt to fall into two errors

in these matters—one arising from their pride, and another from their poverty. If you show them a dozen of plans, they are sure to fix on the largest and most expensive.—(*Laughter.*) He had been looking at the progress of one building (the College) all his life, and he yet doubted if his son would live to see it finished. It reminded him of a bard who, at the foundation of a similar work, sung a hymn—"Behold the endless work begun." He hoped in 18 months or two years to see the new theatre finished; and he trusted it would not be larger than the present one, place it where they might.—Glee, "Would you know my Celia's charms."

The CHAIRMAN, after some handsome observations on his respected friend, Mr. Henry Mackenzie, which we could not distinctly hear, proposed the health of that gentleman, which was drunk with great applause.

After this (half-past ten) Sir Walter made some apologies for leaving the meeting so soon, having, he said, the excuse of Lord Ogilvy, rheumatism, and with whom he might exclaim—"There's a twinge"—and trusting they would continue to enjoy themselves, left the room amidst the most enthusiastic cheering.

Mr. P. ROBERTSON, at the universal call of the meeting, took the chair amidst loud cheering. He begged for a bumper. He was sensible of the extreme honour done to himself in being called to succeed the illustrious person who had left the chair. There was no one present who would not remember, to his latest hour, this day's festival, and the declaration which had been now first made public. All doubt and difficulty were now thrown entirely aside---the veil was now taken from the face of the Unknown---who was now proclaimed the *Great Known*---(*Great cheering.*) That this declaration had been made in their presence would ever live in their proud recollection. They would boast of it to their children---and they again to their children's children. Wherever the name of Scott was mentioned, it would become a household word---a boast that they had heard that declaration from his own mouth. He would propose again the health of the greatest man Scotland had ever produced---"Sir Walter Scott."—(*Enthusiastic cheers.*)

Mr. ROBERTSON proposed the health of a gentleman now present, who had long enlivened the Edinburgh stage---“Mr. Jones.”

Mr. JONES returned thanks for an honour so unexpected. He was not able to express his feelings of gratitude. Although it was his business to teach others utterance, he was himself on this occasion deprived of all utterance. In this city he had met many and kind patrons; and he should consider it his greatest misfortune now to leave it.—(*Cheers.*)

The CHAIRMAN did not know till now that the toasts of the evening were not all exhausted, and he would now propose a gentleman connected with a sister art of representation, who had done great honour to Scotland, and rendered some parts of its history immortal by his genius as a painter. He was unable to do justice to the subject, but he was able to speak of the worth of the individual, of his modesty of deportment, his kindly feelings, and his gentlemanly manner. He begged to give the health of their townsman, Mr. William Allan.—(*Loud applause.*)

Mr. ALLAN returned thanks in a few words.

Mr. Collier here favoured the company with a song.

Mr. HOPE proposed the health of Mr. Lockhart, and the rising genius of Scotland.—(*Applause.*)

Mr. W. ALLAN, banker, said one gentleman of the theatre had given the ladies of Edinburgh; and they had already done honour to Mrs. H. Siddons. He begged to propose the other ladies of that admirable company, of which the manager might well boast, and this city well be proud.—(*Great cheering.*)

The CHAIRMAN begged to propose the health of a distinguished cavalry officer. He claimed the privilege of an old soldier himself; for be it known (said Mr. R.) that I am a disbanded rear-rank man of Captain Bonar's company.—(*Loud laughter.*) He had been a foot soldier---and not every horse, indeed, would carry a rider of such magnitude—(*laughter*)---but he had no jealousy of the other branch, and he therefore most cordially proposed the health of Sir Hussey Vivian.—(*Loud cheers.*)

An Officer (a son of Sir Hussey's) returned thanks.

Mr. Thorne,—Song, “John Anderson, my jo’.”

Mr. ROBERTSON then gave severally the healths of Mr. Burn the architect, and Mr. Stanley of the Theatre, which he introduced in his peculiarly happy manner. The latter sung, "Four and twenty actors all in a row."

Mr. ROBERTSON, after giving the healths of Mr. Charles Kemble, of the Stewards, and of Mr. Murray, left the chair at half-past eleven, when it was taken by Captain Broadhead, and, after some other toasts, the meeting separated.

The late hour to which we have been run, we trust will be a sufficient apology to our readers for the hurried manner we have been compelled to finish our report of this interesting meeting. We must not dismiss it, however, without adverting to the universal satisfaction that seemed to pervade the assembly; owing, in the first place, to the excellent arrangements of Mr. Murray, and the unremitting attention of the Stewards, and, secondly, to the amiable deportment of the Chairman---the peculiar naïveté and unassuming manner of Sir Walter, so admirably adapted to afford satisfaction to a numerous meeting, were never more conspicuous, particularly when he was put upon his confession, and for the first time publicly avowed that the author of the Waverley novels and Sir Walter Scott were the same person.

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### MRS. SIDDONS.

A Worcester Journal, noticing the lately published Life of Mrs. Siddons, adds the following anecdote :--- "Some of Mrs. Siddons' earliest acting days were passed in this city. Probably Mr. Boaden never heard of the caustic remark which old Kemble made on his daughter's marriage with Siddons. The father had interdicted his daughter from marrying an actor. She, however, encouraged the addresses of Siddons, who did not rank very high in his profession, and played all sorts of characters from Hamlet to Harlequin. They were ultimately married, and, after the nuptials, old Kemble said to a friend, 'I can't say that my daughter has disobeyed me, for in marrying Siddons it can't be said that she has married an actor.'"



CALEDONIAN THEATRE.

M. ALEXANDRE has repeated his performances here for the fourth and fifth time, and they seem to increase in attraction every evening. Last night the theatre was crowded to suffocation, and numbers failed in obtaining admission. Monsieur A. visited Abbotsford some days ago, and his worthy host having learnt that he kept a book with the various tributes which had been paid to his talents in different countries, stepped aside, and while the ventriloquist was getting into the carriage, Sir Walter presented him with the following characteristic impromptu :—

TO MONSIEUR ALEXANDRE.

Of yore, in old England, it was not thought good  
To carry two visages under one hood ;  
What should folks say to *you*, who have faces such plenty,  
That from under one hood you last night shew'd us twenty !  
Stand forth ! arch deceiver ! and tell us, in truth,  
Are you handsome or ugly, in age or in youth ?  
Man, woman, or child ? or a dog, or a mouse ?  
Or are you, at once, each live thing in the house ?  
Each live thing, did I ask ? each dead implement too !  
A work-shop in your person—saw, chisel, and screw.  
Above all, are you *one* individual ? I know  
You must be, at the least, *Alexandre and Co.*  
But I think you're a troop—an assemblage—a mob—  
And that I, as the Sheriff, must take up the job ;  
And, instead of rehearsing your wonders in verse,  
Must read you the riot act, and bid you disperse !

WALTER SCOTT.

Abbotsford, 23d April.



## ROME.---DINNER TO MR. WILKIE.

(From the Ayr Advertiser.)

WE have been favoured with a letter from a townsman and artist now in Rome, giving some account of a dinner just given there to Mr. Wilkie, from which we make the following extracts:—

“79, VIA SESTINA, TRINITA DE MONTE, ROME, 18th Jan. 1827.---The day before yesterday (16th January), we, the Scotch artists and lovers of the fine arts at present in Rome, gave a splendid dinner to our countryman and brother artist Wilkie. It was entirely national. There were but few invitations, and fifty-four persons sat down to the most superb dinner I ever saw. Nothing was wanting to render it highly interesting. His Grace the Duke of Hamilton was in the chair, with the modest Wilkie on his right hand, and on his left Sir Robert Liston. The other two posts of honour were held by General Ramsay and Sir Alex. Wood. There were also present Sir Wm. Forbes, Sir Alex. M'Kenzie, Col. White, Col. Campbell, &c. together with the most talented persons in Rome and Florence, viz. Thorwaldstein, the first sculptor of the day; Camucini, the best historical painter in Rome; and Benvenuti, of Florence. After the healths of his Majesty the King of England, and his Holiness the Pope!---what will the Ayr folks say to this?---the Duke gave the health of Mr. Wilkie, dwelling, at considerable length, on the merits of our Scotch Teniers. Wilkie's reply, in my estimation, was excellent. Indeed, there was something so irresistibly interesting in his whole appearance and manner during the evening, that he captivated every one. In the drawing-room he seemingly was overcome by a sense of the honour about to be conferred on him; he was silent and thoughtful, replying to the numerous salutations of his friends by a silent inclination of the head, accompanied by a smile, which told how grateful were the feelings of his heart. During dinner, pale and abstracted, he seemed unconscious of what was going on around him, until roused from his thoughtfulness by the numerous honourable references made by the Duke to his various performances. When at last he rose to reply to the

well-meant speech of the Duke, it was with such a tremulous air as made us all fear it would impede his utterance ; but a few sentences brought him to himself, and, after modestly expressing his grateful thanks for the honour done him, he dwelt with simple eloquence on the numerous advantages to be derived from a residence at Rome. He was proud to see so many of his countrymen, artists, present, who had, like pilgrims, crossed the snowy Alps to pay their devotions at the shrine of the Vatican, and who would likely carry back to their northern climate those seeds, which, if carefully cultivated, might one day rise to their country's honour. Anxious to refute the prevailing opinion here, that cold northern climates are inimical to the production of genius, he brought in review and commented almost on all the men of talent who had lived for many centuries back ; and concluded with an elegant compliment to Cavaliere Thorwaldstein, who, he said, to use a paradox, had come from the frozen regions of Denmark (Thorwaldstein being a native of that country) to diffuse warmth and genius over the ever-fertile land of Italy. In fact, his speech was so comprehensive and interesting, that all admired it, and he sat down amidst shouts of applause. He was equally successful in replying to the health of the President and Members of the Royal Academy of London, wherein he expatiated most skilfully on the merits of a worthy member just dead (Flaxman), and was equally fine on the late Sir Henry Raeburn. Sir Archibald Campbell, and many others, spoke also. Many toasts followed. The memory of Burns, &c. &c. ; and Scotch songs we had in abundance. Altogether, the thing was such as never was seen in Rome before, and, in all probability, never will be seen again."

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DINNER TO DAVID WILKIE, Esq. R. A.,  
AND LIMNER TO HIS MAJESTY FOR SCOTLAND.

Rome, Jan. 16th, 1827.

It must be gratifying to the friends and admirers of this eminent artist to learn that his health, although not re-established so far as could be wished, is yet in a state of gradual improvement. Mr. Wilkie has lately

executed, in oil colours, some sketches worthy his high reputation.

The Artists from Scotland, at present residing in Rome, having formed the wish to give a dinner to their celebrated countryman, were eagerly joined by the other gentlemen of that country, and a dinner was accordingly given to Mr. Wilkie, in the Palazzo Astoli, at which nearly fifty Scotchmen were present. His Grace the Duke of Hamilton, animated by the same patriotic feeling with the rest of his countrymen, and by the love of the Fine Arts so remarkable in his family, kindly consented to take the chair. His Grace was supported by Sir Archibald Campbell, Sir Alexander Wood, and General Ramsay, as croupiers.

There were also present, the Right Hon. Sir Robert Liston, the Hon. Colonel Grant of Grant, Sir James Gordon, Sir William Forbes, and Sir Francis Mackenzie, Barts, &c. &c. As guests, the following distinguished foreigners cordially joined in showing this mark of respect to so eminent a person, viz. Il Cavaliere Thorwaldstein, Il Cavaliere Camucini, Il Cavaliere Benvenuti, of Florence. Of the numerous English now in Rome, there was, it may safely be said, hardly one who would not have been happy to have joined the party, but the number of Scotchmen was such as to preclude the possibility of finding accommodation, had the dinner been made general to all the British.—There were, therefore, of the English Artists, only present, as guests, Mr. J. Lane, Mr. C. Eastlake; Mr. Gibson, sculptor, having been unluckily prevented from attending. The absence also of Mons. Guirin, President of the French Academy, from indisposition, was to be regretted.

His Grace the Duke of HAMILTON, on entering the apartments, requested that all the artists present might be introduced to him, which was accordingly done; and the company shortly afterwards sat down to dinner, which, as well as the general appearance of the room, was of the most splendid description. After dinner the following toasts were proposed from the Chair :—

“The King,” with all the honours.

“His Holiness the Pope.”

In giving the above toast, his Grace the Duke of HAMILTON observed, that it could not fail to gratify all who came, either as artists or as visitors, to this ancient and imperial city, to find, amidst the heart-burnings and dissensions existing between Catholics and Protestants in so many other nations of Europe, that here the stranger and the student, under the paternal government of the Roman Church, were sure to find, even in times of war and civil commotion, both encouragement and protection. Feeling, therefore, as foreigners, the highest respect for the unaffected piety and many virtues of the present Sovereign Pontiff, they cannot, in such a meeting, conformably to the customs of their country, do less than drink "Health and long life to his holiness the Pope."

This toast was received with enthusiastic applause, and was followed by that of "His Royal Highness the Duke of York and the Army," "His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence and the Navy," "His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex and the rest of the Royal Family." "The health of Mr. Wilkie, the toast of the day," which his Grace gave by observing, that the present assembly were doubtless so well acquainted with Mr. Wilkie's works, that to characterize them was unnecessary; but he could not help recalling to them the *Rent Day*, and the *Blind Fiddler*; in doing which he described in a most lively manner the scenes and expressions of both these pictures, observing, that the latter had happily found its way into the National Gallery of England, where his Grace paid Mr. Wilkie the high compliment to say, that, for expression and feeling, it now sustains its place among the fine specimens of which that Gallery is composed.

The above toast was received with the loudest cheers.

Mr. WILKIE immediately rose, and said—That in the gentlemanlike and eloquent address they had just heard, complimented, as he had been, by such a Judge of Art, his embarrassment in returning, as he ought, his warmest thanks, was greatly increased. The honours of the day were equally due to his brethren present as to himself; they were honours paid to the Arts; and if mixed up with a sympathy for the privations to which the too eager pursuit of them had

exposed an individual, it was only the more creditable to their generosity. The Arts might well elevate the humblest professor, since they gave to Imperial Rome herself her dearest interest. The possession of Art had made Italy to all a land of promise—had continued her empire—and had brought them, Protestants as they were, across the Alps, in pilgrimage, to pay their devotions at the shrine of the Vatican. No one knew or could describe better than his Grace in the chair, those qualities which an artist ought to study in coming to Italy. It is the exhibition of mind that has given Italian Art its pre-eminence. Without mind, the purity of the antique would be unavailing; the glow of Correggio and Titian were mere ornament; the dramatic compositions of Raphael unmeaning; and even the contour and style of Michael Angelo, without the highest inspiration of mind, could not have essayed, as Milton has done—

“To assert eternal Providence,

And vindicate the ways of God to man.”

But as Scottish artists, the younger students should be aware that no art that is not intellectual can be worthy of Scotland. Bleak as are her mountains, and homely as are her people, they have yet in their habits and occupations a characteristic acuteness and feeling. She has a history which has inspired even the genius of other nations, and has interested Europe by the perfection of female beauty in Mary Stuart, and by the perfection of female kindness in Flora M'Donald. On her throne an inspired poet has sat, and an inspired poet has come from her plough—her fancy is seen in the effusions of Ossian, as her study in the learning of Buchanan. She has converted the mountain glen and green bank into a new Arcadia, resounding with poetry and music—has realized pastoral life in the strains of Allan Ramsay, and has shewn the powers of thought alike in the heartfelt song of Robert Burns, the heart-touching tale of Henry Mackenzie, as in the metaphysical speculations of David Hume and Dugald Stewart. It is she that, with story, tradition, habit, character, and passion, wielded with all the creative power of a splendid poetical fancy, has delighted and astonished the world in the gigantic labours of Sir

Walter Scott. If, coming from such a land, the artist should represent the fair day without sentiment, "or the human face divine" without soul, he will be unworthy of his country—unworthy the land that gave him birth; but whatever the artist may try, or whatever he may accomplish, his efforts will be cheerless unless he is met by the sympathy of his own countrymen; he may emulate the distinguished artists now present—he may enter the lists with Benvenuti of Florence, and Camucini of Rome, to whom the classical taste and intellectual aim have, with the mantles of Michael Angelo and Raphael, descended; or, if a sculptor may venture to compete with another brilliant genius, Thorwaldstein, also present, who has come from the frozen shores of the north, as if to verify a paradox by giving warmth and life to the clay and the marble of Italy. The Scottish artist may emulate the high promise of the English artist here, or the high accomplishment of the English, our brethren at home; still all will be unavailing, if he is not met by the co-operation of his kindred Scotsmen. But that he has this sympathy and this co-operation is abundantly proved by the assemblage now present. Here is the Highland Chieftain and the Lowland Landlord—the first of our Nobles by the side of the humblest artist; high military rank in the person of our Croupier, and high civil authority in the Lord Lieutenant of Inverness-shire; one who has been the Representative of British Justice, in the person of Sir Archibald Campbell; one who has been the Representative of British Sovereigns, in the person of Sir Robert Liston; but, above all, we are honoured with the encouragement of our Chairman, who, in his own person, represents the Noblesse of Three Great Kingdoms:—the generous chivalry of France, the baronial aristocracy of England, and the Chieftains and Thanes of our own ancient Kingdom. The first of our Peers, the first of our Cognoscenti, and in his palace possessing the first gallery of art our country can boast of; whose family are, from their taste, dear to the Scottish artist, as the family of the Medici are to the Italian; and whose ancestors are dear to the poet and historian, as well as to the painter, for the distinguished part they have

taken, side by side, with Royalty, in the romantic history of our country.

The next toast was—"The Land of Cakes."

Sir ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL then rose, and gave "the health of his Grace the Duke of Hamilton," thanking his Grace for the honour he had done the Company, in so readily having consented to take the chair; and in eulogizing his Grace as the liberal patron of the Fine Arts, Sir Archibald, in allusion to what had been already said of the superb gallery at Hamilton Palace, observed, that many of the richest treasures there were the acquisitions of his Grace's own taste and discernment.

The health of his Grace was loudly and repeatedly cheered.

His GRACE said, he was unconscious of any merit on his part capable of calling forth the flattering applause with which his health had been received; he was always happy to meet his fellow-countrymen, and entered fully into the feeling of pride with which every Scotchman must regard the triumphs of their common country in the fields of literature and the arts, in moral and physical science. In the historical branch of literature, Scotland had to boast of a Hume and a Robertson; in moral science, besides many illustrious names deceased, she has yet, in his esteemed friend, Dugald Stewart, already so happily alluded to, one who has delighted and instructed Europe by the brilliance of his language and the profoundness of his researches into the depth of the human mind. In physical science, as a practical philosopher, one name stands pre-eminent for the obligations he has conferred upon mankind; one who has made warring elements bend to his purpose, to add new powers to mechanics and navigation; has enriched commerce, and brought lands, distant and separate by nature, into familiar and certain intercourse. The inventions of James Watt, acknowledged by all countries and by all professions, confer a lustre on Scotland, of which, as no one felt more proud, so none could feel more the honour of presiding, on an occasion like the present, when they were met to do justice to the merits of a Scotchman so eminent in art.



The Duke of HAMILTON then gave "the health of Sir Robert Liston," who had gone through a long and meritorious career in the diplomatic service of his country, and had represented his Sovereign in almost every Court of Europe.

Sir ROBERT LISTON, in returning thanks, said, having spent his time much from home, he had been little used to attend meetings of this nature, still less to receive compliments like that which had now been so handsomely paid to him ; and he was, consequently, unaccustomed to make the speeches expected on such occasions. But, lest his silence should be misinterpreted into a proof of insensibility or ingratitude, he begged leave to say a few words. Sir Robert said, he had led a long life of prosperity—he had gone through the whole course of his diplomatic career without difficulty or disappointment—he had made his way from the lowest to the highest rank of the profession, without any thing like original interest or influence, and almost without solicitation. This success had been so singular, that had he any belief in the existence of what is called good luck, or fortune, or fate, he should be inclined to say that that invisible power must have directed his steps. He begged to be allowed to add, that the unexpected and uninvited distinction with which he had now been honoured ; the condescending pains that had been taken to bring him to the place he now occupied, must be considered by him as a proof that he had not been deserted by that good fortune, but that it was likely to accompany him to his latest days. He most humbly, most cordially thanked them ; when he expressed his satisfaction and gratitude at having had an opportunity of attending this meeting, as regards Mr. Wilkie, it was only because it put it in his power to join in the celebration of his supereminent abilities. His talents are before the public, and justice must ever be done to them ; indeed, he should almost be afraid that he may be satiated with praise. I hold myself, continued Sir Robert, to have a particular and personal connexion with our friend : he had known him from his early youth ; he had been the school-fellow and bosom friend of his father ; he had known his grandfather, and numerous collateral branches of a

most respectable family, possessing, from time immemorial, a small property in the neighbourhood of the place where he resided. That family has sent out many valuable men ; some of them of superior abilities ; though, perhaps, not so transcendent as those of the present inheritor of the name ; clergymen, professors, able agriculturists—all having received a good education—all impressed with principles of strict morality, and inured to habits of Scottish economy—who had all acted well, and rendered services in the different departments in which they had taken their station ; but who had been less generally known, and less heard of in the world, than might have been expected, chiefly, he believed, because they all inherited and indulged a certain steady, though inoffensive, spirit of independence, which unfitted them for paying court and travelling the common road for advancement. It appears, said he, a singularity worthy of notice, that the antique residence from which this race of worthies has sprung, which has been in their possession, according to written records, above 400 years, and, according to common opinion, time out of mind, has not, in this course of ages, either lost or gained a single acre. He could not help flattering himself, that his distinguished friend will soon recover his health and his prosperity—will sooner or later cast an eye of affection on the patriarchal spot—will rebuild the ancient mansion, the *two story house*, which has been allowed to go to ruin—will improve and embellish, if not enlarge, the paternal *modus agri* ; that he will take up at last his summer residence there, and enjoy that *otium cum dignitate* on a limited scale, which he conceived would suit his mind. Sir Robert once more thanked the company for having afforded him the gratification of claiming a connexion, on which he reflected with pleasure, and of mentioning circumstances from which he was sure their honoured friend will think he derives no discredit.

There were then successively drunk the “healths of Il Cavaliere Camucini,” “Il Cav. Thorwaldstein,” and “Il Cav. Benvenuti, of Florence.”

In giving these toasts his Grace thanked these illustrious artists for the honour they had done Mr. Wilkie and the company by their presence, and passed

a just encomium on their acknowledged excellence as artists. These addresses his Grace gave in the Italian language.

General RAMSAY, in a neat speech, then gave the "health of her Grace the Duchess of Hamilton."

His GRACE returned thanks.

The next toast was the "health of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and the members of the Royal Academy of London."

Mr. WILKIE returned thanks; passed an eulogium upon the high talents and accomplishments of the distinguished President, and upon the advancement made in portraiture, landscape, and history, by his brother members; lamented the loss they had sustained in the death of John Flaxman—a loss which, great as the rising genius in sculpture was, could scarcely be compensated. He anticipated much honour to the next exhibition from three admirable works lately produced in Rome, the *Spartan Isidas* of Eastlake, the *Italian Vintage* of Severn, and the elegant group of *Psyche borne by the Zephyrs*, by Gibson.

"The English painters in Rome."

Mr. LANE, in behalf of himself and brother artists of England, begged to be permitted the honour of returning thanks, for the notice his Grace and the rest of the company had been pleased to take of them. He assured them that they most fully and most cordially participated with them in the occasion of the meeting; that they had long been accustomed to consider Scotland as the twin-sister of their own country; whose sons shared with them in the common interest, had fought with them in the same field, had joined with them in their literary fame, and must hereafter stand or fall with them in the same system of art. A doubt had been thrown on the climate of Britain being capable to produce artists, or works of art, capable of being relished by the foreign connoisseur; but that this was an aspersion unworthy of Winkelman and Du Bos, who were the first to raise their doubts. One instance, out of several, which most decidedly proved its fallacy had just then fallen under the observation of Winkelman's own countrymen. It might be remembered, that, about six years ago, Mr. Wilkie painted a picture

(*the Reading of the Will*) for his late Majesty, the King of Bavaria, which picture, with the rest of his Majesty's private collection, had recently been sold by auction, and its value had so much increased, that the price it brought was precisely three times as great as that which his late Majesty paid to Mr. Wilkie, observing that it was sold in company, and consequently had to contend with some of the first specimens of the old masters. This, then, was a fact that needed no comment, and was creditable not only to our own, but was a point gained for modern art in general; not only creditable to the artist who had produced the picture, but equally so to the taste of those strangers who so liberally acknowledged it. Here then was cause of triumph and emulation for the sons of the United Kingdom, fellow-labourers in the same vineyard; and therefore he hoped they would jointly endeavour to carry the arts to their pristine pitch of excellence during the æras of Pericles and Leo X.; and he trusted, by such a union, that they would be again revived in one full and radiant blaze under the reigns of Leo XII. and George IV. He then begged to be allowed to propose the health of that great patron of the arts, his Majesty, the King of Bavaria, by whom Mr. Wilkie's picture had now been purchased for the purpose of placing it in the National Gallery of his dominions. Mr. Lane concluded by observing, that no one of the profession had more reason to feel the gratitude due from an artist to a patron than he had, being one on whom had been bestowed the most unbounded munificence, from his youth even to the present moment, by a distinguished patron. He could therefore most fully estimate how pleasing must be the effect produced on the feelings of his friend by the just appreciation of his talents on the part of the King of Bavaria.

The next toast was, "The English Sculptors in Rome," which was followed by—"The Memory of John Flaxman;" "Sir Walter Scott and the Poets of Scotland;" "Mr. Henry Mackenzie and the Literature of Scotland;" "the Institution for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts in Scotland."

Sir Archibald Campbell, as a member of that Institution, returned thanks.

**"The Trustees' Academy of Edinburgh."**

Mr. WILSON, as an old student, and as the late master of the academy, rose to express his obligations to the institution—the subject of the toast. Of the progress made during the time he had charge of the students it was not for him to speak. To the liberal support it had received from the Board of Trustees, and to their enlightened views, the arts in Scotland were indebted for the present improved state of the academy. This establishment had now existed for upwards of a century ; it was originally intended only as a school for manufacturers who required a knowledge of drawing ; yet many of the Scottish artists, who in former times visited Rome, received in that academy the first elements of their education, and of those present nearly all had been pupils. Not long before Mr. Wilkie entered the academy, as a student, under the care of the late Mr. John Graham, the Board had formed a small collection of casts from the antique ; and it must have been highly gratifying to them, that in the course of a very few years such artists as Wilkie, Burnett, and W. Allan, now so distinguished for their talents, had left the Academy ; but to speak of Mr. Wilkie. He had not resided above a year in London when he produced his celebrated picture of the Village Politician ; a work which at once placed him on a level with the first artists of the day. Mr. Wilkie has remained amiably attached to all his fellow-students—ever eager to promote their welfare, and to carry them along with him in his high career of fame. Indeed, there never existed one to whom his brother artists looked up with more respect and attachment. The present master of the academy is Mr. William Allan, A. R. A., in whose able hands the students must continue to prosper. Mr. Wilson added, that it was a singular, and to him a pleasing coincidence, that he had on this occasion the honour to see present Sir William Forbes, to whom he was indebted for being placed as a student in the academy, and to whose friendship and patronage he owed much through life.

The Duke of HAMILTON then rose to propose "The Memory of Canova ;" and in an address of great feeling and eloquence, characterized his general talent as a

sculptor, and dwelt with peculiar satisfaction in recalling the amiable qualities that distinguished his deceased friend.

“The Sculptors of Scotland.”

Mr. THOMAS CAMPBELL, as the senior Scottish Sculptor present, begged to return thanks.

“The Memory of Sir Henry Raeburn.”

Shortly after this the Duke of Hamilton left the company amidst the loudest acclamations of applause.

The chair was then taken by Sir Archibald Campbell, and successively by Sir Alexander Wood and Sir James Gordon. The jovial songs of Burns and of Cunningham kept up the hilarity of the meeting to a late hour; and in recalling national feelings and recollections, under the walls of the Capitol and the Palace of the Cæsars, shewed the peculiar characteristics of the sons of that mountain district which the Cæsars could never conquer.

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### DAVID WILKIE, R. A.

It is a fact not generally known, that St. Bernard's Crescent was built at the suggestion of this celebrated artist. While on a visit to Sir Henry Raeburn, he was struck with the picturesque effect of a double row of stately elms, and proposed to his friend to erect on each side of the trees a deep crescent, in the purest style of Grecian architecture. It must be gratifying to Mr. Wilkie to learn, that the houses and grounds vie in effect with any in Edinburgh.



LINES

Written in the *Livre d'Etrangers* of the Union Hotel at Chamond  
—by the late Lord BYRON.

How many number'd, and how few agreed  
In age, in clime, in character, or creed ?  
Here wand'ring Genius leaves an unknown name,  
And Folly writes—for others do the same ;  
Italian treachery and English pride,  
Dutch craft and German dulness, side by side ;  
The hardy Russian hails congenial snow ;  
The Spaniard shivers as the breezes blow ;  
Know we the objects of this varied crew—  
To stare how many, and to feel how few !  
Here Nature's child, ecstatic from the school,  
And travelling problems that admire by rule ;  
The timorous poet woos his modest Muse,  
And thanks his stars he's safe from all reviews ;  
The pedant drags from out his motley store  
A line some hundred hills have heard before ;  
Here critics too (for where's the happy spot  
So bless'd by nature as to have them not) ?  
Spit their vile slaver o'er some simple phrase  
Of foolish wonder, or of honest praise—  
Some pompous hint, some comment on mine host,  
Some direful failure, or some empty boast ;  
Not blacker spleen could fill these furious men,  
If Jeffrey's soul had perch'd on Gifford's pen !  
Here envy, hatred, and the fool of fame,  
Join'd in one act of wonder when they came ;  
Here beauty's worshiper in flesh or rock,  
The incarnate fancy and the breathing block,  
Sees the white giant, in his robe of light,  
Stretch his huge form to look o'er Jura's height ;  
And stops when hastening to the blest remains  
And hidden beauties of more classic plains ;  
And here whom Hope beguiling bids to seek  
Ease for his breast and colour for his cheek,  
Still steals a moment from Ansonia's sky,  
And looks and wonders on his way—to die !  
But he, the author of these idle lines,  
What passion leads him, and what tie confines ?  
For him what friend is true, what mistress blooms ?  
What joy elates him, or what grief consumes ?

Impassioned, senseless, vigorous, or old,  
What matters!—bootless were his story told.  
Some praise at least one act of sense may claim—  
He wrote these verses, but he veil'd his name.

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### BARON ROTHSCHILD.

SOMEBODY asked the Baron Rothschild to take venison. —“No,” said the Baron, “I never eatsh wenshon, I don't think it ish so coot ash mutton.”—“Oh,” said the Baron's friend, “I wonder at your saying so. If mutton were better than venison, why does venison cost so much more?” “Vy,” replied the Baron, “I vill tell you vy—in dish world de peoples alwaysh prefers vat ish *deer* to vat is *sheep*.”

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### ANECDOTE OF SIR RICHARD JEBB.

SIR RICHARD being called to see a patient who fancied himself very ill, told him ingenuously what he thought, and declined prescribing, thinking it unnecessary. “Now you are here,” said the patient, “I shall be obliged to you, Sir Richard, if you will tell me how I must live, what I may eat, and what not.” “My directions as to that point,” replied Sir Richard, “will be few and simple. You must not eat the poker, shovel, or tongs, for they are hard of digestion; nor the bellows, because they are windy; but any thing else you please!”





## TO MISS SMITH,

On seeing her perform at Newcastle during the Race-Week, and  
recite Collins' Ode on the Passions.

SWEET maid, thy charms some other pen may find,  
Sweet as thou art, I wish to paint thy mind,  
Thy captivating grace, thy charming ease,  
Thy ev'ry wish, thy ev'ry thought to please ;  
With what enchanting sweetness, magic art,  
Dost thou perform thy vary'd, chequer'd part !  
Tho' Collins, envy'd Bard ! the passions drew,  
To give them action was reserv'd for you ;  
Thy face expressive, can each passion shew,  
From flights of rapture down to deepest woe ;  
Each inward thought—for all alike to thee,  
The look of grief, the cheerful laugh of glee ;  
Fear, despair, and veneration holy,  
Love, and joy, and sober melancholy ;  
Anger, revenge, and jealousy display,  
Pity, content, or hope's deluding ray ;  
'Twould melt a heart of stone to see thee weep,  
Or start terrific from a partial sleep,  
When horrid dreams have all their powers combin'd,  
To rack thy brain, or to disturb thy mind ;  
Go, shine, like her who now, grown old in fame,  
Of "greatest Actress" has acquir'd the name ;  
Go, display thy powers to th' admiring age,  
And rise another Siddons on the stage ;  
May thy great soul each softer passion feel,  
Nor on thy calm repose, the fiercer steal ;  
May bliss attend, and fortune never frown,  
But to thy fondest hope, thy wishes crown.

June 27th.

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THE FATE OF A BEGGAR BOY.

'MIDST darkness drear the tempest howl'd,  
The hoary tyrant sternly scowl'd,  
And whiten'd hill and dale ;  
With drifting snows the thickened air  
In wild disorder sung despair,  
And omen'd tragic tale.

A beggar boy by hunger press'd,  
And, by the storm severe, distress'd,  
To Cockburnspath he hied ;  
Expecting there a shelter warm,  
From biting frost and pelting storm,  
But this he was denied.

His purse was pennyless, and he  
No pledge could give—but all his plea  
Was penury and cold ;  
But prison'd up in triple steel,  
A heart untaught to weep, to feel,  
Dismiss'd him with a scold.

In vain he urg'd the threatening blast,  
In vain his wishful eyes he cast  
Where blaz'd the cheering fire ;  
The door was shut—no mercy given !  
He heaves a silent prayer to heaven,  
To guard from winter's ire.

Again he trode his weary way,  
While hope by turns, and dark dismay,  
Possess'd his shivering breast.  
To reach some peasant's homely cot,  
Where mercy mild, to heaven devote,  
Would not his plaint resist.

The blazing hearth, the inmates kind,  
And rural meal, rushed on his mind,  
And rais'd his fainting soul ;  
Anon he sinks, again revives,  
And waddles on, and sinks and strives,  
While storm'd the icy Pole.

He yields at last—benumb'd and cold,  
The gelid snows his frame infold,  
No more a beggar boy ;  
His struggling spirit sped to heaven,  
No more by want or tempest driven,  
He quaffs celestial joy.

*Dunse, 28th March, 1827.*

W.

The melancholy event to which the above lines refer, we have been told, did not take place.—*Ed.*

## IMPORTANCE OF NAMES.

EVERY body has heard of the ingenious method by which Mr. O'Diddle, the Irishman, was turned into Didelot in France; and the process by which Cicero was proved to be of the ancient Milesian family of the O'Cicers. By some such process, we presume, a very excellent public singer, whose English name was Wiseman, was enabled to ravish the Italianized ears of the aristocracy in a tenfold degree by translating his name into Sapio. Nothing can be done in England without an I or an O, except in the remarkable instance of an illustrious personage, who, on being solicited to make Dr. O'Meara a bishop, declined, observing, 'I do not like O's.' In the same way Mr. Wolfe was instructed in the good policy of engaging public favour as *Lupino*, or Little Wolf. Mike Kelly wooed and won princesses in Italy, under the name of Michelli. Indeed, the original Harlequin was an Englishman metamorphosed into the endearing Italian diminutive of Harlequino, or little Harley. Even 'Betty Martin' sounds better as '*Beate Martine*.' And what would Kelly, the best of opera-singers, be, gentle reader, unless he had adopted his mother's name of Sue or Sukey Kelly for his *surname*, and thus carried every thing before him as Zuchelli? So Turner, the excellent sculptor, made a more decided hit as Turnerelli. Names are every thing. Juliet asks, 'What's in a name?' but Juliet was in the wrong. Juliet was a very young lady; and, besides, was in love; and therefore could not be supposed to have a very accurate idea of what she was talking about. We recommend Miss Paton, before her expected *debut* at the opera, to call herself Patonelli; Miss Ayton's sweet and impassioned notes all but failed, on account of the unmelodious stubbornness of her English designation.

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## THE PROGRESS OF MUSIC.

WHEN fiddling Orpheus had his bread to get,  
He clubb'd inventions with some Thracian workman;  
They hammered out between them a spinnet,  
Worth twenty of the harpsichords of Kirkman.

With this same stock in trade abroad he morrised,  
And touched divinely some pathetic air ;  
He tried to soothe a lion in a forest,  
And tickled an andante to a bear.

The beasts were all enamoured at his touches,  
The frolic monkeys hung about his neck ;  
The elephants all jumped like scaramouches,  
And swore he fingered faster than Dussek. \*

Fired by the plaudits of each fawn and lion,  
And power of harmony in every quarter,  
It came into the noddle of Amphion,  
To try th' experiment on bricks and mortar.

Beyond the steps of Orpheus far he trode ;  
For, sticking in the ground his diapason,  
Without a line, a trowel, or a hod,  
He built as stout a wall as any mason.

(Now this in fact may not be strictly true,  
Or, in plain English, a confounded lie ;  
But, faith, I heard it just as I told you,  
And so you get it just as cheap as I.

It happened in the Golden Age—of course !  
So future bards the matter may allege ;  
And if old story-tellers stole the horse,  
Sure you and I may look across the hedge).

But Music, doomed to sad depreciation,  
In future ages felt a swift decline ;  
Sheer fiddling grew a dirty operation,  
And Lions did not think it half so fine !

The pit and boxes of the woods grew thin,  
Nor could it charm an Arab or a Corsair,  
To see one stick a fiddle to his chin,  
And rub a cat-gut with a skein of horse-hair !

M. M.

\* The famous German Violinist.



## BELZONI, THE TRAVELLER.

A MEDALLION, of elaborate workmanship, has been executed at Padua, to the memory of the Egyptian traveller, Belzoni, who was a native of that city; and a public oration, in presence of the magistracy and chief inhabitants of the town, delivered in his praise.

The following notices of the early life of this singular and indefatigable man, are from the *Annuaire Necrologique* (a French periodical work), and are understood to be contributed by M. Depping:—

“John Baptist Belzoni was the son of a poor barber at Padua, and was born in the year 1778. When a boy, he worked at his father’s trade, but had always a desire to see the world, and at 13 years of age left his home, taking his brother Anthony with him, and made his way in the direction of Rome as far as the Appenines. Arrived at this point, and being almost in a state of destitution, the alarms of Anthony, who sat upon a rock, and refused to proceed farther, compelled the young travellers to return. Three years after, however, having enlisted a new companion, he started a second time, and then reached Rome in earnest.—What Belzoni did at Rome is uncertain. It has been said that he applied himself to the study of hydraulics, but we should doubt whether he ever received any regular instructions in that science. In the end, however, being fertile in resources, he took up the trade of a Monk for want of any better means of livelihood, and remained in that condition until the period of the revolution. Having laid aside the cowl, Belzoni then returned to Padua; but, finding little prospect there, in the year 1800 he proceeded to Holland, proposing to teach the Dutch in the science of hydraulics. Apparently, however, there was some miscalculation in this arrangement; the Dutch turned out to know considerably more of hydraulics than their Italian master; and at the end of twelve months the traveller again appeared in Italy, from whence he proceeded to England in the year 1803. By this time his colossal figure began to develope itself, and his personal strength was in proportion to his exterior appearance. He married a young English woman, and being still something at a loss for a profession, he determined to profit

by the curiosity which his personal powers excited, and to exhibit from town to town through Great Britain his hydraulic experiments and feats of muscular strength. It was a curious spectacle to see this colossus coming forward on the stage, carrying sometimes as many as twenty men placed in different ways upon his body.

“This resource, however, did not last long. The people got tired, and Belzoni was obliged to seek his fortune elsewhere. In 1812, he went with his wife to Portugal, and offered his services to the manager of the great theatre of San Carlos in Lisbon. The Portuguese speculation did well for a time, for a pantomime, called *Sampson*, was brought out, and Belzoni attracted immense audiences in the principal character; but at length the people here got tired too, and Belzoni went to Malta, where he offered his services as a professor of hydraulics to Ismael Gibraltar, agent of the Pacha of Egypt. Belzoni's exhibitions as a posture-master terminated at this period; but though he was engaged by the Pacha of Egypt, his first essay as a professor of hydraulics was rather unfortunate. He had been presented to the Viceroy, who employed him to construct a machine to water the gardens of Sautra, a villa which he possessed on the banks of the Nile. The work was performed, and, according to Belzoni's account, successfully; but the event was unfortunate, and had nearly proved tragical. The Viceroy took it into his head to put fifteen men, besides Belzoni's Irish servant, upon the machine when it was in motion. The result was, that an accident occurred. The men were thrown from the machine. Belzoni's servant had his thigh broken, and, but for the exertion of his master's great personal strength, would have been entirely destroyed. The superstitious temper of the Turks led them to regard this event as ominous; and—that which, perhaps, went as far in finally knocking up the project—the Pacha discovered that it cost him more to water his garden with the new machine than it had done by the old system with the bullocks.

“Fortunately for Belzoni, he fell at this time into the hands of the Consul, Mr. Salt, who, perceiving his capacities, employed him in those works by the per-

formance of which he afterwards acquired so much reputation. His physical powers fitted him admirably for the execution of the new duties intrusted to him. Dressed in the Turkish garb, he ruled the Egyptian peasants with the gravity of a Cadi or an Aga ; and it is said that he did not scruple to administer personal correction for any failures of duty of which they might be guilty. In his temper and manners, however, he was in general mild and unassuming ; and M. Depping describes his peaceable demeanour as rather curiously contrasted with his Herculean figure and appearance. ' One day,' says M. Depping, relating his first interview with the eastern traveller, ' in the autumn of the year 1821, I saw a man of extraordinary stature enter my house. He was built like a Hercules, and his head touched the top of the door as he came in. His shoulders were broad, and his hair thick and bushy ; but his countenance was mild, and there was nothing fierce or alarming in his demeanour. He carried a book under his arm, and was followed by the publisher Galignani, from which circumstance I guessed that he was an author, though certainly I had never before seen one of such dimensions. If the Patagonians wrote, probably his fellow might be discovered among them. This Hercules, however, explained to me, with great mildness and simplicity, the object of his visit, which was, to get a translation made of his Egyptian travels, which had just appeared in English. At the time, I knew very little of the man even by report ; but I appreciated his character as soon as I looked over his work ; and I was still more astonished when I became acquainted with the details of his early life, and found the individual who had begun by walking upon stilts and playing the mountebank for bread, concluding by opening the pyramids of Egypt, and digging out from under a mountain of sand the gigantic temple of Ipsamboul.' "

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#### LORD NORBURY.

WHEN his Lordship was told that Mr. Spring Rice was to be sent out to Calcutta, as Secretary to Lord W. Bentinck, he observed—"Send Rice to India ! 'tis as bad as sending coals to Newcastle."

## BUONAPARTE'S WILL.

THE Will of Buonaparte gives rise, at present, to rather a singular contest. A legacy of 100,000*fr.* was left to the son of General Dugommier, under whom, it is well known, Napoleon served his early campaigns, in the army of the Pyrenees, and who was killed, in 1793, at the battle of Saint Sebastian. It appears that General Dugommier left only one legitimate son, who died without issue. His widow contends that, in default of other posterity, she alone has a right to the benefit of the legacy. Generals Bertrand and Montholon opposed this claim, by urging the incompetence of French tribunals to determine on the difficulties raised with respect to a will made at St. Helena, and deposited in England; and it seemed that the mere question of jurisdiction was to be agitated, when M. Adonis Dugommier, an officer of a regiment of the line, appeared, who contends that, in his character of sole surviving son of General Dugommier, he alone ought to receive the legacy. The widow replied that he was a natural son, the issue of the General and a young Creole, at Guadaloupe, who, if we are to believe the widow's statement, was a woman of colour and a slave. The cause was called on before the Tribunal of First Instance, but, at the request of M. Dugommier's advocate, deferred for a fortnight.—*Journal des Debats.*

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## A STRANGE GHOST.

ON Saturday evening, about eleven o'clock, two respectable families in Dummyha's Wynd, Montrose, were frightened to an alarming degree with what they thought an invisible spirit. As the families were proceeding to bed, an unwelcome knock came to their doors. Being a little timid, they inquired who was there? No answer being made, one, possessed of stronger nerves than the others, slipped open the door, without a light, but could not hear or see any thing. In a little while after, the rapping became truly terrific, On being repeatedly asked to state who they were, and no answer given, the fears of the inmates can be more easily felt than described. Eight stout athletic men, who belonged to the houses, stood on the floor, almost



immoveably fixed, and, like the earth-stopper, with their hair standing on end with fear. At last, two of the men became courageous, and thrust open the window and came out. On entering the lobby, to their mighty astonishment, they found the huge body of a jack-ass, which was the object of so much terror, lying upon his back, rolling over and over, first kicking at the one door, then at the other ! The lobby-door, by mistake, had been left open. The ass had been strolling about, and, like Paul Pry, had just "dropped in." He attempted to ascend the stairs ; but, the task being too difficult, fell over on his back.—*Dundee Advertiser.*

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### IRISH ANECDOTE.

AN Irish paper gives the following anecdote of the simplicity of a raw *Pat*, who had just been transplanted from the interior to Dublin. Pat had been sent by his master to the quay, to purchase half a bushel of oysters, but was absent so long, that apprehensions were entertained for his safety. He returned at last, however, puffing under his load in the most musical style.—“Where the devil have you been?” exclaimed his master. “Where have I been! why, where would I be but to fetch the oysters?”—“And what, in the name of St. Patrick, kept you so long?”—“Long! by my *sowl*, I think I’ve been pretty quick, considering all things.”—“Considering what things?”—“Considering what things! why, considering the gutting of the fish to be sure.”—“Gutting what fish?”—“What fish, why, blur an’ owns, the oysters to be sure.”—“What do you mean?”—“What do I mane! why, I mane, that as I was a-resting myself down forenenst the Pickled Herring, and having a drop to comfort me, a jontleman axed me what I’d got in the sack. ‘Oysters,’ said I. ‘Let’s look at them,’ says he: and he opens the bag. ‘Och! thunder and praties,’ says he, ‘who *sowld* you these?’ ‘It was Mick Carney,’ says I, ‘aboard the Powl Doodie smack.’ ‘Mick Carney, the thief o’ the world!’ says he, ‘what a blackguard he must be to give them to you without *gutting*!’ ‘And ar’nt they gutted?’ says I. ‘Devil a one of them,’ says he. ‘Musha, then,’ says I, ‘what will I do?’ ‘Do,’ says

he, 'I'd sooner do it for you myself than have you abused ;' and so he takes 'em in doors, and guts 'em *nate* and *clane*, as you'll see ;" opening, at the same time, his bag of oyster-shells, which were as empty as the head that bore them to the house.—If we had not this from an Irish paper, we should venture to doubt its authenticity.

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## EARL OF BRADFORD.

WHEN the Earl of Bradford was brought before the Chancellor to be examined upon application for a statute of lunacy against him, the Chancellor asked him, "How many legs has a sheep?" "Does your Lordship mean," answered Lord Bradford, "a live sheep, or a dead sheep?" "Is it not the same thing?" said the Chancellor. "No, my Lord," said Lord B., "there is much difference ; a live sheep may have four legs—a dead sheep has only two, the two fore-legs are shoulders, but there are but two legs of mutton."

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## DR. CLARKE.

"I HAVE lived," said the indefatigable Dr. E. D. Clarke, "to know, that the great secret of human happiness is this ; never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage of 'too many irons in the fire,' conveys an abominable lie. You cannot have too many ; poker, tongs, and all—keep them all going." —That's your sort.



## THE LATE CHARLES INCLEDON.

THE following characteristic sketch of this eminent vocalist is extracted from the first volume (being the 7th of the *entire* series) of a new portion of "The Itinerant," by S. W. Ryley, late of the Theatres-Royal, Manchester, Liverpool, &c.

Incledon had many singularities, and these frequently laid him open to the quizzing disposition and imitative powers of his brother Thespians; he was possessed, likewise, of a considerable degree of credulity in all matters relative to physic; a tale told with a serious countenance of some wonderful cure effected by an advertised quack-medicine was sure to gain credit and a customer. He might properly have been styled Mr. Never-well, for he was scarcely ever without medicine of some kind or other, and frequently in his pocket. All the disorders incident to the human body he was subject to. On his table the Madeira bottle stood on one side, and the physic bottle on the other—the *bane* and the *antidote*. After, and not before, a plentiful dinner and good wine (for health was not thought of on an empty stomach), he began to moralize and recollect the large black bottle with the label on his right hand. "Dear creature," (addressing his wife), "where's my physic, my darling; a saint, an angel, a guardian angel, in petticoats, sent to protect me, Charles Incledon, the best English singer that ever stepped between trap and lamp? 'When black-eyed Susan'—it won't do—hoarse as a raven—my dear, where's my Peruvian bark? Health, you know, my dear creature, is above all things, except Heaven; and the Lord's above that—we are poor creatures."—"Tom Starboard was a lover true"—"come, that's better—another glass of bark, thou sworn-at-the-altar darling!" Off goes a dose of decoction, and poor Charles fancies himself better for it; but soon, however, as an excuse to wash away the nauseous flavour of the bark, a tumbler of Madeira is swallowed with a hearty smack.—"B—— good—done the job—nothing like Peruvian—never was better in my life, shiver me."

Incledon constantly laboured under the always dangerous effects of a plethoric habit; this was evident to all who knew him; the blood mounted too plentifully

towards the head, and rendered phlebotomy frequently necessary, which might have been obviated in a safer way by extreme temperance; but as the thing was to be done by physic, without the mortification of abstinence, he readily gave it the preference.

On his arrival in a town, his first inquiry was for a cupper, who generally took from him a considerable quantity of blood.

At Nottingham he had just undergone this salutary operation, when, calling at the shop of a worthy Quaker, who, though not one of the straight-laced ones, bore deservedly, as these worthy people generally do, the character of a most benevolent and virtuous man; and who, like his countrymen, was an enthusiastic admirer of our melodist, as the first of English singers; Charles, after his cupping, on entering the good man's shop, happened to trip as he entered the door, and the worthy Quaker put out his hand to prevent him from falling, and, considering this stumble to be the effect of intoxication, thus addressed him, "Friend Incledon, I rejoice to see thee once more in Nottingham. Thou seemest unwell; a glass of water may be salutary to thy overcharged stomach." Incledon, not aware of the mistake the Quaker laboured under, listened eagerly to this prescription, as indeed he did to all others, and replied, clapping his hands to his head, "weakness, my dear friend—weakness, I am just cupped."—"Yes, I see that," replied the Quaker, "and in these cases I have heard there is nothing like a glass of warm water, by way of emetic."—"Warm water---emetic---all humbug, Sir, it won't answer at all. Who's to play *Steady* to-night?"—"Whilst the lads of the village shall merrily, ah!"—"Won't do, he has given me a cup too much. What do you think of it?"—"Why, my friend, I think as to thy being *steady*, that's another thing; but warm water, I have always heard, was the best remedy for any man who has had a cup too much." The mistake now burst upon him, and he laughed heartily. "By the Holy Pope, but that's a good one! Charles Incledon, first singer to the English fleet, now the wonderful warbler on the London boards, supposed to be drunk before dinner, ha! ha! I'll tell you what, my dear

fellow, if all the parsons in the kingdom were assembled in your market-place, with each a bottle of claret in one hand, and a glass in the other, and were to say, 'Charley, here's to thee, my dear boy,' I'd not touch a drop before dinner; afterwards, you know, all's fair, good eating requires good drinking, starvation won't answer at all! no, no, here's my morning stomachic--- (taking a box of pills out of his pocket, and swallowing two or three). The *staff-pill*, Sir, used in the army, only among tip-tops; if it hadn't been for them, and the glorious elixir coniacic, your friend Charley would have been in kingdom-come long ago, seated on a cloud, singing hallelujahs, accompanied by the Angel Gabriel on a silver trumpet. And then what would have become of English Opera—Old Towler—Black-ey'd Susan? To be sure you'd have your Mister Balam, with his squalanties—his beautiful maid—his Polacca, &c."

"Friend Incledon, how often must I caution thee against that foolish as well as wicked custom of swearing?" "Ten thousand pardons, my dear friend; you are a good Christian, a heavenly creature, a drab-coloured angel; God bless you, I'll not transgress again; Charles Incledon's a wicked sinner—hopes for pardon though—because he learned it fighting for his king and country at sea. Sailors are a — set, they swear like —." "Again! Charles, Charles, I fear thou art incorrigible." "Bless your soul, my dear friend, forgive me, I'm indisposed—never swear when I'm in health; staff-pills and elixir coniacic will do the job."

Charles Young and a few more of his Thespian brethren were lounging at the shop of a respectable facetious friend in Bond Street, when a person came in to purchase an article called the Wellington lozenge, used for taking out stains from soldiers' coats—a small flat cake, about the size of a shilling, with the impression of the General, and bore a very neat aspect. A grand hoax was immediately hit upon by the party. "It will do," said one with high glee. "So it will," replied another, rubbing his hands, and the vender joined heartily in the joke. That night the play was the Beggar's Opera; and the melodist, dressed for Captain Macheath, in which he stood unrivalled, had

scarcely taken three or four paces in the Green-room, tuning up his pipes, a usual custom previous to the play, when his friend Young, whose power of feature set risibility at defiance, addressed him, which others had attempted in vain, for stifled laughter overcame articulation.--“ Well, Charles, my boy, are you in voice to-night ? ” “ Voice, eh ? Did you see my Tom Tug last night, ye thieves ? Encored three times in ‘ the Jolly Young Waterman. ’ None of your squalanties---downright English. You shall hear, ‘ Pretty Polly say, when I was away ’—hem, hem, hem,—hoarse, Sir, hoarse as a raven ; must take some physie in the morning.” “ Charles, my dear boy, I pity you, for I was in the same situation the other night in Zanga ; nay, I should never have got through the part, had it not been for the Wellington lozenge.” “ Wellington lozenge ! what’s that ? My dear Charles, where is it to be got ? ”---Many of those who witnessed this scene were obliged to make a speedy retreat, lest the fear caused by stifled laughter should expose the whole. “ Why, my good friend, the Wellington lozenge is a medicine invented by that gallant General, who was so hoarse that he could not give the word of command on the plain of Waterloo, and this medicine cured him.” “ Did it ? by the Holy Pope, I’ll have some ! Where is it to be got ? ” “ Mr. John Tomson’s, No. 44, Bond Street.” Having obtained the necessary information, the next morning he called in Bond Street, and inquired for the Wellington lozenge. It was with difficulty that the gentleman of the shop could contain himself when the application for the lozenge was made, more especially when he perceived the purchaser place it in his mouth, paying five shillings, and mumbling, as he left the shop, “ Nasty, my boy ; but if it cured the first English general, it may cure the first English singer, and that will be serving the country.” The effect of Incledon’s entrance into the Green-room will, therefore, be easily conceived, and produced, as might be expected, a universal convulsion of smothered mirth ; he was scarcely able to articulate ‘ How do you do ? ’ from the space occupied in his mouth, and the overflow of saliva preventing articulation. \* Many quitted the room to indulge a laugh in the lobby, and it was diffi-

cult, even with handkerchiefs to every mouth, that any thing like seriousness could be preserved. At length, John Kemble, whose regular grave habits, serious looks, and steady muscles, rendered him unsuspected of joining in the hoax, began the farce.—“It is with infinite pain and considerable anxiety, my dear friend, Charles Incledon, I have heard of your hoarseness and difficulty of respiration; I labour under a similar complaint myself. The modulation of the voice, my dear Charles, is produced by the expansion or compression of a part of the throat, called the larynx; the effects of which, to those who obtain their livelihood by the exercise of their lungs, is often dangerous. I am happy to hear that you have met with an efficacious remedy; and, if it be no secret, I should be glad to know the name of the medicine, and the name of the vender.” Incledon, pleased, as he always was, to communicate good tidings to his friends, especially Mr. John Kemble, who had long laboured under an asthmatic complaint, instantly dislodged the Wellington lozenge, and, after wiping his mouth, said, “My dear John, d---n your opium, throw it to the dogs. Here’s the thing to catch the ‘conscience of the king:’ ask the brave hero of Waterloo---hoarse as a hackney coachman, couldn’t give the word of command; but this immortal lozenge---to be had of Mr. John Tomson, No. 44, Bond Street, price five shillings, did the business---shiver me.” The humour of this scene may be conceived, but not described; those who possessed muscles equal to the attack plied him repeatedly with questions, for the mischievous purpose of removing the lozenge, which, when replaced, another made a fresh attack. At last he became enraged, and swore they meant to be the death of him. “You take my life, ye thieves, if you do take the means whereby I do sustain my life. What’s all your English operas without Charles Incledon? and what’s Charles Incledon without his voice?---a Handel without his organ---a Newton without his telescope.” Still no suspicion of deception was harboured in the unsuspecting mind of the melodist; nay, great relief and clearness of voice were supposed to be obtained by the use of the lozenge, which his quizzical friends encouraged, by observing,

"it was evident by his singing." The eclairsissement, however, took place that evening: the sons and daughters of Thespis were dressed for their respective parts, and all seated in the Green-room, removed occasionally by the summons of the call-boy. The play was Lionel and Clarissa; the melodist, of course, personated the sentimental Lionel, and, dressed in his sombre habiliments, paced the room as usual, rolling about his darling lozenge, till the shrill pipe of the call-boy summoned him to the stage. The late Mr. Quin, the editor of an evening paper, who frequently lounged an hour away in the Green-room, now came in for a share of the hoax. Having seated himself amongst the group, he carelessly, as it should seem, drew from his pocket a newspaper, and, after a short inspection, began to read aloud the following letter, printed, as it afterwards turned out, in that single paper only, in aid of the hoax :---

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,---As I am well aware it will afford you gratification to expose the evil designs of the wicked, and to frustrate the attempts of the fraudulent practitioner, who, under the cover of letters patent, picks the pockets and ruins the constitutions of the ignorant and unsuspecting, I am led to hope you will publish this serious warning to the public. A man, who pretends to have been at the battle of Waterloo, and has made a discovery of a certain remedy for hoarseness and complaints of the chest, vends a most subtle poison, many having felt its baneful effects; and I can produce evidence at any moment, that various persons, who have been weak and credulous enough to use it, have, in consequence, brought on disease in the throat, total loss of voice, with many disorders of the mouth and larynx. After this caution, given from personal experience, the public, it is hoped, will be led to guard against imposition. This medicine has been rendered popular by the title of the Wellington lozenge.

Sir, yours, JOHN HANSON.

To have beheld the change of feature in the face of Lionel's representative, as the reader proceeded, would have moved a stoic; but when the title of the medicine was given, he jumped up, discharged the contents of



his mouth into the fire, stamping his foot upon the unfortunate lozenge, and, taking up a glass of water, exclaimed with great energy, "—— all lozenges and quack doctors, and Mr. John Tomson, No. 44, Bond Street, and Mr. Tragedy Young, and all humbugs, cut-me-down thieves, common swindlers: I'm had, I see by your mugs; but I'll be up to your rigs, my masters; and that old tragedy cull, King Solomon in wax-work, Black Jack, Mr. John---Kemble, Signor Katerfelto and his black cats, that old steady muscle, to join against me---*humbugs* altogether." He was proceeding, when the call-boy gave the wonted summons, "Mr. Incledon, the stage waits." In a moment he was at his post; but, during his song, the hoax being still uppermost in his mind, he was heard to exclaim during the symphonies---

"You ask me in vain of what ills I complain,"—(thieves!)

"In my head, in my heart, it invades every part."—(B —— humbugs! &c.)

The morning sun, however, did not rise upon his wrath, and his wonted good-natured countenance resumed its happy pleasing form, for to forgive, as he hoped to be forgiven, was the motto of this worthy, good-tempered being. This is the story of the Wellington lozenge—the fact he has frequently acknowledged to me with a smile, observing, "I was fairly had, my dear boy; the humbugs were down upon me."



## POLICE.

Trickey v. Pottinger.

GUILDHALL.---In this case, Mrs. Anne Pottinger, widow, appeared upon summons to show cause why she refused to deliver up certain stuffed birds, the property of Miss Mary Trickey, of Hatchet Court, Little Trinity Lane, spinster.

"Your Worship," said Miss Trickey, "about six months ago Mrs. Pottinger---this wicked old woman, took my second floor, unfurnished; at which time there were some stuffed birds in the front room."

Here Miss Trickey was interrupted by the Court requiring to know what kind of stuffed birds she meant---inasmuch as stuffed birds were of various kinds---viz., dried and stuffed specimens in natural history; or specimens for the spit, as ducks or geese stuffed with sage and onions---*vulgo*, thunder and lightning, and she was therefore desired to be more particular in her description.

"Oh, Sir," replied Miss Trickey, "I hardly know what they were;---there was a pair of pheasants, I know; and four *other water-birds*, the names of which I cannot properly explain; but they were very nicely done up, you know, in glass cases, sitting upon crooked sprigs with bits of moss and things; and when this wicked old woman took my apartments, I requested she would allow them to remain for a few weeks, until I had prepared a place for their conception (query, *reception*?) to which she replied, 'Oh! most undoubtedly, Miss---they may remain as long as you please, with great pleasure.' But, Sir, would you believe it? ---when I applied to take my stuffed birds into my own keeping, she contemptibly refused to let me have them, and called me every thing but a lady;---nay, Sir, she has given it out that I am a ---, what I am not; and that she is obliged to clip her petticoats close to her as she goes up and down stairs, for fear I should pick her pockets!--and, Sir, she has sworn a shocking oath---for an old woman to swear, that she will keep my stuffed birds in spite of me, Sir; and she has even put her dirty old fist in my face when I have asked for them, Sir! And, Sir, here is another lady can tell

you what a vile old woman she is. Come forward, Mrs. Jenkins!"

Mrs. Jenkins came forward and said---"Your Worship, I am a married woman---me and my husband occupy the ground departments of Miss Trickey's house; and very comfortable we found we'reselves till this old Mrs. Pottinger came amongst us; but she never goes out or comes in that she does not leave the front door open after her; and the wind comes so cold to my legs, that I really cannot bear it. So I said to my husband, 'Jenkins,' said I"--

"Well, well," said Sir Peter Laurie--interrupting the thread of Mrs. Jenkins's windy narration, "we have heard quite enough on one side;--now Mrs. Pottinger, what have you to say in reply?"

"Will your Worship give me leave to speak a few words?" demanded Mrs. Pottinger; and his Worship having nodded assent, she proceeded---"Last Monday the leg of my table got loose, and, as I was afraid it should come out, I said to my son-in-law, when he came home in the evening, James, says I, I wish you would mend the leg of my table for me---for it was a mahogany table, your Worship--and as I am a lone widow, I'm obliged to be careful of my things. So I asked James if he would mend it for me, and he said he would.---But first I should tell you, that there was a little stool of mine--- a little three-legged stool, which I put my feet upon, that wanted mending quite as bad as the table; and"---

"Well, never mind the stool," said the Alderman--"come to the stuffed birds."

Mrs. Pottinger resumed---"Your Worship, I can't go on without the stool--- for every thing depends upon it. So the next night, Tuesday, when James came home, he said, Mother, I think I'll mend your little three-legged stool before I set about fettling the table leg. That's a good lad, said I, do, for I call him lad, your Worship, though he's my son-in-law, and as good a husband to my daughter as any woman need wish to have."

"Very likely, Mrs. Pottinger," said the Alderman--"but what has all this to do with the stuffed birds?"

Mrs. Pottinger resumed---"Your Worship, I'm com-

ing to the birds as fast as possible. So James took the three-legged little stool upon his lap, and, just as he was driving the second nail, in comes Miss Trickey, and boring her fist in my face, like a female dragon, 'You old wretch,' says she, 'where am my birds?' 'Heavens above—Miss Trickey!' said I—and what else I should have said I don't know, if James hadn't put down the three-legged stool, and said, 'Come, Miss Trickey, don't let us have any disturbance here;' and, like a good lad as he was, he put his hand upon her shoulder, and showed her the way out."

"Well, but the birds? You must come to the stuffed birds," said the Alderman.

Mrs. Pottinger resumed—"Well, your Worship, next morning, as we were sitting at breakfast, we hears one of my grandchildren at the bottom of the stairs singing out—'Oh, Jim, Jim! there's a constable coming to take away my grandmother!' and as I'm a living widow, your Worship, in the next moment a great ramping constable came bouncing into the room, and frightened me out of my wits!"

Here the "great ramping constable," whose entire corpus might have been stuffed into a jack-boot, jumped into the witness-box and said—"your Worship, I am the constable in question; and the matter was as this; Miss Trickey complained to me that Mrs. Pottinger were unlawfully depriving her of her stuffed birds; and she asked me to try what I could make of her; wherewith I went into Mrs. Pottinger's room, and said, 'Mrs. Pottinger, I'm come about them stuffed birds.'—'Do you make a request, or a demand?' says Mrs. Pottinger's son-in-law, James. 'A request,' says I. 'Then there's the stairs,' says he, 'walk down;' and I did—and that's all I know about it, your Worship."

"Ay, your Worship," said Mrs. Pottinger, "he did walk down; but there's no knowing what he might have done with me if James hadn't been there." She then handed in a letter, which she said she had received from Miss Trickey; but it turned out to be a letter from Miss Trickey's solicitor, threatening Mrs. Pottinger with the terrors of the Ecclesiastical Court for certain defamatory words uttered by her against

the fair fame of Miss Trickey's spinstership, unless she made ample and public apology.

The Alderman said he hoped Miss Trickey would not proceed to such an extremity.

"Indeed but I shall, Sir," replied Miss Trickey---  
"for I'll not be called a W. at my time of life by such a vile woman, without making her prove her words!"

"Well, I have nothing to do with that," rejoined the Alderman ;---"but, Mrs. Pottinger, you must give up the stuffed birds."

"Your Worship, I've no objection to give up her nasty stuffed birds---she may have 'em any day---and a great deal cleaner they are than when she left them in my keeping," replied Mrs. Pottinger.

"And I hope your Worship will order her to shut the street door after her," said Mrs. Jenkins.

"I can make no order about the street door," said the Alderman ; and the Marshalmen showed the whole party the way out of Court.

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## HORRIBLE ADVENTURE.

AT the period when Murat was about to invade Sicily, the Chevalier R---, Paymaster-General of the Neapolitan forces, was travelling through Calabria for the purpose of joining the army, having been to Naples to make arrangements for the transmission of a quantity of specie. He had sent on his servant before him to prepare his quarters at the town of ---, expecting to arrive there himself by night-fall ; but, the day being very sultry, he had loitered on the road, and at nine o'clock in the evening, found that he was still at a considerable distance from the proposed end of his journey. He was so much harassed and fatigued, that he determined to put up for the night at the first convenient house. He at length entered an old romantic building on the road-side, inhabited by a man and his wife, the former a stout muscular figure, with a swarthy countenance almost wholly shrouded in a mass of bushy whiskers and mustachios. The traveller was received with civility ; and, after partaking of a hearty supper, was conducted up a crazy old staircase to his apartment for the night. Not much fancying

the appearance of the place, and finding no lock on his door, he fixed a chair against it; and after priming his pistols, put them carefully under his pillow. He had not been long in bed when he heard a noise below, as of persons entering the house; and, some time afterwards, was alarmed by the sound of a man's footsteps on the staircase. He then perceived a light through the crevice of the door, against which the man gently pressed for admittance, but, finding some resistance, he thrust it open sufficiently to admit his hand, and with extreme caution removed the chair, and entered the apartment.

The Chevalier then saw his host, with a lamp in one hand and a huge knife in the other, approaching the bed on tiptoe. The Chevalier cocked his pistols beneath the bed-clothes, that the noise of the spring might not be heard. When the man reached the side of the bed, he held the light to the Chevalier's face, who pretended to be in a profound sleep, but contrived nevertheless to steal an occasional glance at his fearful host. The man soon turned from him, and, after hanging the lamp on the bed-post, went to the other end of the room and brought to the bed-side a chair, on which he immediately mounted, with the tremendous knife still in his hand. At the very moment that the Chevalier was about to start up from the bed and shoot him, the man, in a hurried manner, cut several enormous slices from a piece of bacon that was hanging over his bedstead, though it had been wholly unnoticed before by the agitated traveller. The host then passed the light before his eyes again, and left the room in the same cautious way in which he had entered it, and, unconscious of the danger he had escaped, returned to a crowd of new and hungry guests below stairs, who were, of course, not very sorry to perceive that he had *saved his bacon*.

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#### PAINTER'S BILL.

To the Churchwarden of Siddington, Cirencester.

*Mr. Charles Forbes to Joseph Cook.*

To mending the Commandments, altering the Belief, and making a new Lord's Prayer, £ 1. 1s.

## DUKE OF GORDON.

THE late Duke of Gordon, who was famous for his skill in mechanics, was especially remarkable for the exquisite finish of his workmanship in turning. His Grace's taste in this department was so well known, that Queen Charlotte, the mother of his present Majesty, once requested of the Duke to turn a set of neck ornaments for her, which he did in gold, in a style so much to the satisfaction of the royal personage for whom they were executed, that she was pleased to wear them at a drawing-room, and to express in the highest terms her admiration of the present. The Duke, in recounting this anecdote, used to laugh heartily at the idea of his success as a workman; "but," added he, jocularly, "I thought it as well to take myself off to Gordon Castle, else I might perhaps have been appointed necklace-maker to the Queen and the Princesses."

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## THE STOMACH.

THE stomach, to adopt a simile, is a very hospitable gentleman, who is unfashionable enough to live in a sunk story, as his ancestors have always done before him since the memory of man. The palate is the footman, whose duty it is to receive all strangers at the top of the stairs, and announce their rank and quality before they are suffered to descend to the apartments of his master. The latter is occasionally rather irritable and choleric, and, in such humours, scruples not to kick out his guests, when their company is disagreeable, who rush past the astonished footman at the landing-place, and make their exit with far less ceremony than precipitation. He always uniformly expresses the greatest horror at the very idea of receiving a second visit from the guests he had previously expelled; being no doubt in dread of the voluminous apologies which such a circumstance would render necessary for his rude and indefensible proceedings.

## CRANIOLOGY.

WHEN the celebrated Professor Blumenbach was asked his opinion of Craniology, he thus expressed himself : —“ There is much in it that is *true*, and much that is *new* ; but that which is *true* is not *new*, and that which is *new* is not *true*.”

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## LORD BYRON.

BYRON would at times exceed the limits of temperance, and was then particularly kind—not violent or lachrymose. He was certainly rather fond of wine, and could bear a good deal. He has been known to put a bottle of claret to his mouth, and drink it off at a draught. He kept monks' gowns and hoods at the abbey ; and used to delight sometimes in frightening his visitors in the gloomy galleries and chambers, so favourable to superstition and romance. One of his frolics was as follows :—A member of the select at the abbey was somewhat given to boasting, after a sufficient quantity of wine, of his freedom from superstitious fears. One dark midnight, Byron told him that he dared not go over the abbey alone at that hour ; which piqued him so, that he forthwith took a candle, and proceeded to shew his fearlessness. Byron had previously put a servant into the stone coffin which then lay in the hall, dressed in the costume of a monk, who was to rise on a given signal, as though disturbed from his eternal sleep. It was not long before the hero of the scene had occasion to pass through the room where the coffin was ; and as he approached it, up rose the monk, down went the candle—all was darkness ; and the shrieks of the affrighted adventurer brought in the rest of the party to laugh at his terror. Boxing-matches were frequent among them ; but Byron would never allow them to be carried beyond the limits of sport ; for, on one occasion, when two of the party got up from table at twelve o'clock at night to box, and waxed rather warm, Byron rose, and said to another person, also at table—“ Come, we must part them—these people, who are boxing now, will be shooting each other to-morrow morning ;”—and he accordingly made them shake hands. When there was no other person



at the Abbey, he used to box with his favourite servant, Rushton, for an hour every day, enveloped in seven flannel jackets and a Turkish cloak, till the perspiration ran from him ; he would then hang down his head and shake the drops off like a dog. He kept a carriage (which, however, he seldom used) and riding horses ; and always travelled with four horses when he came to London. He seldom went out any where, and was little known by the people about Newstead ; but all those with whom he was in any way connected, speak of him as a good landlord and a kind man.—From an article in the *Literary Gazette*.

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### PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA BY NAPOLEON.

A SINGULAR occurrence in the life of this extraordinary man, and which seems to have escaped the notice of his biographers, is mentioned by Baron Larrey in his *Memoires de Chirurgie Militaire*, Vol. I. p. 274-5. It is known that, during his Egyptian campaign, Bonaparte crossed the desert to Suez, with the view of examining the harbour of that place, and, in the event of its answering his views, erecting fortifications to defend both the port and the town. On his arrival there, however, he was suddenly smitten with a desire to visit the eastern shore of the Red Sea, and plant his foot upon Asia ; but as this could not be effected by land without making a long detour round the head of the Gulf, and through a burning sandy desert, he resolved to attempt to cross right over during the reflux of the tide, having previously ascertained that, in certain states of the wind, it was practicable to do so. Accordingly, providing himself with two Arab guides mounted on dromedaries, he descended into the bed of the Gulf on horseback, and reached the opposite shore without accident, notwithstanding the horses were up to their bellies in water, and at one or two places fairly obliged to swim. The return of the party, however, was not equally fortunate, and, if we understand our author correctly, some lives were lost. " It is believed to have been at this point," says Baron Larrey, who was himself of the party, and mentions the exploit with great apparent self-satisfaction, " that

Moses passed over with the Israelites to escape from the army of Pharaoh."

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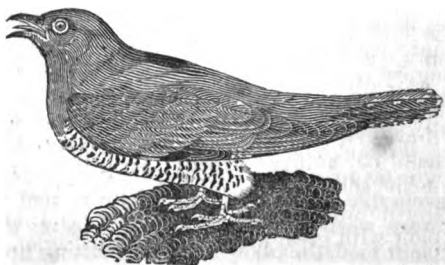
### A GOOD WIFE.

A GENTLEMAN, the other evening, ended an oration in favour of the fair sex with these words, "Ah! Sir, nothing beats a good wife." "I beg your pardon," rejoined one of the company, "a bad husband does."

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### THE CUCKOO.

THERE is at present in the possession of Mr. George Carfrae, at Currie, a cuckoo, which was brought up by him from the nest, and, after surviving the winter, is in excellent health and condition. This is the only instance known of a bird of that species living in our climate during the period of migration, when so many of our summer songsters are obliged to seek in southern countries the food and warmth denied them in the northern regions of the globe. It was procured in the end of July last, and has been principally fed on raw meat, cut into small pieces, although it evinces a manifest predilection for insects of all kinds. About two months ago it was first heard to emit the well-known cry peculiar to the species, which it has frequently repeated since. At present it has nearly assumed the blue colour of the adult bird, the moulting process having commenced several weeks ago. During the winter it manifested no propensity to become torpid. It was exhibited at a late meeting of the Wernerian Natural History Society, where it conducted itself so as to give great delight to all the members present.



## WEATHER PROGNOSTICS.

WHEN the clouds are red in the west, with a tint of purple, it portends fine weather, because the air when dry refracts more red or heat-making rays; and as dry air is not perfectly transparent, they are again reflected in the horizon. A coppery or yellow sun-set generally foretells rain; but, as an indication of wet weather approaching, nothing is more certain than a halo round the moon, which is produced by the precipitated water; and the larger the circle, the nearer the clouds, and, consequently, the more ready to fall. As to the rainbow, the old proverb is correct:—

“A rainbow in the morning is the shepherd's warning;

“A rainbow at night is the shepherd's delight.”

It may be thus explained. A rainbow can only occur when the clouds containing or depositing the rain are opposite to the sun,—and in the evening the rainbow is in the east, and in the morning in the west; and as our heavy rains in this climate are usually brought by the westerly wind, a rainbow in the west indicates that the bad weather is on the road, by the wind, to us; whereas the rainbow in the east proves that the rain in these clouds is passing from us. When swallows fly high, fine weather is to be expected or continued; but when they fly low, and close to the ground, rain is almost surely approaching, because swallows follow the flies and gnats, and flies and gnats usually delight in warm strata of air; and as warm air is lighter, and usually moister than cold air, when the warm strata of air are high, there is less chance of moisture being thrown down from them by the mixture with cold air; but when the warm and moist air is close to the surface, it is almost certain that, as the cold air flows down into it, a deposition of water will take place. The augury of the ancients was a good deal founded upon the observation of the instinct of birds, and there are many superstitions of the vulgar owing to the same source. For anglers, in spring, it is always unlucky to see single magpies, but two may be always regarded as a favourable omen; and the reason is, that in cold and stormy weather, one magpie alone leaves the nest in search of food, the other remaining sitting upon the

eggs, or the young ones ; but when two go out together, it is only when the weather is warm and mild, and favourable for fishing.—*Salmonia*.

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## DIRGE

TO THE MEMORY OF MISS ELLEN GEE, OF KEW, WHO DIED IN  
CONSEQUENCE OF BEING STUNG IN THE EYE BY A BEE.

(From the *New Monthly Magazine*.)

PEERLESS, yet hapless, maid of Q!  
Accomplish'd LN G!  
Never again shall I and U  
Together sip our T.  
For, ah! the Fates! I know not Y,  
Sent 'midst the flowers a B,  
Which ven'mous stung her in the I,  
So that she could not C.  
LN exclaim'd, "Vile spiteful B!  
If ever I catch U  
On jess'mine, rosebud, or sweet P,  
I'll change your stinging Q.  
"I'll send you, like a lamb or U,  
Across th' Atlantic C,  
From our delightful village Q,  
To distant OYE.  
"A stream runs from my wounded I,  
Salt as the briny C,  
As rapid as the X or Y,  
The OIO, or D.  
"Then fare thee ill, insensate B!  
Which stung, nor yet knew Y;  
Since not for wealthy Durham's C  
Would I have lost my I."  
They bear with tears fair LN G  
In funeral RA,  
A clay-cold corse now doom'd to B,  
Whilst I mourn her DK.  
Ye nymphs of Q, then shun each B,  
List to the reason Y!  
For should A B C U at T,  
He'll surely sting your I.

Now in a grave L deep in Q,  
 She's cold as cold can B ;  
 Whilst robins sing upon A U  
 Her dirge and LEG.

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### HINTS TO DINERS-OUT.

WHEN you are seated next a lady, you should be only polite during the first course; you may be gallant in the second; but you must not be tender till the dessert. When you have the misfortune to sit next a child, your only plan is to make him drunk as soon as possible, that his mamma may be forced to take him away.—  
*Code Gourmand.*

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### Lines by Christopher Smart.

#### 1.

“ A Raven once an acorn took,  
 “ From Bason's tallest stoutest tree ;  
 “ He hid it near a limpid brook,  
 “ And liv'd another oak to see.

#### 2.

“ Thus melancholy buries hope,  
 “ Which fear still keeps alive ;  
 “ And bids us with misfortunes cope,  
 “ And all calamity survive.”



## ANCIENT SEPULCHRE AT CAMELON.

AN interesting relic of antiquity has been accidentally discovered near the village of Camelon. The workmen employed in levelling the face of the Red Brae, which consists of a soft loamy sand, struck their shovels against a quantity of stones, on the brow of the hill, about a foot below the surface, which were found to be built into a long square chamber, running nearly from east to west, and about 12 feet in length by 3 in breadth and depth. The stones were mostly set on edge, and bound together with a very fine yellow clay. Those at the west end, which formed the head, exhibited marks of having been hewn, but in general they were very large, rough blocks, having their smooth sides inward. Stretched upon the floor was found a large skeleton, with the feet turned to the east, but without any metallic ornament or coin, and around and above it was a thick layer of carbonized wood, the antiseptic nature of which, no doubt, tended to preserve it entire. The whole surface of the walls bore strong marks of having been submitted to an intense heat, being discoloured and quite friable. The bones, upon being lifted with a spade, fell to pieces, and it is to be regretted that the skull, which was tolerably hard, was carried off and destroyed. A similar burial-place was dug up some years ago upon the top of a small knoll in Cærmiers, a little to the west. An account of the above, and some other late discoveries there, is, we understand, to be forwarded to the Edinburgh Society of Antiquaries, by a gentleman resident near the spot.

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CANOVA.

THE following curious anecdote is extracted from Canova's Memoirs:—"While at St. Petersburg I was present at a scene which much surprised me—I mean the blessing of the waters of the river on the day of Epiphany, at a time when the ice on the Neva was five feet thick. They christen children by dipping them in a hole, which they had cut in the ice. It happened on this occasion that the bishop, who performed the ceremony of baptising, let a child fall out

of his hands into the water, and it instantly disappeared. The bishop, without at all endeavouring to recover the child, turned coolly round, and desired the attendants to hand him another child. This was instantly done. What surprised me most, however, was the joy of the parents at their child being drowned. I learnt afterwards that the people here believe that a child drowned under such circumstances is sure of going instantly into Paradise."

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### THE BRUNSWICK CLUB.

[A letter having been addressed to a very distinguished Personage, requesting him to become the Patron of this new Orange Club, a polite answer was forthwith returned, of which we have been lucky enough to obtain a copy.]

*Brimstone-hall, Sept. 1, 1828.*

*Private.*—Lord Belzebub presents  
To the Brunswick Club his compliments,  
And much regrets to say that he  
Cannot, at present, their Patron be.  
In stating this, Lord Belzebub  
Assures, on his honour, the Brunswick Club,  
That 't isn't from any lukewarm lack  
Of zeal or fire he thus holds back,—  
As ev'n Lord *Coal*\* himself is not  
For the Orange party more red-hot;  
But the truth is, till their Club affords  
A somewhat decenter show of Lords,  
And on its list of Members gets  
A few less rubbishy Baronets,  
Lord Belzebub must beg to be  
Excus'd from keeping such company.  
Who the devil, he humbly begs to know,  
Are Lord Glandine and Lord Dunlo?  
Or who, with a grain of sense, would go,  
To sit and be bored by Lord M-yo?  
What living creature—*except his nurse*—  
For Lord M—ntc-sh-l cares a curse,  
Or thinks 'twould matter, if Lord M-sk-rry  
Were t'other side of the Stygian ferry?

\* Usually written "Cole."

Breathes there a man in Dublin town,  
 Who would give but half of half-a-crown  
 To save from drowning my Lord R-thd—ne,  
 Or who wouldn't also gladly husle in  
 Lords R-d-n, B-nd-n, C-le, and J-c-l-n?  
 In short, though, from his tenderest years,  
 Accustom'd to all sorts of Peers,  
 Lord Belzebub much questions whether  
 He ever yet saw, mixed together,  
 As 'twere in one capacious tub,  
 Such a mess of noble silly-bub  
 As the twenty Peers of the Brunswick Club.

It being impossible that Lord B.  
 Could stoop to such society,  
 Thinking, he owns (though no great prig),  
 For one in his station 'twere *infra dig*.  
 He begs to propose, in the interim,  
 Till they find some properer Peers for him,  
 His Highness of C—— d, as Sub,  
 To take his place at the Brunswick Club,—  
 Begging, meantime, himself to dub  
 Their obedient servant, **BELZEBUB.**

P. S.—It luckily happens, the R-y-l Duke  
 Resembles so much, in air and look,  
 The head of the Belzebub family,  
 That few can any difference see;  
 Which makes him, of course, the better suit  
 To serve as Lord B.'s substitute. *Times.*





## REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE.

It has been mentioned that no allusion was made by the Counsel on either side, in Corder's case, to the dream of Maria Martin's mother, importing that her unhappy daughter's corpse would be found buried in Corder's barn, and the motive attributed to the Counsel for their silence was the fear of encouraging "superstitious" feeling in the lower class of the people. This is somewhat absurd. If the Counsel for the prosecution supposed that the statement or proof of such a circumstance as Mrs. Martin's dream would have helped to establish the prisoner's guilt, he neglected his business by failing to adduce it; if, on the other hand, the dream had been such as would have raised for Corder one particle of scepticism, or gleam of compassion, in the minds of those who tried him for his life, the prisoner's Counsel would have been equally culpable to suppress it. They cared little about the superstitions of the people; nor do we imagine that a belief in the preternatural origin of dreams would in this country gain a single convert from the most active use that the most ingenious advocate could have made of the above poor woman's prepossession, when it was so naturally attributable to the course of her waking suspicions.

The statement, however, that such a dream had occurred to the step-mother of Maria Martin, has led to our receiving from a correspondent of unquestionable veracity, another history of a sleeping vision, which we cannot refrain from subjoining. The *acting* party in this instance (if a dream can be called an action) is now alive—the witnesses to whom he made known the particulars of it at the time are living—the subject matter of the visitation was connected with, or rather it corresponded with, that of a catastrophe at once so memorable and so shocking as still to be imprinted on the mind of every adult in the kingdom; and the dream itself was no less striking for the singular conformity of its details to those of a contemporaneous tragedy which was performed nearly 300 miles from the person of the dreamer, than unaccountable to those who fancy they can theorize upon dreams, by assuming an insight into the ways of Providence, from its want of

every characteristic of a warning, a remedy, or any other visible usefulness, so often alleged in explanation of that faculty.

In the night of the 11th of May, 1812, Mr. Williams, of Scorrier House, near Redruth, in Cornwall, awoke his wife, and, exceedingly agitated, told her that he had dreamt he was in the lobby of the House of Commons, and saw a man shoot, with a pistol, a gentleman who had just entered the lobby, who was said to be the Chancellor; to which Mrs. Williams naturally replied, that it was only a dream, and recommended him to be composed and go to sleep as soon as he could. He did so, but shortly after he again awoke her, and said that he had a second time had the same dream; whereupon she observed, that he had been so much agitated with his former dream, that she supposed it had dwelt on his mind, and begged of him to try to compose himself and go to sleep, which he did. A third time the same vision was repeated; on which, notwithstanding her entreaties that he would lie quiet and endeavour to forget it, he arose, then between one and two o'clock, and dressed himself. At breakfast, the dreams were the sole subject of conversation, and in the forenoon Mr. Williams went to Falmouth, where he related the particulars of them to all of his acquaintance that he met. On the following day Mr. Tucker, of Trematon Castle, accompanied by his wife, a daughter of Mr. Williams, went to Scorrier House, on a visit, and arrived about dusk. Immediately after the first salutations on their entering the parlour, where were Mr., Mrs., and Miss Williams, Mr. Williams began to relate to Mr. Tucker the circumstance of his dreams, and Mrs. W. observed to her daughter, Mrs. T., laughingly, that her father could not even suffer Mr. Tucker to be seated before he told him of his nocturnal visitation; on the statement of which, Mr. Tucker observed, that it would do very well for a dream to have the Chancellor in the lobby of the House of Commons, but that he would not be found there in reality; and Mr. Tucker then asked what sort of a man he appeared to be, when Mr. Williams described him minutely: to which Mr. Tucker replied, 'Your description is not at all that of

the Chancellor, but is certainly very exactly that of Mr. Perceval, the Chancellor of the Exchequer; and although he has been to me the greatest enemy I have ever met with through life, for a supposed cause which had no foundation in truth (or words to that effect), I should be exceedingly sorry indeed to hear of his being assassinated, or of any injury of the kind happening to him.' Mr. Tucker then inquired of Mr. Williams if he had ever seen Mr. Perceval, and was told that he had never seen him, nor had ever even written to him, either on public or private business—in short, that he had never had any thing to do with him, nor had he ever been in the lobby of the House of Commons in his life. At this moment, Mr. Williams and Mr. Tucker still standing, they heard a horse gallop to the door of the house, and immediately after Mr. Michael Williams, of Trevince, (son of Mr. Williams, of Scorrier), entered the room, and said that he had galloped out from Truro (from which Scorrier is distant seven miles), having seen a gentleman there, who had come by that evening's mail from town, who said that he was in the lobby of the House of Commons on the evening of the 11th, when a man, called Bellingham, had shot Mr. Perceval; and that as it might occasion some great ministerial changes, and might affect Mr. Tucker's political friends, he had come out as fast as he could to make him acquainted with it, having heard at Truro that he had passed through that place in the afternoon on his way to Scorrier. After the astonishment which this intelligence created had a little subsided, Mr. Williams described most particularly the appearance and dress of the man that he saw, in his dream, fire the pistol, as he had before done of Mr. Perceval. About six weeks after, Mr. Williams having business in town, went, accompanied by a friend, to the House of Commons, where, as has been already observed, he had never before been. Immediately that he came to the steps at the entrance of the lobby, he said, "This place is as distinctly within my recollection, in my dream, as any room in my house," and he made the same observation when he entered the lobby. He then pointed out the exact spot where Bellingham stood when he fired, and which Mr. Perceval had

reached when he was struck by the ball, where, and how he fell. The dress both of Mr. Perceval and Bellingham agreed with the description given by Mr. Williams, even to the most minute particular.—*Morning Paper.*

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### SAGACITY OF THE DOG.

THE following well-established fact deserves to have a place among the numerous anecdotes so creditable to the habits and sagacity of the canine race. For the last ten days, a strange dog, of the colley or shepherd species, has been observed wandering about in a field in the neighbourhood of Bannockburn. He is supposed to have strayed from some of the dealers who had been attending last Falkirk tryst. He is extremely timid, and it was remarked that, instead of wandering about in search of food, he never went near a house, although there are many close beside him. Still the circumstance attracted very little notice, till four or five days after his appearance, when a sudden change in the habits of a dog of the same species, belonging to Mr. Jaffray, farmer at Holm, led to a discovery equally interesting and curious. We must suppose that this animal had fallen in with his brother colley, and that having taken pity on his forlorn condition, he had resolved on doing all that a dog could do to relieve his wants. Mr. Jaffray's family were surprised to observe, that their dog, instead of eating up whatever he got in the way of food, carried away the whole, or a portion of it. On this being frequently repeated, their curiosity led them to follow him, to ascertain what he did with it, and they were not more astonished than gratified to find, that he proceeded to the field where his strayed brother lay, and presented to him the fare which he stood so much in need of. He continued to bestow his friendly offices with such regularity that the wanderer was never in want; and it was even remarked, that when his own food happened not to be of a portable nature, he did not hesitate to cater for his friend, and pick up whatever bone or offal he could find, and carry them to him.—*Stirling Advertiser.*

## MR. BEWICK.

THIS celebrated artist died at his house in Gateshead, county of Durham, on Saturday, November the 8th, 1828, after a few days' illness, in the 76th year of his age. For some time previous, his constitution, naturally strong, was visibly breaking up, and though he worked at his profession in his own house till within four or five days of his death, he seldom, during the last twelve months, ventured out to attend his business at Newcastle. He was buried at Ovingham on Thursday, and was attended to the grave by many of his old and valued friends. Thus has a genius passed away from us who has honoured and benefited his country—who revived the long-neglected art of wood-engraving, and upheld it in spite of the defects which are said to have caused its decay, and brought the art again to a state of perfection. But Mr. Bewick's merits have been so long before the public, and have engaged so frequently the pen of the critic, that little can now be said which would be new on the subject. His talents were of the first order, and if originality be the chief attribute of genius, and if the combination of various qualities be the test of excellence, Mr. B. possessed that attribute and those qualities in an eminent degree. He was a naturalist, a draughtsman, and an engraver, and no man, therefore, was better qualified for works on natural history. And although he was generally viewed in the character of an engraver, that was certainly not his chief merit. His design, as being more indicative of original genius, is entitled to our first praise, and would alone render his name immortal. There is so much of simple nature and character in his pieces—so minutely perfect are they in every part; the scenes so familiar, and the incidents so unaffected and true to life, that it is self-evident nature was always his guide. His history figures were chiefly drawn from the life, and his landscapes (beautiful they are!) for the most part views. It seems to have been a maxim with him never to suffer his imagination to act when nature could furnish the model. And his eye was most faithful; he knew well the just proportions of a figure, and his lines consequently are as true as

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the lines of Euclid. Combining with this accuracy of outline the subordinate talent of an engraver, his pictures possess the utmost spirit and freedom, and his knowledge in natural history perfected the conception of, and gave character to, his designs. His genius strongly inclined to the humorous, and he frequently vented his satire, and sometimes his resentment, on particular persons, in his tail-pieces. Once a man cheated him out of a cart of coals, and to punish and expose the fellow, Mr. Bewick sketched his likeness, and made the devil drive him pictorially to the gallows in his own coal-cart. The cut is in page forty-five of his *British Birds*. Many of the tail-pieces have particular allusions, and the one in the last page of his *Fables* represents his own funeral with a view of Ovingham Churchyard; below the cut appears the descriptive word "FINIS." In other engravers the management of lines constitutes the greatest share of their merit; for engraving is of itself but a mechanical art, which in truth requires not so much elevation of genius, as great industry and patience, assisted, of course, by a portion of talent. But it was the rare and happy union of talents of a high and opposite quality, which gave pre-eminency to the works of Bewick. So much for his merit as an artist. As a writer, it is difficult to determine what share of merit is due to him. His abilities in this capacity have been questioned, and perhaps unfairly. What was said to be written by others, it is known only received their corrections. He was, to be sure, little skilled in the elegance of composition, or grammatical refinements, but his language is always sensible, clear, and nervous.

Mr. Bewick was born at Cherryburn, near Ovingham, a small village about 14 miles west of Newcastle, in 1753. At the age of 14 he was apprenticed to Mr. Ralph Beilby, an engraver in Newcastle, who was a man of considerable talent. Mr. Bewick was first brought into public notice by his wood-cut of the Old Hound, which gained the premium offered for the best specimen of wood engraving by the Society of Arts, in 1775. This circumstance, no doubt, gave an impulse to his genius, and laid the foundation-stone of his fortune; and from that time his fame gradually in-

creased. In 1790, conjointly with Mr. Beilby, with whom he was then a partner in business, he published his book of quadrupeds. In 1795, he, with his brother John, (who was also eminent as an engraver), embellished an edition of Goldsmith's Traveller and Deserted Village, and Parnell's Hermit; and the following year, made some beautiful designs for Somerville's Chase. In 1797 he published the first volume of British Birds; in 1804, the second volume; and in 1818 appeared the last of his published works, the Fables. He was engaged on a History of Fishes when he died; and he left in the hands of his family a MS. Memoir of himself, which is said to be written with great naïveté, and is full of anecdote. The publication, should the work appear as it came from his hand, would doubtless afford much gratification. Mr. Bewick's personal appearance was rustic; he was tall and powerfully formed, a quality which he was fond of displaying in his prime. His manners were somewhat rustic too, but he was shrewd, and disdained to ape the gentleman. His countenance was open and expressive, with a capacious forehead, strongly indicating intellect; his dark eyes beamed with the fire of genius. He was a man of strong passions—strong in his affections, and equally strong in his dislikes, the latter sometimes exposed him to the charge of illiberality, but the former and kinder feeling greatly predominated. True, he was—as most men are—jealous of his fame, and had not much affection for rival artists, but they seldom crossed his path, or caused him much uneasiness. His resentment, when once excited, was not easily allayed, but there was much warmth in his friendship. Strictly honourable was he in his dealings; and to his friends there never was a more sincere or kind-hearted man than Thomas Bewick.



## INTESTINAL WORMS.

A Treatise on the Nature and Cure of Intestinal Worms of the Human Body; arranged according to the Classification of Rudolphi and Bremser, and containing the most approved Methods of Treatment, as practised in this Country and the Continent. By WILLIAM RHIND, Surgeon, Member of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh. Illustrated by six Plates.—*Edinburgh.*

DAME CURA, says Hyginus (Fab. 220), happened to be crossing a brook, and taking up some mud, made an image of it. Jupiter, soon after passing by, animated the mass; but Cura and Jupiter could not agree by what name this lump of breathing mud should be called, or who should be accounted its parent. The matter was referred to the judgment of Saturn, which was—His name shall be called *Homo ab humo*; *Cura eum possideat quamdiu vivat*, &c.—*Man from manure*; *Care shall have him while he lives*; *Jupiter his soul*, and *Tellus his body when he dies*.

Now, Mr. Rhind, had you cast your eyes on this fact, the truth of which no one will venture to doubt, you would not have troubled yourself so much as you have done, in this very curious book of your's, about the manner in which worms originate in the human body, nor cared a fig about the hypotheses of Rudolphi or Bremser, or Kirkins, or Bloch, or Blumenbach:—"whether eggs of the different species are conveyed from one subject to another, through the medium of the food, the drink, or the air; or whether they have their origin in the bowels, by what is called a *primitive* or *spontaneous formation*." Only admit the fact which we have just mentioned, (and which, we doubt not, you will do in the next edition of your book), namely, that Cura made man of mud; and the conclusion is evident: mud contains worms; ergo, the theory of intestinal worms is clear as noon-day. Some one lately started a theory, that every part and particle of animal matter, flesh, bones, muscles, &c. is one series or conglomeration of the most minute animalcules—likely vermiculi. The gentleman is *sans doute* in the right. He must have read the fact mentioned by Hyginus, although he has not acknowledged, in so far as we know, the source of his information. *Magis impium*,



&c. says Synesius to such men : " it is more impious to steal dead men's labours than their clothes."

We have settled the theory, and now for Mr. Rhind and his worms. Naturalists, physicians, and other men of science, will value Mr. Rhind's book for its scientific details and its practical usefulness. With regard to ourselves, we consider it in a *moral point* of view, and recommend it especially to young ladies and gentlemen, and all who are apt to be led away by foolish notions of the beauty and importance of their own vile bodies. Pray, Miss Jenny Lightbody, why should you spend two or three hours daily of your precious time, contemplating that pretty face of thine, or adorning that handsome figure? Read Mr. Rhind's book, and then you will find that perhaps an ugly monster of a *Fischiosoma globosa*—the *Finna Humana der Muskelblasenwurm* is rioting unscared in the choroid plexus of your fantastic brain. Now, Timothy Tithing, Esq., pray don't compress your fine waist with these infernal stays so furiously, in the vain effort of rivaling that of your lovely and most accomplished sister ;—seeing every additional squeeze is forcing a large strongyle worm within you to bawl out "murder." Forget not your humanity. Why should that venerable divine, doctor, or judge, look so pompously and complacently on his big paunch "with good capon lined?" Poor man, he does not know, because he has not read Mr. Rhind's book, that his bread-basket, to use a *fanciful* term, is a complete pantry for the *Tentacularia sub-compressa* ; or the *Filaria Medinensis*, which the Greeks call *δακνοντιον*, the Germans, Fadenwurm, the French, Dragonneau, the Hindoos, Náros, Néeria, and Néruah ;—but, by whom or by what called, it is a monster like a violin string, has a head and a beard, like a Jew, we suppose, nay a head at both ends, and is from three to ten, and twenty feet long. No wonder that such men should eat like harpies, when one mouth has to feed so many. "A certain convocation," says Hamlet, "of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet ; we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots ; your fat king, and your lean beggar, are but variable service ; two dishes but to one table, that's

the end.”—(Act 4. sc. 3.) Hamlet here speaks of the state of the dead ; Mr. Rhind’s account of that of the living is nearly as humiliating. In this book we have drawings also of these monsters, by Captain Brown, done with so much fidelity and spirit, that the very sight of them makes the flesh of any one, but that of a naturalist, creep.

In fine, the scientific man will value it for its usefulness, and all should read it for the novel and curious matter which it contains.

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### A ROUGH COURTIER.

NOLLEKENS, who was a Catholic, having on a saint’s day neglected to attend George III., whose bust he was taking, the King, when he came on the following day, said, “So, Nollekens, where were you yesterday?” Nollekens—“Why, as it was a saint’s day, I thought you would not have me ; so I went to see the beasts fed in the Tower.” The King—“Why did you not go to Duke Street?” Nollekens—“Well I went to the Tower ; and do you know they have got two such lions there ! the biggest did roar so ; my heart how he did roar !” And then he mimicked the roaring of the lion, so *loud* and so close to the King’s ear, that his Majesty moved to a considerable distance to escape the imitation.—*Nollekens and his Times.*



## REAL ADVENTURE IN A DISSECTING ROOM.

*To the Editor of the Caledonian Mercury.*

SIR,—I am now a person well up in years, and as I never was a great hand at composition, I believe it is now too late for me to begin. I hope, however, to make myself intelligible in the narrative I am going to give you, which the wickedness of these bad times renders appropriate at present, and leads me to hope may turn out to be a useful warning to yourself and readers.

About the year 1794, when I was half man and half boy, (a man in will, but in deeds a good deal of the boy), I remember I had just done with my apprenticeship, and was beginning to get journeyman's wages. Well, in January of that year, one night about eleven, I came away, a little fresh, as we say, from a sort of club that used to meet down in the Pleasance, where we sat drinking ale, and smoking, and singing, and, in short, getting no good. Well, Sir, I set off on my road home to Canonmills, where I boarded with my brother; but the night being fine, and the moon well up and near the full, I took a little walk, as I did not feel inclined to go to sleep. So I got to some fields near the place where Charlotte Square now stands, and sat down on a stone that was by the side of the footpath, striking a light and lighting my cutty pipe. After smoking away a while in the moonshine, three rough-looking fellows, with corduroy jackets and small-clothes, in the style of Gilmerton carters, came up to me, and asked me civilly enough to tell them the way to the Ferry road. I directed them as well as I could, but they did not seem to take me up, and so we stood jabbering away longer, I think, than there was any occasion. At last, on pretence of treating me to a gill at the toll-bar on the Ferry road, I was silly enough (as it turned out) to agree to go with them for a bit of the way. We had not got very far, when one of my gentlemen (without giving himself the pains even of picking a quarrel) hit me a crack on the side of the head with his fist, and another gave me a punch with all his might in the pit of the stomach. These blows took away my breath, and stunned me a good deal,

and I fell to the ground, but was not so senseless as not to feel distinctly that they had laid hold of me at once, and rolled a thing like a wet sheet round my head and face. I think I felt myself kicking, gasping, and struggling hard for breath, but the fellows held down my hands, and I could not screech because of the wet blanket, if it were so ; but I found myself turning weaker and weaker, and my breath went from me altogether. I do not remember any thing more.

Sir, when I came to myself again, I think the first thing I felt was being very cold, and finding a nasty smell like putrefied butcher-meat. I came to a little, and I could just see a glimmering light, and made out that I was lying upon a hard and wet place like a kitchen dresser. I ventured to look about a little, when I saw an old wizened-like man, with glasses on his nose, poking away among the bowels of a dead man, who lay on a table upon his back, and by him there were two younger chaps looking on, one holding the candle, and the other a long knife. They were talking away in some queer lingo, which I could not make out, and yet it was no foreign language. "So, O ho," quoth I, "this is what my sins have brought me to at last. This one (meaning the body with the glasses) is the old devil, and the others are his imps, and there they are tormenting a poor sinner, just the way the minister told me the day I went to be an apprentice. So," thought I, "my turn will be coming next, and nothing I can do of myself will do me any good, or get me free from this torment." Well, I was not far wrong ; for, all of a sudden, the three creatures, leaving their prey in the corner, came with all their horrible implements to use me after the same fashion. As I thought it would be ill manners in a person in my circumstances to take the first word of those beings of great power, I kept my eyes shut, and said never one word.

"So," says the gentleman with the glasses, "this is a fine muscular fellow indeed---what a chest he has."

"I wonder what he died of," says the one of the familiar spirits.

"He will be a great catch," says the other, "for to-morrow's demonstration of the abdominal viscera."

"So, gemmen," says Glasses again, "do you reach the scalpel—and do you hold the candle. Now for a clean section of the integuments and superficial muscles."

No sooner said than done—he scrapes my belly on the upper part with the point of his knife—up I start with a screech you might have heard at Tranent—away flies the knife—out goes the candle—and the bloody Doctors (for such they were) tumble neck over heels upon the floor. However, there was a gleam of light from the fire, and I got up, came down from my table, and threw myself (as naked as Adam, and as much ashamed) upon my knees before them, crying out for mercy.

Well, Sir, the three bloody Doctors were more frightened and astonished than I was myself—and they told me to keep quiet, and lighted the candle and doctored all my scratches and bruises with adhesive plaster, and set me to warm myself by a fire, where I saw the head and little bit hands of a poor innocent dead baby stewing in a pot. They all assured me that they had taken me for a dead man, whom one of their blackguards had promised to bring them from Corstorphine churchyard; and said they were very vexed that there should have been any foul play, and an actual attempt at murder. So they persuaded me that I had better say no more about the matter, and offered me two guineas (which I took), and they covered my nakedness with some of their own clothes, one supplying a great coat, another a pair of boots, and so forth. I was so much taken with their kindness, that I gave them a full promise to say nothing of what had happened, and told them that I did not want to know where the surgery shop was, and that they might blindfold me with a napkin, and leave me in any part of the town they pleased, from which I could find my way home.

The place where we were was a sight not to be spoken of, and I believe I should only turn your stomach if I were to attempt to describe it. There were all sorts of bits of dead men, and some whole ones—and anatomies hanging by strings from the roof—and people's insides and little unchristened babies in bottles—and all sorts of rotten and unclean things, and lots of

knives, and saws, and articles which I cannot give a name to—to say nothing of the awful smell.

Well, they kept their word, and left me in a stair leading from the South Bridge to the Cowgate, and I soon found my way home. It was now four on a Sabbath morning, and I found my brother, who was wondering what could have come over me, and not a little surprised to see me with a superfine new great coat, and a broken head stuck over with diachylum plaster. And so I had to please him with a story made up for the occasion, and I never heard more of it. However, the affair was not lost upon me (and I hope it will not on you and your readers)—and so, soon after, I married Mrs. G. and took myself up, and have since thriven very well in the world.

My Doctor friend (for I made out his name, though I said nothing about it) is dead, and has been for some years.

So, Sir, as there is now no occasion for me to hold my tongue about the matter at all, I have even stated the case of my escape from the fangs of these harpies, hoping that it may prove a useful warning to the unwary, and put people on their guard against wandering about at untimely hours, lest they also meet with a similar or worse adventure, as they will see is but too common now-a-days.

Your obedient servant, -

M. G.

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### MOSES KEAN.

THE late Moses Kean was a tailor, a stout-built man, with black bushy hair and a wooden leg. He always dressed in a dashing manner, in a scarlet coat, white satin waistcoat, black satin smallclothes, and a Scot's liquid-dye blue silk stocking. He had also a long-quartered shoe, with a large buckle covering his foot—a cocked hat, and a ruffled shirt; and he never went out without a switch or a cane in his hand. He was a very extraordinary mimic, particularly in imitations of Charles James Fox, which he gave occasionally at the little theatre in the Haymarket. Mr. Edmund Kean, the celebrated actor, owes his education to the above person, who was his uncle.—*Nollekens.*

## ADDRESS BY MRS. H. SIDDONS,

*On the re-opening of the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh.*MRS. H. SIDDONS---(*speaking behind the scenes*)

Don't talk to me, I tell ye it's a shame,  
 And all before the curtain say the same.---(*Entering*)  
 I enter, certainly, in strange confusion,  
 But hope you'll pardon my abrupt intrusion,  
 When I confess my present situation  
 Is one so full of pain and irritation,  
 That, no more able my complaints to smother,  
 At your tribunal I impeach my brother---(*applause*)  
 Of misdemeanors, without stint or measure---  
 Of disobedience to my royal pleasure :  
 For, say whate'er I will, his pompous frown,  
 And plump *negatur*, knock my project down,  
 Till my whole reign's one scene of fret and worry,  
 Like poor Queen Mary and *her* Regent Murray.---(*loud*  
*cheering and laughter*).

To-night, my wish to speak to you was met  
 By the old answer, "'Tisn't etiquette."  
 But I'm determined ; and now ask the reason,  
 If, with a speech, my brother ends the season !  
 Why I, when here beginning one anew,  
 May not indulge in speechifying too?---(*applause*)  
 'Tis hard enough resigning the last word,  
 But more to humour him is quite absurd.  
 He, with a bow, may see you out, and then  
 I will, with curtseys, welcome you again.---(*applause*)  
 Which is the most judicious system---tell?---  
 His most respectfully bidding you farewell,  
 Or the new practice I to-night begin,  
 Of, as respectfully, bidding you come in?---(*cheers*)  
 At least I'll try't ; when all's done and past,  
 I can't make this year worse than *he* the last.  
 Indeed, I'm somewhat tired of the elf,  
 And think of looking into things myself ;  
 For tho' reluctant to speak ill, I own,  
 Of "Regent Murray"---(*cheers*)---he mistakes the town.  
 As---don't be angry, now---but, *entre nous*,  
 'Tis not *so much* what's good as what is new  
 Oft brings you here, and, truly, 'tis a bore  
 For ever hearing what you've heard before ;

To see the bills present you nothing daily,  
But the old names, *Jones*, *Denham*, and the *Bailey*.—  
(Applause)

At night, compelled to stay at home, or go  
And see "Rob Roy," "Guy Mannering," and "No"—  
Paul Pry's intrusions, or Pong Wong's grimaces—  
Pritchard's deep agonies, or Mason's faces.—(laughter)  
Then, tho' from Indus to the Pole we rove,  
'Tis all "Sweet Home," "Young Love," or "Kelvin  
Grove."

Nay, I expect some night the Thane of Cawdor  
Will introduce "Blue Bonnets o'er the Border."  
Nor should I wonder, Hotspur taught his starling  
To tell King Henry "Charlie was his darling."—  
(Laughter)

"*Toujours perdrix*" wo'n't do, that's very clear,  
So, Call-boy!—(*enter Call-boy*)—send Mr. Murray here!  
(Exit Call-boy)

And on the instant, friends, let's try now whether  
We can't reform this system altogether.

*Enter Mr. MURRAY*---(increased applause).  
Come hither, manager—(*Mr. M. bows respectfully*)—  
some hold opinion

You've lately failed in talents for dominion ;  
So now, to skill and character depone,  
Or else "Othello's occupation's gone ;"  
For, if convicted here, beyond all doubt,  
I take the reins myself, and walk you out !---(Suiting  
the action to the word).

Mr. MURRAY.

Sister, I needs must think some better way.

Mrs. H. SIDDONS.

I care not, William, what you think or say—  
Answer this question, did last season pay ?  
No.—Then, as, like kings, the public do no wrong,  
To managers, like ministers, belong  
All faults and failures ; but I'll talk no more,  
There are your judges, as I said before ;  
(*To the audience*)—To your decision I refer his cause,  
Guilty, a hiss---not guilty---then, applause.

(Rapturous approbation)

Mr. MURRAY—(*to the audience---advancing*)  
Soft you, a word or two, before I go,  
"I've done the state some service," perhaps you know.



No more of that ; I pray you, in your letters,  
 Stating these deeds unlucky to my betters.  
 Speak of me as I am, extenuate naught,  
 Nor in malicious language set down aught—  
 Then must you speak of one, who, truth to tell,  
*Managed* not wisely, but intended well ;  
 Who owns, a lady's anger to appease,  
 He failed in judgment, not in wish to please ;  
 Set you down this, and set you down besides,  
 He bends at once to what your voice decides—  
 If murmurs follow me, I'm lost of men,  
 But, if applause, " Richard's himself again."

(Deafening applause.)

Mrs. H. SIDDONS.

*Nem. con.* 'tis carried, then I reinstate him,  
 And generalissimo anew create him.  
 My hand shall sign, 'tis yours must set the seal—  
 A kindness which, I trust, he'll ever feel ;  
 And, like myself, for ever keep in view—  
 He owes his all—to you—and you—and you.

(Waving of hats, and long-continued applause.)

This address, or rather dramatic scene, is imputed to a great well-known author. If it was intended to draw forth the opinion of the public in regard to the general management, the result, as has been seen, was most flattering to Mrs. Siddons and her brother. We forgot, in the proper place, to say that the season opened under the best auspices. A fashionable company had assembled before the curtain rose ; and after second price, almost every part of the house was crowded.



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## THE FOUNDLING OF NUREMBERG.

(From the *Austrian Observer* of November 20.)

IN the month of May, 1828, there appeared in the streets of Nuremberg a youth apparently between 17 and 18 years of age, in the dress of a peasant, and holding in his hand a letter, addressed to a captain of cavalry resident in that city. The letter, which was without signature, stated that the young man was desirous of enlisting in the cavalry, as his deceased father had served in that corps; that the writer of the letter was a poor day-labourer, with ten children; and that he had received the lad, when a little child, from a nurse, whom he did not know, to bring him up secretly. The letter also contained several palpable untruths, and among the rest asserted that the boy could read and write. The captain of cavalry declared that he would have nothing to do with the business, and sent the young man as a vagrant to the guard-house. He was afterwards carried before the officers of police, who looked upon him as an impostor. It was soon ascertained, however, that he could scarcely speak a word; that he had been totally neglected, and had received no education whatever.

An official notification was then published, requiring all persons who might be able to give any information respecting this mysterious case, to communicate what they knew. About four months after, an old woman, said to have come from the neighbourhood of Nuremberg, and supposed to be a midwife, waited on the Burgomaster, and made a communication to him under the pledge of secrecy. The youth has since been treated with great attention. Several teachers were immediately engaged for him, and as he is not deficient in capacity, they soon taught him to converse and read, and thus enabled him to give some information respecting his former fate.

His whole life, as far as he could recollect it, had been spent in a small obscure dungeon, faintly lighted from above. He slept on straw, and was fed with bread and water, which used to be brought to him at night by a man; and as he was often asleep when it was brought, several weeks often passed over without

his seeing his attendant. The only occupation of his childhood, as far as his contracted prison would permit him, was riding on a wooden horse, and almost the only words he could speak when he came to Nuremberg were *Rossel-reiten*—"Horsey ride."

On his arrival in Nuremberg, he refused meat and vegetables, and would eat nothing but bread and water. He slept on the ground, and had no idea of the use of a bed. His legs were bent, as the roof of his dungeon was so low that when he grew up he could not stand erect in it. Having lived so long in obscurity, he could not endure the full light of day. On approaching a church-yard, it was observed that he seemed to feel an indescribable kind of horror, from which it has been conjectured that his prison must have been beside some burying ground or tomb. He relates that his keeper brought him out of his dungeon by night, and sometimes carried him, because from want of practice he could not walk far. They travelled only at night, lying under bushes during the day, and at last, after several nights had elapsed, they reached Nuremberg.

The letter which the lad presented in Nuremberg stated, that he had been christened by the name of Kaspar; the surname Hauser was given him in Nuremberg. His manner is agreeable, and he converses with much propriety in a *tete-a-tete*; but in mixed company he becomes embarrassed, as the act of speaking is still new to him. He has made extraordinary progress in music, drawing, and languages. He has also learnt to ride, in which he takes great pleasure. The Burgomaster treats him as if he were his own son, and he lives with the Professor of the Gymnasium, who superintends his education.

On the 17th of October last, between eleven and twelve in the forenoon, while the Professor was from home, the house bell was rung. The Professor's mother, who was weak and unwell, desired Kaspar to answer the door. He no sooner opened the door than a man, the same person, he believes, who brought him to Nuremberg, ran at him with a knife. After receiving several wounds about the head, he fell, and would probably have been murdered, had not the assassin believed that he had killed him, for he said aloud, "I

need not be afraid of you any longer !” However, on hearing a noise in the house, the murderer fled. Young Hauser is recovering from the effects of this dreadful attack.

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### DEATH OF SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

THE fine arts have, with awful rapidity, sustained a great and heavy loss in the President of the Royal Academy ; Sir Thomas Lawrence died about nine o'clock on Thursday evening, at his house in Russell Square. This sad event took place without any of those distant intimations which so often tell man to prepare for death. Sir Thomas Lawrence was in such perfect health, that he dined on Saturday with a distinguished party at Mr. Peel's, where he became suddenly, but not alarmingly, indisposed. Inflammatory symptoms appearing, however, he was bled ; and this operation produced so good an effect, that on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, he was able to go out as usual. On the Wednesday he was at the Athenæum Club, and at Messrs. Coutts', the bankers and the subject of conversation now remembered was that of an exquisitely written letter of condolence sent by him to one of the partners, on the decease of his daughter.

On reaching home in the afternoon, his complaint (an inflammation of the bowels) returned with such violence, that he survived little more than twenty-four hours, his last words being addressed to his valet who was attending him—“——, I am dying.”

This is not yet a time to enter upon any details either of his private biography or of his merits as a painter ; in both respects he was a man much to be admired and lamented. He was (we believe) somewhat above sixty years of age, and had never married. His appearance was extremely graceful and gentlemanlike, his manners full of suavity, and his countenance so pleasing and handsome, that it might almost, if the word were not misapplied to the masculine sex, be called beautiful. There was a striking resemblance to Mr. Canning, though not of so elevated an expression of character. On public occasions he was an elegant

speaker; and, indeed, whether as an accomplished member of society, or as an eminent artist, we can rarely hope to see so many requisite qualities united in one individual to place him at the head of the Fine Arts of England. Who will succeed him in the president's chair, it is impossible to anticipate. Beechy, Etty, Hilton, Howard, Phillips, Pickersgill, Shee, Wilkie, and others, are all already spoken of by their respective friends. We have certainly a proud list to choose from, independently of sculptors and landscape painters, who, we know not why, are not so much mentioned as likely candidates.

Sir Thomas Lawrence was engaged on many interesting works at the period of his demise; among others a fine portrait of Sir George Murray, M. P. for the county of Perth. His last performance was the likeness of Miss F. Kemble, noticed in the *Literary Gazette* of Saturday:—it may be stated as a curious matter, that he executed this slight, but sweet, drawing with much assumption of secrecy; and that though we have said he had no warnings given, it was observed of him, at a very recent representation of Juliet, by this delightful young actress, that he looked extremely ill in the theatre. Of himself, we know of no engraved portrait, except the small one in the *Percy Anecdotes*, nor of any picture, except one from his own palette, which he was occasionally persuaded to shew, with great diffidence, to his friends, from its concealment beneath his sideboard.

Sir Thomas's collection, of the destination of which we are ignorant, is of the most magnificent and interesting description; his drawings, etchings, prints, and pictures of the ancient masters, as well as his choice specimens of modern schools, are rare, numerous, and of the highest value.

But we must postpone further remarks to a future occasion; no doubt a public funeral, and posthumous honours, will speak the feeling entertained by the professors of the fine arts of the calamity which has befallen them, and the sense of the nation upon the extinction of so splendid a light among its chiefest ornaments.—*Literary Gazette*.

## ANECDOTE OF SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

UPWARDS of fifty years ago, the present Dr. —, of London, a highly respected clergyman, and his sister, Mrs. —, (at that time about seventeen and fifteen years of age respectively), were travelling in Devonshire with their father, and arrived one day at a small inn on the road, at which they stopped to dine, but the afternoon becoming very wet and stormy, they resolved to remain all night; and having intimated this to the landlord, he retired to make necessary arrangements. Shortly after, he returned to the room in which the party were seated, and, making his obeisance, remarked, with a very complacent and self-satisfied smile, that, as the afternoon was so wet, and necessarily prevented any out-door excursion, if the young lady would find any amusement in looking over a portfolio of original drawings, he would desire his son to wait on them, and exhibit his attainments in the fine arts. This intimation was of course joyfully received, especially by the young lady, who was a considerable proficient in drawing, and in a few minutes a tall rawboned lad of about sixteen years of age entered the room, with a portfolio under his arm, which he proceeded to open, and unfold to their view a considerable number of original pencil and chalk drawings, which he seemed very proud of, but which appeared to the party to be any thing rather than beautiful specimens of this delightful art. After this examination had closed, the young artist, conscious, we presume, of his powers, requested the young lady to sit for her portrait in chalk, which, for her amusement, she consented to; the artist commenced his task, and, in the progress of it, so often turned his large expressive eyes in eager gazings on the interesting countenance of the fair sitter, that she felt much difficulty in restraining herself from a burst of laughter. The portrait was finished in about half an hour, and presented to the original, who, although at that time she could not help smiling at the rude attempt, still has it in her possession, and would not now part with it for money, this sketch being produced by the late highly gifted and now deeply lamented, Sir Thomas

Lawrence, President of the Royal Academy, and Portrait Painter to his Majesty.

### ELECTION DINNER AT BRISTOL IN 1561.

IN the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Sir Oliver Wilkie was chosen member of Parliament for the city of Bristol, and the following is a copy of the bill for the dinner :—

<i>First course.</i>		<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Calves' feet soup at the upper end	- -	0	1
At the bottom of the table, roast rabbit	- -	0	2
At Sir Oliver's right-hand, stewed cockles	- -	0	1
Left side, poached eggs, with hop tops	- -	0	1½
To the right of Sir Oliver, fried hasty-pudding	- -	0	1¾
Opposite side, broiled mushrooms	- -	0	0½
Middle, Black Caps	- -	0	0½
<i>Second course.</i>			
Dish of fish at the upper end (fried sprats)	- -	0	1½
At the bottom, tripe ragoo'd in its own liquor	- -	0	1½
Next to Sir Oliver's right-hand, rice fritters	- -	0	0½
Opposite, eggs a-la-mode	- -	0	1½
Ditto, to the right, oysters on shells	- -	0	1
Left side, radishes	- -	0	0½
Middle, Black Caps, as above	- -	0	0½
Butter allowed for cooking 2lb.	- -	0	1½
Salt and pepper	- -	0	0½
Two bottles of ginger wine drank at and after dinner	- -	0	2½
Toast and water	- -	0	0¾
Ordered to four waiters in white waistcoats,	- -	0	1
Bread and small beer what you please	- -	0	0
		<b>1</b>	<b>9½</b>



## LINES

*Written on seeing Mr. Greenshields' Sculpture of the "Jolly Beggars."—By Dr. W. Ainslie.*

"The Artists of the present day seem so long to have contemplated the forms of the antique, that they have forgotten living nature."—*Edinburgh Encyclopædia—Article Sculpture.*

LET Scotland rejoice in the hey-day of Peace,  
For glory achiev'd through her genius alone ;  
Unaw'd by the models of Rome and of Greece,  
Her sons have breath'd feeling and fire into stone !

No more shall the Gods, or the heroes of old,  
Prove the only legitimate subjects for art ;  
The days of delusion are gone—be it told—  
And Nature herself 'tis that speaks to the heart.

Thus THOM with his chisel,—and what is more chaste ?  
Brought Granite to life, without rule or prescription ;  
While GREENSHIELDS, the child of an untutored taste,  
Has grav'd a bold group, which e'en BEGGARS  
description.

## MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

IN Appin there is a public-house called *Tigh-phort na croise*. To this house a 'red-coat' came one day. He was ushered into a room where the landlord happened to be taking a dram with two or three jolly neighbours, and the 'red-coat,' being a man of wars and travels, highly entertained them with stories. At length one of the Highlanders asked him what was the most revolting sight he had ever seen in his life. He answered that he had seen many a revolting sight, but that something connected with the massacre of Glencoe beat them all!—that there he saw sixteen men bound hand and foot, then placed side by side on a bench, and sixteen musket-balls fired through their stout hearts! Upon this the landlord took occasion to go out, and beckoned on one of his neighbours to follow. "I now understand," said he, "that this 'red-coat' was about the murder of my father, for he was one of those sixteen men. I am resolved to run him through with my dirk this instant." "Agreed, my brave Donald," said his neighbour, "but first may we not



allow him to entertain us with more of his adventures." They went in together, and, sure of their prey, requested the 'red-coat' to continue his narrative. "About dawn," continued the 'red-coat,' "we were under orders to quit Glencoe. Passing a brook, we heard the scream of a child a little up the hill. The Captain, who rode at our head, said to myself by any other, 'Go, Duncan, run through that child if it be a male, but if a female spare it.' I climbed up and found a decent-looking woman with a blanket about her, and forced a corner of it into a male infant's mouth to prevent it crying, and to evade discovery. My heart melted with pity. I went back, and, though at the risk of my life, I told the Captain it was a female child." Upon this the landlord exclaimed—"I was that infant in my mother's lap—often has she told the tale with tears of gratitude! I had a little ago resolved to slay you; but now put off that red coat, and be as one of my sons for ever!"—*Gaelic Journal for November.*

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### OCCASIONAL ADDRESS

After the Play of the Recruiting Officer, in the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh.

*Enter Mr. MURRAY as Sergeant Kite, attended by a Drummer beating the Grenadiers' March.*

ERE I resign my uniform to-night,  
 Attention, pray thee, friends, to Sergeant Kite,  
 Who in your presence once again appears,  
 To beat up for a few more volunteers ;—(*applause*)  
 Indeed we need 'em much ; so, Sirrah, come,  
 As crook-backed Richard says—"Strike up the drum ;"  
*Drum rolls*

And bid the patrons of the stage repair  
 To our Head Quarters here in Shakespeare Square,  
 Where all recruits, with gratitude unfeigned,  
 Are taken in and kindly entertained.—(*Cheering*)  
 Nay, hang not back, boys ! now's your time or never,  
 We've had more vacancies this year than ever.  
 No matter what your height, don't hesitate ;  
 We stick at nothing now, four feet or eight.—(*Applause*)  
 Nay, three feet six, as Falstaff says, what then ?  
 "They'll fill a *pit* as well as better men."

And what want filling—are our front ranks here—  
 I' faith there's plenty of us in the rear ;—(*cheers*)  
 Troops of all grades, from those who wield the rod  
 Of rule imperial, to the awkward squad ;  
 Still have our soldiers one great fault, you know,—  
 They *charge* the manager, and not the foe ;—(*cheering*)  
 They're regulars at that,—howe'er deficient  
 In some slight points, in charging they're *efficient* ;  
 Then, gentle paymasters, extend your aid,  
 Or it's all over with our Scotch Brigade.—(*Applause*)

(*A long pause.*)

What, not a man? ah me! they wo'n't be had ;  
 You and your drum may both walk off, my lad.

(*Exit Drummer*)

What's to be done?—I ne'er was fixed before ;  
 Egad I have it—raise a female corps.  
 The "Lords" wo'n't come ; let's try the Ladies then,---  
 If once *they* give the word, the gentlemen  
 Will all *fall in* ; with female favour blessed,  
 Our ranks again will be well filled and dressed.—

(*Cheers*)

For, Ladies, true it is, whate'er betide 'em,  
 Men are dull bargains when you're not beside 'em ;—

(*cheers*)

They stride and swagger, think the world their own ;  
 But if, without you, left in it alone,  
 I think, my friends, the "Lords of the Creation,"  
 Would one and all send in their resignation ;—(*applause*)  
 At least we find, where you are, there they roam,  
 And here they're all abroad, when you're "At Home."  
 'Tis your engagements, Ladies, knock up mine,  
 A dinner party sadly thins our line.  
 But the unkindest cut, by far, of all,  
 Is, when you fire off a Fancy Ball ;  
 Both pit and boxes then are "ruinato,"  
 And e'en "the gods themselves abandon Cato."—(*shouts*)  
 Then, Ladies, don't refuse me ; let me gain  
 Your fav'ring smiles, like sunshine after rain ;  
 Beam on our efforts like the morning light  
 Chasing the gloom of our preceding night ;  
 Boxes and pit will come, if you are there,  
 And to Olympus, back our gods repair.

Cheered by these hopes your Sergeant keeps the field ;  
 Tho' sorely pressed, he yet disdains to yield ;—(*cheers*)  
 Still trusting, ere he finally departs,  
 Yet in his day to play you many parts.  
 "Attention" ever, in his wish to please,  
 Till Time shall say—"Old Murray, stand at ease."

The Manager retired amidst tremendous cheering, which was continued for some minutes after the curtain dropped.

The *Observer* of Tuesday states, that the Address was written by Mr. Murray himself, on Monday forenoon, "in the course of an hour, and in the midst of a thousand other avocations."

## THE DRUNKARD'S TREE.

THE  
 Sin of

### DRUNKENNESS

Expels Reason, drowns Memory,  
 Distempers the Body, defaces Beauty,  
 Diminishes Strength, corrupts the blood,  
 Inflames the Liver, weakens the Brain,  
 Turns men into walking Hospitals, causes internal,  
 External, and incurable Wounds; is a Witch to the Senses,  
 A Devil to the Soul, a Thief to the Purse, the  
 Beggar's Companion, a Wife's woe and Children's  
 Sorrow; makes Man become a Beast and  
 A self-murderer, who drinks to others'  
 Good health, and robs himself of  
 His own! Nor is this all;  
 It exposes to the  
 Divine

DISPLEASURE HERE!  
 And hereafter to  
 ETERNAL DAMNATION!

Such are  
 Some of  
 The evils  
 Springing  
 From the  
 Root of  
 DRUNKENNESS.

## TAME HERON.

A FINE specimen, though a this year's bird, of what the country people call a "lang-necked heron," was caught a few weeks ago in a salmon net at the Bow-scaur, while busy devouring the tacksman's fish. The culprit, we believe, made a stout resistance, and defended himself bravely with his formidable bill; but it would not do. Few fishermen like to be forestalled, before even they can bring their goods to market, and as his claws had got entangled in the meshes of the net, he was seized, pinioned, and carried home, as the most appropriate punishment for his poaching propensities. Shortly after this, the bird was brought to the King's Arms Inn, gifted to Mr. Frazer, and allowed to hop about the stable-yard, associating, in the course of his perambulations, sometimes with the pigs, sometimes with the poultry. By degrees he attached himself chiefly to the dung-stead, where he reigns at this moment cock of the walk, to the great displeasure of the curs, and the sparrows. The *game* he displays in every rencontre, inspires respect wherever he struts, and when a dog dares to bark at or otherwise molest him, a single peck from his long bill, sends the enemy a-scrampering with his tail between his feet. But of all the animals, wild or tame, that frequent the yard of our principal inn, the sparrows have cause to dread him most. To the pickles of corn mixed with the dung, they have long claimed a sort of vested right, and while nibbling up these, the heron, who is a sportsman in every sense of the word, singles out his bird, and not only pounces on, but gobbles up the quarry before, as the hostlers phrase it, you could say Jack Robison. His organs of hearing are remarkably acute, and we have seen him stretch forth his long neck, and turn his eyes this way and that, merely from the almost imperceptible noise which the birds' wings were making in the air. A more dexterous hawk we never saw; concealment by crouching is carefully studied; distance, too, is calculated with the greatest nicety; and the sparrows, from the caution they now observe, seem to be aware that their numbers are getting thinner and thinner. From the first, he

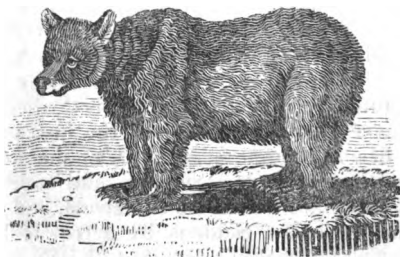
seemed fond of this sport, and still pursues it eagerly, though a plentiful meal of fish is always at his service; and from these circumstances we are led to infer that the heron has two strings to his bow, and poaches on land as well as in burns and arms of the sea, while roaming unrestrained in a state of nature. In talking over the subject with an experienced sportsman, he mentioned, among other things, that though eagles frequently attack herons, they often come off second best. If the heron is approached unawares, death is almost sure to ensue; but if the battle, as is usual, takes place in the air, the eagle uniformly tries to get uppermost. But as the heron on his part strains every nerve to elude the snare which is thus laid for him, it is beautiful to see the feathered belligerents "screwing the heavens till lost in the blue." Occasionally the eagle attempts to stoop too soon, and as he cannot pause, wheel, and then strike—that is, after the descent is commenced—the heron sometimes, by a dexterous movement, awaits the onset with his neck extended, and after transfixing the enemy with his formidable beak, tumbles or bears him to the land or the water, never to stretch his pinions more.—*Dumfries Courier*.



## LORD BYRON AND HIS PET BEAR.

IT is well known that the young poet had a favourite bear—they were remarkably partial to each other. One of his Lordship's great delights was to *englove* and *spar at* Ursa, till the poet became tired and Ursa irritated; for though generally a tame and docile quadruped, he was muzzled for fear of accidents. His Lordship was suddenly called down to Nottinghamshire. He had taken places for "two gentlemen" in a northern mail, in the names of Byron and Bruin. It was a dark November night—the *friends* arrived in Lombard Street in a hackney-coach a little before eight. The off-door of the mail, at his Lordship's demand, was opened; Byron placed his own travelling cap on Bruin's head, and pushed him into the "vehicle of letters," followed, and immediately made him squat on the seat, looking as "demure as a Quaker in a brown upper Benjamin." They occupied the whole of the back; and it so happened that the two B's (Byron and Bruin) were the only passengers that started from the Post Office. At Islington they took in a third, a retired Cit.: he was a quidnunc! a Cockney! and a tailor! Old Snip's *V's* and *W's* in a short dialogue with the door-opening guard was *quan. suff.* for Byron; a pleasant companion for an educated Peer, young, proud, and splenetic! The bear's *instinct* pleased, but the Cockney's *reason* was emetical. Not a sound was heard within till ascending Highgate Hill. Alas! what is sciatica or gout compared to the infliction of silence on an old garrulous tailor? Snip took advantage of the hill—hemmed thrice, and then broke silence with—"Vell, Sir; a bit of *nice noose* in this here mornin's paper—vot d'ye think of them going on of that there cowardly rascal *Boneypart*?" A pretended snore, "loud and deep," was his Lordship's only reply to the Cockney quidnunc's attack on the "great soldier!" Snip was dead beat by the snore—he turned with disgust from his supposed sleeping opponent, and cast a longing eye towards the *quiet gentleman* in the fur cap in t'other corner, and re-opened his "vomitory of vociferation" with, "Hem! a nice bit of road this here, Sir, jest to Vetstun—(no answer). He's a deaf 'un, perhaps;" and in a louder key re-commenced—"A

very cold night this here, Sir!" Like Brutus over Cæsar's body, Snip paused for a reply, while the embryo Peer, to smother a laugh, was obliged to issue a tremendous snore that almost alarmed his quiescent friend Bruin. The earhurt Snip eased off from his snoring Lordship towards the supposed *deaf gentleman*, and, bent on conversation, was determined to have an answer; and, in defiance of Chesterfield, sought to seize a breast-button, but encountered nothing but fur. "Ah! Sir," bawled Snip, "this here's a werry nice travelling coat of your'n." Receiving no reply but a growl and a snore, Snip, in despair, gave his tongue a holiday—and slept. Aurora's early beams had already peeped into the coach windows, when he awoke to unthought-of horrors; for the first object which caught his sight was Bruin's head, with muzzled mouth but glaring eyes, within three feet of his own boiled gooseberry goggles. "My God!" he exclaimed, "the deaf gentleman in the nice varm travelling coat is a real live bear! Help! murder! coach! stop!" roused the slumbering guard. "Let me out!" shouted Snip—and out he went, and the poet and his pet were left in full possession of the interior, while Snip *measured* the *seat* of the box for the remainder of his journey. The *Way-Bill* is still extant, though not "written in choice Italian," as Hamlet says, but Lad-lane English; and the story is known, and still told, by many an Old Whip on the northern road.



## MEMOIR OF THE LATE MRS. SIDDONS.

MRS. SIDDONS was the eldest daughter of Roger Kemble, and was born on July 16th, 1755, at a public-house, called the Shoulder of Mutton, at Brecknock, in Wales. Her father was the manager of a strolling company of comedians; her mother was the daughter of Mr. John Ward, in his line an actor of repute, and also the manager of a company of comedians. Her father was a Catholic, but Mrs. Siddons was, we believe, bred up in the faith of her mother. Mrs. Siddons' early life was passed under her father's roof till her 15th year. She had at that time excited in her future husband, Mr. Siddons, an attachment of which her parents did not approve. Mr. Siddons was an actor of her father's company; and though he was respectable, both as a performer and as a man, her parents endeavoured to break off the attachment. He is said to have been a handsome man, graceful in his manners, and capable of inspiring in a young beauty a passion as ardent as the one he felt. When the attachment was discovered, the effect of absence was tried, and Miss Kemble was placed as a companion or servant with a Mrs. Greathead, near Warwick. While she was here, she informed Mr. Garrick who she was, and solicited his judgment of her abilities, and his protection. Garrick (says Mr. Boaden, from whose volumes we shall chiefly draw) seemed highly pleased with her utterance and her deportment, wondered how she had got rid of the old song, the *Ti-tum-ti*; told her how his engagements stood with the established heroines, Yates and Young—admitted her merits—regretted that he could do nothing for her, and wished her a good morning. At this time Miss Kemble must have been in all the charms of her youth. She had then that delightful voice which afterwards thrilled through her audience; her eye shone with the lustre of talent. During her residence at Mrs. G.'s, she kept up a correspondence with Mr. Siddons, and at length had made up her mind to become an actress, and complete her union with Mr. Siddons by a trip to Scotland. The latter was probably averted by the consent of her parents, and before she had completed her 18th year,



her father gave her hand to Mr. Siddons. Mr. and Mrs. Siddons joined a company then performing at Cheltenham, and both of them were immediately taken notice of by Lord Bruce, afterwards of Aylesbury, and his accomplished family. A recommendation to Garrick took place; the Rev. H. Bate, afterwards Sir Bate Dudley, was requested to examine and report concerning her performances. He saw and admired her, recommended her to Garrick, and on December 29th, 1775, when she was 20 years of age, Mrs. Siddons made her first appearance in London, at Drury Lane, in the character of Portia, and was received with great applause. To theatrical readers it may be interesting to be reminded, that, on that occasion, King played Shylock, and Bensley, Bassanio; Miss Jarret was Jessica, and pretty Mrs. Davis attended Portia into court as her clerk. The company of which she was a member was under the direction of Garrick, and she appears to have been placed entirely at his mercy. She had no articles of agreement and no salary, and her biographer speaks as if Garrick was even then insensible to her merits. At the close of his career on May 23, 1776, he revived the Suspicious Husband, and gave her the part of Mrs. Strickland to play to his own Ranger. She added by it to her growing reputation. Her first appearance in tragedy was made in the part of Lady Anne, when Garrick revived Richard the Third. She there met Roscius in all his terrors, and hung back from timidity; his severe glance corrected the failure, and the reproach was, with extreme sensibility, long remembered. On June the 5th she played before their Majesties as Lady Anne, but she seems then to have made no impression on Garrick. He soon after left the stage; she was dismissed, and retired (says her biographer) from a scene that presented little but mortification. She was, however, immediately engaged by Mr. Richard Yates, the manager of the Birmingham Company, and Henderson, seeing her there, had the sagacity to predict her great success, and pronounce that she would never be surpassed. Mrs. Siddons was soon afterwards engaged at Bath, and there restored, by her great powers, the Tragic Muse to her honours, and established for herself a fame

that carried her in a few years in triumph back to the metropolis. She played in the interval chiefly at Bath, but she also played at York and Manchester, and at the latter place performed Hamlet with great applause. She began to be greatly distinguished; the spring-tide of popularity began to flow, and was never after, during the course of a long life, to know any ebb. It was in 1782-3, seven years after her first appearance at Drury Lane, that she was re-engaged at that theatre, and came out for the season in the character of Isabella, on the 10th of October.

Her success in London was now as decisive, and her triumph as great, as her former reception had been mortifying. She repeated Isabella eight times between the 10th and 30th of October, and gained each night more applause. Her next character was Euphrasia, in the Grecian Daughter, and till then the vast power and extent of her voice were imperfectly appreciated.

Mrs. Siddons having established her reputation in these two characters, next most deeply interested the public by her Jane Shore. So affecting was she in this mistress of a prince, that at the close of the play, where Shore sees her husband and breathes out the few dying words, "Forgive me, but forgive me," the sobs and shrieks of the women were distinctly audible, and even the other sex, who tried to suppress their tears, were obliged to weep. Several persons fainted; and the artificial grief of the actress gave rise to much alarm in the audience.

Her salary was at this time £10 a week, but she was allowed two benefits. For her benefit she chose the character of Belvidera, in *Venice Preserved*, and was eminently successful. From this time her reputation was fully established. She became all the fashion. Their Majesties honoured her by seeing her in all her characters. Her company was courted by the highest nobility, and she delighted them as much by her conversation and manners as she delighted the public on the stage by her admirable acting. Drury Lane closed on the 5th of June, with Isabella, which Mrs. Siddons had played twenty-two times. She had also performed her other characters very frequently, and no sooner did Drury Lane close than she left London for

Dublin, where she also performed with singular success. "She is believed (says Mr. Boaden) to have carried away from Dublin £1100; from Cork, £700; and on touching her native shores, £160 from Liverpool"—a very pretty fee for a summer excursion. The returning winter saw two of her brothers, Mr. Stephen and Mr. John Kemble, engaged in London; the former performed *Othello*, and failed; the latter was splendidly successful in *Hamlet*. The number of Mrs. S.'s characters were this year, 1783-4, increased by *Isabella*, in Shakespeare's play of *Measure for Measure*; by *Mrs. Beverley*, in the *Gamester*; by *Constance*, in *King John*; and by *Lady Randolph*, in *Douglas*. In all she was eminently successful, sealing her reputation by the last. In this year Mrs. Siddons also played *Sigismunda*, in Thomson's play of *Tancred and Sigismunda*, and it is supposed that her appearance in that character led Sir Joshua Reynolds to paint his noble picture of her in the character of the Tragic Muse, as that picture was painted in this year. Her second season closed, which was one of great exertion, with great applause, and during the summer she visited Edinburgh, Dublin, and Cork. In these excursions she must have made considerable sums, which gave her enemies an occasion to reproach her. The audience were influenced by false reports, and in Oct. 1784, Mrs. Siddons met with such a reception from the public as Mr. Kean met after his trespass on morality that was made public in a Court of Justice. It was only after a long interval that she could obtain a hearing, and then she denied the aspersions, and said that her respect for the public led her to be confident that she should be protected from unmerited insult. Mrs. Siddons now added to her other characters *Margaret of Anjou*, and *Lady Macbeth*. From this time forward, for many years, Mrs. Siddons continued to be the chief attraction at the theatres. Her empire over the public was divided, indeed, by Mrs. Jordan. Her brother, John Kemble, became, in 1787, Stage Manager of Drury Lane, which contributed much to his sister's happiness. In 1792, Mrs. Siddons played the *Jealous Wife* with success, and, in 1794, had the satisfaction of opening the then new theatre of Drury Lane with her *Lady*

Macbeth. On the German drama being imported into England, she, too, performed Mrs. Haller in the Stranger. About 1801, Mr. Kemble acquired a share in Covent Garden Theatre, and the services of Mrs. Siddons were afterwards transferred thither. Mrs. Siddons lost one of her daughters, the youngest, whom it was expected Sir T. Lawrence would wed, in 1798; her husband died in 1802, and her eldest daughter in 1803, which events gave to a hitherto prosperous life — prosperous beyond the ordinary lot of mortals, the first distaste, and she began, for the first time probably since she first knew the enchanting breath of popular applause, to wish for retirement. She felt severely too, the eclipse which she, in common with all performers, suffered in 1804, by the astonishing success of Master Betty. She became popular again in 1806-7, and, with her brother, then played all her characters with undiminished splendour. In 1808 came the conflagration of the theatre, which for a season suspended her efforts. The company took refuge in the Haymarket, and Mrs. Siddons announced some of her characters for the last time. She did, however, accept an engagement at the new house, at £50 a night, which she opened, and performed her part of Lady Macbeth in dumb show in the midst of the O. P. riot. Mrs. Siddons took leave of the profession on the 29th of June 1812, her last performance being the character of Lady Macbeth. In 1813 she performed the same character for the benefit of her brother Charles, and in 1816 the character of Queen Catherine for the same object. On the 8th of June in that year she performed Lady Macbeth, to gratify the Princess Charlotte of Wales and the Prince of Saxe Cobourg, which was, we believe, her last appearance on the stage. She, subsequent to that time, gave public readings of Shakespeare and Milton, but, generally speaking, she lived in close retirement since 1816. She resided in Upper Baker Street, and continued in good health, and capable of taking air till within a few days of her death. She died at her house, at half-past nine o'clock on Wednesday morning, June 8th, 1831. at the age of 76.

Mrs. Siddons had three children, who all died before her. Her son was proprietor and manager of the

Edinburgh Theatre, and died a number of years ago. The death of her two accomplished daughters and of her husband we have already mentioned. The daughters were said to have possessed the happiest minds and the most delightful persons; the elder sister was an accomplished and scientific musician. The death of Mrs. Siddons has thrown a gloom over the theatrical world, and has materially affected one theatre.—*Morning Chronicle*.

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## TAME OTTER.

A Lancashire Gentleman, who lately paid a visit to his friend Henry Monteith, Esq. of Carstairs, when about to depart, was surprised to see a tame otter issue from the dog kennel, and run about the wheels of his carriage, when called on by the appropriate name of "Neptune." This circumstance naturally led to some inquiry, from which it appeared that the animal was caught about two years ago, when only a few weeks old, and actually suckled by a pointer bitch. Since then it has become a very docile, domestic quadruped, and is much "made of" and admired by all. The gamekeeper, in particular, has taken it under his especial patronage, and the man, undoubtedly, has good reason for doing so. As the purveyor of game, he could do little without his faithful *allies*, the pointers and greyhounds, and the otter's services are equally useful in another way—that is, in procuring a dish of excellent burn-trout, when the nature of the weather or the season is such that the finny people will scarcely rise at either bait or fly. In a state of nature, otters fish only for themselves, but when fairly civilized, and properly looked after, they appear to act on the principle of the clergy, and are contented with a tithe, or so, of the fruits. This, at least, is the practice of the animal in question, and though he frequently steals away at night to fish by the pale light of the moon, or pay his respects to some fair otteress, his master is, of course, too generous to find any fault with his peculiar mode of spending his evening hours. In the morning he is always at his post in the dog kennel, among several couples of pointers and greyhounds, and no

one, it is said, understands better "how to keep his own side of the house." For this the gamekeeper commends him highly, and boldly avers that if the best cur that ever ran were "to dar' even to girn" at his protégé, "he would soon mak' his teeth meet through him." To mankind, however, he is much more civil; allows himself to be gently lifted by the tail, but objects to any interference with his snout, which is probably with him the seat of honour. As an angler his reputation is advancing rapidly, and one or two of Mr. Monteith's neighbours intend to borrow him for a day or two in spring, for the purpose of ascertaining the quality and size of the larger trout in the pools on their estates.—*Dumfries Courier*.

In addition to the above, we may mention, that, many years ago, there was a tame otter at Meikleour House, Perthshire. It had been caught when very young at or near Stormont Loch, and tamed by an eccentric individual of the name of Donaldson, who afterwards sold it to the Honourable Miss Mercer Elphinstone, now Countess Flahault. We remember having seen this animal while in possession of Donaldson, who took great pleasure in exhibiting it, and making it perform certain *antics* which he had taught it. Its most valuable accomplishment, however, was killing fish of different kinds, both in rivers and lochs, and bringing the greater part of the spoil to its master. In this respect Donaldson found it extremely useful, especially as it often brought out grilse from the Isla, (to the great annoyance of the tacksmen of the fishings on the river) and sometimes killed pikes of enormous size. On almost every occasion it promptly answered Donaldson's whistle, and when it came to his foot fawned on him like a dog, though it retained its natural ferocity to every one else. Indeed its regard seemed quite untransferable; for at Meikleour it resisted all attempts at familiarity, and, after being kept some time in durance, took advantage of an attempt to induce it to take the river, with a halter about its neck, to slip the noose and disappear for ever.—*Ed.*

## ANDREW DUCROW.

IT was said of a celebrated votary of Bacchus, "that he must have been *born drunk*;" and it might be as reasonably conjectured, that Ducrow came into the world on horseback. Riding, to use an Irishism, is as much his element as the sea was Tom Coffin's. This modern *Centaur* was born at the *Nag's-head*, in the Borough, in 1793. His father, well known as the Flemish Hercules, brought him up to gymnastics, tight rope, slack rope, wire walking, stilt strutting, tumbling, and all the other elegant accomplishments that may be included under the title of *mountebankiana*. Young Ducrow was articled to the celebrated Richer, it being his father's intention "to bring him up to the rope." The young gentleman's first essay was at a fête at Frogmore, attended by Geo. III. and his consort, when part of the stage fell in, and Andrew's younger brother was much hurt. The King came on the stage to see the little fellow, and conversed for some time with the embryo equestrian. During his studies (on the rope) he fell, and broke an arm; his father, on his return home, thrashed him severely for being so clumsy, saying, in his inimitable English, "You break your dam arm again, you know what you catch." In 1808, Ducrow appeared as a rope-dancer at Astley's, and continued for many years to practise this neck-endangering profession, and was a successful rival to Wilson, Saunders, Godeau, &c. From the age of three years to that of fifteen, he regularly worked sixteen hours a day; during his leisure, he wandered into the regions of Kennington-common, and then and there-anent did bestride any stray quadruped masticating upon the common, being by no means particular in his choice;—horse, donkey, bull, or cow; nay, even pig came not amiss; as something he must and would ride. The consequences of all this, as our readers may imagine, were divers dislocations and contusions, which he was obliged to conceal from his father, who "never suffered any body to be ill in his family."—Collet, the equestrian, at length observing that he had a genius for horse-flesh, became his preceptor; his progress was rapid in the extreme, and he soon put the Makeens and Tho-

mases of the day *hors de combat*. From thence he went to Ghent and Paris, the inhabitants of which declared themselves not only electrified, but *galvanized*, by his performance. On one occasion, having sprained his ankle, he actually *danced the tight rope on one leg*. At the Surrey, some years ago, he wheeled a boy in a barrow on the rope, from the stage to the gallery, and (a much harder feat) back from the gallery to the stage! What the sensations of the young gentleman were whilst in *transitu*, we can imagine better than describe, but on the second night he was *non est inventus*; this threw Ducrow into a fury, and he tried to persuade some of the supernumeraries to take the boy's place; but they, having no taste for glory, declined; and Ducrow was obliged to ascend with an empty barrow, which he did, at the same time indulging in curses "not loud but deep:" but judge of his amazement, when, on arriving at the gallery, he saw the aforesaid young gentleman, quietly seated, viewing the performances; vulture never pounced upon his prey as Andrew Ducrow did upon his victim. In vain did the urchin exclaim "that he had paid his shilling," and demand the courtesy due to an auditor. Ducrow seized him, as *Rolla* does the child, popped him into the barrow, and rolled him down at a brisk trot; the young gentleman being, as Shakespeare says, "distilled almost to jelly by the act of fear." We have heard he left the country shortly after, but for this we do not vouch. Ducrow was travelling with his troop, waggon, &c. to Milan; the roads were steep, the snow deep, the skies rehearsing the hailstone chorus, and his servants knew nothing of the ways, and little of the language, of the Milanese; at length they came to a place where four roads meet, as the old romances have it. Ducrow knew as well as *Tony Lumpkin* could have told him, "that he must be sure and only *take one of them*;" but which? was a question not easily answered. At length some Lazzaroni appeared, and acted as guides; they took upon themselves to lead the way, and to this Ducrow assented in dignified silence, but beginning at length to re-arrange the harness of the horses, this was an atrocity to which the equestrian could not submit: they insisted, he resisted; and an



animated conversation ensued in *genuine metropolitan* on his part, and in equally erudite *patois* on theirs. After disputing for four hours, in snow two feet deep, the signors left him to guide himself: and there they were, man, woman, and child, beast, bag, and baggage on an Etrurian mountain, during as dreary a December night, as any private gentleman would *not* wish to be out in; and there they remained half dead with cold, and quite dead with fright, while Ducrow rode back 16 miles for assistance. During the late riots at Bristol, notice that the mob were approaching reached the theatre whilst he and his company were rehearsing. They paused; upon which he exclaimed with the coolness of Charles of Sweden, "Go on; I pay you for rehearsing, not listening to firing." But, when the rioters reached the door, he armed his people, and, going forth himself with a pistol in his hand, swore he would shoot the first man that laid a finger on his canvass. His resolution saved the property. Sir Walter Scott himself has not received greater homage than Ducrow. On the continent he was literally idolized; the presents he has received form a considerable cabinet. He is a man of great wealth, extraordinary taste, and original genius; is an admirable artist, possesses unquestioned courage, and unites the *best* heart to the *worst* temper of any man in the world.

W. L. P.



## A HERO'S MOTHER.

THE Marquis de La Fayette repaired to Fredericksburg, previous to his departure for Europe, in the fall of 1784, to pay his parting respects to the mother of Washington. Conducted by one of her grandsons, he approached the house, when the young gentleman observed, "There, sir, is my grandmother." La Fayette beheld, working in the garden, clad in domestic-made clothes, and her gray head covered by a plain straw hat, the mother of "his hero." The lady saluted him kindly, observing—"Ah, Marquis! you see an old woman—but come, I can make you welcome to my poor dwelling, without the parade of changing my dress. Much as La Fayette had heard and seen of the matron before, at this interesting interview he was charmed and struck with wonder. When he considered her great age, the transcendent elevation of her son, who, surpassing all rivals in the race of glory, "bore the palm alone," and at the same time discovered no change in her plain yet dignified life and manners, he became assured that the Roman matron could flourish in the modern day. The Marquis spoke of the happy effects of the revolution, and the goodly prospect which it opened upon independent America; stated his speedy departure for his native land, and paid the tribute of his heart, his love and admiration of her illustrious son. To the encomiums which he had lavished upon his hero and paternal chief, the matron replied in these words:—"I am not surprised at what George has done, for he was always a very good boy."

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## ABERDEEN JOKES.

THE following *facetiae Aberdenensis* we extract from the last number of the Aberdeen Magazine:—"A venerable Aberdeen Bailie, long, long ago called to his fathers, had once, on a most extraordinary occasion, to travel all the way to that great city, London. He was informed, before his departure, by an economical friend, that the cheapest way of living in London was to dine at a coffee-room. This practice he accordingly adopted. Seated in a coffee-room one forenoon, very hungry, he

could by no means name to the waiters any dish which there was a possibility of procuring. At length, hearing a gentleman call for coffee, he vociferated, 'I'm sayin', waiter, I'll hae coffee, tee.' 'Coffee tea, Sir,' said the waiter; 'sorry we've no beverage called 'at ere in the ouse.' 'Lord sake, min,' said the Bailie, 'canna ye gee's coffee, the thing the tither chap's gettin'?' 'Oh, yes, Sir; bring you a cup of coffee.' But when the coffee was produced, our townsman liked not the three miserable slices of toast which accompanied it, so, having crunched them all up, he vociferated, 'I'm sayin', waiter, I'll hae nae mair o' them wafers, ye maun bring me a shave o' loaf at ance.' 'Yes, Sir, immediately.' But the waiter was not so good as his word; for, returning, he stated, 've've sent and searched every bake'ouse in the street, Sir, and can't find no such thing as a shave o' loaf among 'em all.' Now this was truly perplexing, and our townsman had still to rack his ingenuity for his dinner. At length a lucky thought struck him. He saw some pigeons perched on a chimney close by, and he would have a 'doo tert'; but what this meant all the learned men in the coffee-room could not discover, and he was at last enabled, by means of a series of signs, to make known that he wished a 'pigeon pie.'"

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### LAWYERS.

A FEW weeks ago I was seated in a stage-coach with a clergyman, a lawyer, and a respectable-looking elderly person. The lawyer, wishing to quiz the clergyman, began to descant pretty freely on the admission of unqualified persons into the church. "As proof," says he, "what pretty parsons we have; I once heard one, instead of reading 'And Aaron made an *atonement* for the *sins* of the people,' read, 'And Aaron made an *ointment* for the *skins* of the people.'"—"Incredible," replied the clergyman.—"Oh!" replied the lawyer, "I dare say this gentleman will be able to inform us of something similar."—"That I can," says the old gentleman, while the face of the lawyer brightened in triumph, "for I was once present in a country church,

where the clergyman, instead of reading 'The devil was a *liar*,' actually read, 'The devil was a *lawyer* from the beginning.'—*From a Traveller.*

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### WHAT'S IN A NAME?

It appears that, while Manchester is now acknowledged to be amongst the greatest commercial towns in Britain, it also boasts a few peculiarities worthy of remark; and, by turning over Pigot's new Directory, it will be found to be the seat of royalty, as it contains, at present, no fewer than 25 Kings, and, although we have no Queens, yet there are 30 Princes, 4 Dukes, 3 Earls, 47 Lords, 21 Barons, and 36 Knights. We can also boast of having 2 Bishops, 80 Deans, 21 Proctors, 11 Popes, 3 Priests, 3 Prophets, and 5 Monks; still it is lamentable to think that there are only 2 Christians in the whole community. If we take places of worship, it would appear that the dissenters are gaining ground very rapidly, as there are only 2 Churches, while there are 15 Chapels and 17 Kirks. The peculiarities of the seasons are considerable, for we have neither Springs nor Autumns, but, to make up for their loss, we have 13 Summers and 9 Winters; we have, likewise, Frosts, Snows, Rains, and Fogs. We have plenty of Moons, but no Suns; still we have Roses and Lilies, Oaks and Ashes, and plenty of Gardeners, Foresters, and Farmers. Our scenery is also very much diversified, having 2 Mountains, 100 Hills, and 37 Dales; and, although we have neither Rivers nor Lakes, but only a few Brooks, yet we have Bridges and Barges, plenty of Fishers, and a fair supply of Salmon. And the stranger in Manchester will be surprised to find, perfectly at large, no fewer than 27 Lyons, and lots of Nightingales, Swans, Peacocks, and Ducks. We have Mr. Law, an attorney; Mr. Jump, a rope-maker; Wood, a joiner; Corn, a baker; and Chambers, a house builder. We are taught in strong language, the mutability of human affairs, for we find the great Isaac Newton, a painter, in Liverpool Road; Addison a joiner, in Tasle Street; Burns, a dyer, in Oldham Street; and Thomas Lawrence (no longer bearing the

honour of knighthood) earning his livelihood by weaving, at No. 5, Quay Street. And is it not a *lasting* shame, that poor Tommy Moore should be making, not amorous ditties, but boots and shoes, in Oldham Road? The "Pilot that weathered the storm" is still pursuing his vocation by mending windows in Oak Street; and his great opponent, Charles Fox, is an artist in Market Street. Robert Peel is now a labourer in Salford, and Joey Hume, an engraver, in Shudehill. Horatio Nelson now "fights his battles o'er," at the King's Arms, Ancoats Lane; and, to *crown* all, Charlie Stuart is now a mill-wright, near St. Peter's. Although Manchester, in point of population, stands second in the British empire, containing upwards of 230,000 inhabitants, among which there are no less than twenty Savages, it is a melancholy reflection that there is only one Wiseman in the whole parish.—  
*Liverpool Albion.*



## MAGISTRATES OF EDINBURGH.

ON Tuesday, the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Council, went to the High Church, when an excellent sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Robert Gordon, one of the ministers of the city, from St. Matthew xxviii, v. 18, latter clause of the verse—"All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth." After divine service, the election of Magistrates took place in the Council Chamber.—The Right Hon. William Allan, of Glen, Lord Provost.

The Lord Provost, in returning thanks for the election, expressed his earnest wish to discharge his duties in such a manner as to secure the conscientious support of his colleagues in office and of the community; but while he cherished a hope that he might do so, he intimated that if those measures which might appear to him conducive to the public advantage, did not appear in the same light to his brethren in Council, he would take in good part every remonstrance and honest opposition; and trusted that whatever differences of opinion might have existed previous to, or connected with, the present arrangements of the Magistracy, all irritation and excitement would subside, and that all parties would unite heart and hand in forwarding the public good.

## THE CIVIC FEAST.

On Tuesday evening, the Lord Provost and Magistrates, with about 200 respectable guests, dined in the Waterloo Tavern, where his Lordship presided. Among the more distinguished guests we observed the Earl of Morton, Viscount Melville, Lord Nairn, Sir William Rae (Lord Advocate), Hon. Sir Alexander Hope of Suffness, Hon. Major Dundas, Hon. Captain Dundas, R. N., Admiral Sir Philip Durham, Sir Walter Stirling, Sir John Hope, the Lord Register, Colonel Stisted, Royal Lancers, Captain Abercromby, David Wilkie, Esq. R. A., R. Dundas, Esq. of Arniston, &c. &c.

Treasurer Anderson, Dean of Guild Child, and Convener Chambers, acted as Croupiers.

On the cloth being removed, *non nobis Domine* was sung by Messrs. Kenward, Knott, and Ebsworth—who

also entertained the company with various glees in the course of the evening; and the band of the Royal Lancers, stationed in the gallery, performed many occasional and appropriate airs.

After the toasts of "the King—Duke of Clarence—the Royal Family—Lord Hill and the Army"—had been drunk with customary honours,

The LORD PROVOST gave—"Lord Melville and the Navy," which was received with loud cheers.

LORD MELVILLE—My lords and gentlemen, I am not surprised that any toast connected with the British navy should be received with favour and enthusiasm. Judging from the past, we may rest assured that British seamen, whenever the hour of trial shall come, will do their duty as heretofore—(Cheers)—and I hope and trust that those who have the management of the civil concerns of the navy will never be wanting in theirs. This country ought always to be prepared; but I trust the time is far distant when our gallant seamen shall be again called into action. Still the country ought to be prepared, and she is prepared.—(Loud cheers.) For my own share in the toast I beg to return my humble and heartfelt acknowledgments. It is always to me a peculiar gratification to receive the favourable notice of such a respectable assembly of the citizens of Edinburgh. I am sure I will be always happy to meet with them, and I am confident it will always be with pleasure and satisfaction.—(Loud cheering.) Glee "Ye Mariners of England."

LORD MELVILLE then said he had much pleasure in congratulating the meeting on the result of this day's election, and begged to propose the healths of the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of Edinburgh.—(Applause.)

The LORD PROVOST, in the name of himself and the Magistrates and Council, returned his most grateful thanks, and said his desire should ever be to deserve the warm feeling and respect which had just been shewn by his fellow-citizens in the manner in which they had drunk his health. The noble lords and many gentlemen present were aware, that Magistrates of burghs had a difficult duty to perform, and were often not viewed as they ought to be. They were looked upon

as being only actuated by paltry private motives. But such men as those by whom he was this day honoured on his right and left knew what they had to do, and what they had done; and were their actual works and motives more publicly known, he flattered himself that they would be more generally approved of. He did not talk of this city in particular, but of the general feeling which pervaded the people in reference both to English and Scots burghs. He did not mean to enter into the general question of the burgh system; but he was satisfied of this, that there was no more corruption existing in burghs than was common to mankind. He trusted their fellow-citizens would examine their conduct closely, and admire and applaud only when they perform their duties.—(Cheers.)

His Lordship then gave "his Majesty's Ministers," which was received with acclamation.

LORD MELVILLE again felt himself called upon to return thanks in his own name and in the name of his colleagues in the Ministry. The Noble Duke at its head, he was sure, would feel gratified to learn that the toast had been received in such a way by this numerous and respectable assembly. The great and sole object of Ministers was the prosperity of the country; to maintain its honour in its foreign relations, as well as to watch over its domestic peace and prosperity. They gave their best endeavours to these ends, and if they were fortunate to succeed, they had their highest reward in the approbation of their sovereign, and the applause of their fellow-subjects.—(Cheers.)

The LORD PROVOST said he regretted the absence of a princely young nobleman, the boast of the Peerage, and the pride of Scotland, who, but for a family affliction, would have been present there. He begged to give—"The Duke of Buccleuch and the Lieutenancy of the County."—(Cheers.)

Sir JOHN HOPE, in the name of the Lieutenancy, returned thanks.

By the Chair—"The Earl of Morton and the Peerage of Scotland."

LORD MORTON returned thanks.

The LORD PROVOST said, it was with much pleasure he now rose to propose the next toast, which he might



call the leading object of the day—"the health of their Representative in Parliament, the Lord Register."—(Applause.) He believed the citizens had every reason to be satisfied with his services, though he (the Lord Provost) could only look forward to the future. But if their Representative did not discharge his duty to their satisfaction, they must have themselves to blame. The Lord Register or his successor in the representation could not know what were the wishes of his constituents, unless they were made known; and if any fault existed, it was right to see where the evil lay—to see whether they had properly instructed their Representative; and if they had not, then the fault was their own. If they had done so, and he had neglected to attend to their wishes, then only was he answerable for it. But he believed that the Lord Register had performed his duties in Parliament for the good of the country and of the city; he could assure him, however, that his constituents looked to his exertions, and it was only so long as he rendered them satisfaction in this point that he could depend on their support. With that feeling he begged to drink his health, and long life and happiness to him.—(Applause.)

THE LORD REGISTER said, that for the handsome manner in which his name had been given by the Chief Magistrate, and received by the company, his best thanks were due. But when he stated that he now stood in the 18th year of his representation of the metropolis of his native country, they would not be surprised when he said that it was not easily possible for him to vary the language or change the expression of his thanks for the support he had received from them during all that long period. But if that was impossible, it would be equally so to efface from his memory the recollection of all the kindnesses, affections, and friendships he had experienced from them. From the favours conferred on him by his sovereign, and from general elections, he had now appeared before them seven times as a candidate for their suffrages; and seven times, he might almost say, he had been unanimously returned as their representative. True it was that two dissenting voices were once heard; but that passed away and left no trace behind. They were

mere birds of passage; the winter's winds dispersed them, and spring returned without them—(Laughter.) In obtaining the suffrages of the city of Edinburgh no care, no opposition, no anxiety had ever assailed him; and they would allow him to add, no pecuniary expense had he ever incurred. He believed were he to canvass the whole of his friends in the House of Commons, and ask who among them could make a similar boast, that not one would be found to answer the call. So long as they wished him to be their representative, and while health and activity were his, he would be proud to employ them in their service.—(Cheers.)

The LORD REGISTER then said he had the liberty of his friend, the Lord Provost, to give a toast, and he would not introduce it by a speech, as it was one which required neither preface nor apology. It was to the health of their worthy Chief Magistrate, and success to his administration—(Loud cheers; Treasurer Anderson calling for "one cheer more.")

The LORD PROVOST said it was hardly fair to call upon him a second time within five minutes to make a speech about himself. But if the company would return 12 months hence, he would be able to state what his success had been; and on looking back on what had been done, he would then be better able to make a speech. In the mean time he returned his warmest thanks for their good anticipations, and begged to give the health of his predecessor in office—(Applause.) If at the end of his two years of office, he could be as well with his own conscience as that gentleman was, he should be very happy indeed. (The toast was drunk with great applause; and Treasurer Anderson again proposed "one cheer more" for the old Provost, in which the company cordially joined.)

Provost BROWN said, during the time he had been in office, he had endeavoured to discharge his duties to the best of his abilities, and he retired with much more pleasure, and with a much easier mind than he entered. It was no small gratification to him, however, to have the approbation of such a numerous and respectable meeting.

The LORD PROVOST felt sincere pleasure in proposing the health of a gentleman with whom he had the ho-

nour of being personally acquainted. He could speak of him more decidedly and distinctly than he could of any with whom he was less acquainted. He meant the Lord Advocate of Scotland. In his very difficult and arduous public duties, as well as in those of private life, there was no man who could possibly acquit himself more to the satisfaction of all reasonable men.—(Cheers.)

The LORD ADVOCATE said he found great difficulty in expressing in sufficient language the gratitude which was due by him to his fellow-citizens for the manner in which they had drunk his health. He could not but entertain the deepest feelings of respect for his fellow-citizens. He had been born in the very centre of the Old Town of Edinburgh; he had spent a long life-time there; and the half of that life-time in the discharge of important public duties. If in doing so he had been fortunate in obtaining the approbation of the public, he was more than recompensed for all the trouble and anxiety which he assured them he had felt in their performance.

LORD MELVILLE rose to perform a painful duty, in recommending them to drink, in solemn silence, the memory of one of their most highly-respected citizens lately deceased. He was certain that there was no person in the company who would not feel that any thing he could say in praise of that individual was fully justified by the character he bore in society. In particular, they would all remember that period, glorious for Scotland and this city, when they were honoured by the presence of their Monarch, who bore gracious testimony to the loyal and hearty welcome he received from his subjects here. Upon that occasion it was his (Lord Melville's) duty to tender the advice to his Sovereign to bestow some mark of distinction upon the excellent person of whom he now spoke. That advice was most willingly followed; but the time and the manner of bestowing it remained in the breast of the Sovereign himself; who of all men knew best how to do it in a manner worthy of himself, and of the merits of the person whom he delighted to honour. He need not say that the manner in which it was done, conferred an honour not more on the individual on whom it was

bestowed than on the city of which he was then Chief Magistrate. He would say no more than to express his unfeigned regret for the loss sustained by the death of that excellent person, and ask them to drink in silence to the memory of Sir William Arbuthnot.

The LORD PROVOST expressed his own disappointment, in common with the Town Council, at not being honoured with the presence of any of the Judges. In their absence he begged a bumper to "The Lord President and the Court of Session."—(Applause.)

The LORD ADVOCATE said the Lord Provost had lately honoured him by calling him his friend. He had the highest feeling of respect for his Lordship, and there was no individual who felt more anxious for the success of his administration than he did. But he felt also interested in the domestic happiness of his friend; and he begged to propose a bumper to the health of an individual who he had no doubt felt proud at the result of this day's election.—"The health of Mrs. Allan; and happiness and prosperity to her fireside."—(Loud and continued cheering.)

The LORD PROVOST said, had he been again called upon to have replied to the toast to his own health, he would not have cared how often; but here he was totally at a loss in what words to thank the company for the honour done him in the last toast. They might, however, believe, that in nothing could he be more gratified, or more highly flattered, than by the honour they had done to his wife. It was a common saying, that delays were dangerous; but he would say, in the words of another proverb, "better late than never," for he was afraid that in this matter he fell under the denomination of *late*. But if all those present who were yet unmarried were as fortunate in their delay as he had been, they would be happy indeed; for he would say, in the words of Crabbe—

"Disposed to wed, e'en while you hasten, stay;  
There's great advantage in a small delay."

(Cheering.)—He could assure them these words expressed completely what he felt from the bottom of his heart; and he hoped all the single members of this meeting would speedily take an opportunity of judging

for themselves.—(Great laughter.) Glee, “Here’s a health to all good Lasses.”

The Earl of MORTON gave “Principal Baird and the University;” for which, in the absence of the Principal, Dr. David Ritchie returned thanks.

Dr. MACLAGAN said, he was assured no apology was necessary for breaking in thus early on the usual toasts of the day, by proposing the health of their distinguished countryman Mr. Wilkie, by whose presence every meeting must feel themselves to be honoured.—(Loud applause.) Born and educated in this country, and acquiring the first rudiments of his delightful art in this city, Mr. Wilkie had gone on from one degree of excellence to another in all its varied departments. Combining the power of the poet and the painter, the beautiful transcripts of nature, and human manners and passions, which his pencil has embodied, while they gratify the taste of the learned and fastidious, touch alike the feelings of the peer and the peasant, imparting delight and satisfaction to all.—(Cheers.) Yet, with all this triumphant success, possessing the marked favour of a Sovereign whose taste in the fine arts forms a proud characteristic of his reign---and enjoying a corresponding fame in every country where the fine arts are cultivated, he, (Dr. M.) from an early and uninterrupted friendship, could say, that Mr. Wilkie had ever retained the same dignified simplicity of character, soundness of judgment, and kindness of affection.---(Applause.) Ever alive to the progress and prosperity of the fine arts, Mr. Wilkie delighted to discover and encourage the rising genius of his country : and while seeking health and improvement in more genial climes, where the monuments of the early glories of sculpture and painting enlightened the judgment, and refined the taste, he looked with increased anxiety to the rising fame of his native land---

“Where’er he roam, whatever realms he view,

“His heart untravell’d fondly turns to you.”—(Cheers.)

And surely of no one could it be said, with so much truth as of Mr. Wilkie, that to the other triumphs of Scotsmen, he had added the triumph of success in the fine arts. Dr. M. then proposed the health of David

Wilkie, R. A., which was drunk with the greatest enthusiasm.

Mr. WILKIE, in returning thanks, said he considered the compliment paid to the arts, rather than to himself as an individual.

The LORD PROVOST proposed a bumper to the healths of the late and present Conveners, and the Trades of Edinburgh; to whom he felt himself under great obligations.---(Cheers.)

Convener CHAMBERS returned thanks.

Dr. BRUNTON proposed the health of Mr. Hamilton, architect, a son of the Convenery, and a gentleman of tried genius, whose works, besides beautifying the city, would be lasting monuments to his own fame.---(Great applause.) Mr. Hamilton briefly returned thanks.

The LORD PROVOST now requested a bumper, an overflowing bumper, to a toast which he was sure they would all drink with the greatest cordiality---“The health of the Magistrates of Leith.” His Lordship, as an individual, and he believed all the citizens of Edinburgh now present, regretted that none of these gentlemen had honoured them with their presence. He was, however, happy to know, that several gentlemen from the town of Leith had sat down at the festive board of the Magistrates of Edinburgh. This was indicative both of good feeling and good taste, for, notwithstanding the *little* differences that had of late made great noise between the rulers of Edinburgh and Leith, he thought that the present meeting boded quieter times for the future, and he for one would not be behind in holding out the right hand of fellowship to the port of Leith. He deeply regretted the absence of the Magistrates of Leith on this occasion; but he would throw down the gauntlet of good fellowship to them, and assure them that whenever they chose to give a dinner, whether in their private houses or a public entertainment, he would be most happy to attend, provided they gave him the honour of an invitation.---(Laughter and cheering.) Nothing, in his opinion, was better calculated for smoothing asperities and eliciting the kindlier feelings of our nature, than a social and friendly meeting like the present. There were duties from which persons in official situations

could not in honour and conscience diverge. But still there were courtesies due amongst gentlemen, and explanations allowable between contending parties---when both contended for what they conceived to be their right---and these friendly explanations often went far to approximate not only feelings but notions of justice, which only erring humanity had construed to be at variance. He had a warm interest in the welfare of Leith, and he trusted, now that he had thus developed his good wishes for the port, that its worthy magistrates would accept his challenge, and give him a kindly invitation to adjust old scores at a friendly tête-à-tête in Leith. His Lordship concluded by proposing "The Magistrates of Leith, and may all prosperity and every happiness attend them."---(Cheers.)

COLLECTOR M'NAIR said, I cannot resist the inclination I feel, my Lord, in the absence of those who would have been better entitled, and better qualified, to have thanked your Lordship for the toast you have just given, and this company for the cordial manner in which it has been received. The trade of Leith, judging from the revenue, is prosperous and increasing---the direct West India trade we had lost is in some degree recovered, and is likely to be extended.---(Applause.) The revenue at this time is larger by some thousand pounds than it was at the corresponding period of last year. The improvements of the harbour are going on with activity, and when completed will, I doubt not, be the means of extending the trade. These two piers which have been the subject of so much discussion and dissension are rapidly extending; and, though in different directions, will soon approximate each other so as to produce the desired effect. A happy presage, my Lord, I trust, of that approximation to peace and tranquillity betwixt the Magistrates of this city and those of Leith, which have been so long interrupted, and which are so essentially necessary to the prosperity of both.---(Cheers.) Without the most distant idea of reflecting on your worthy predecessor, who, I believe, was sincerely desirous of restoring tranquillity, you, my Lord, possess advantages which he did not enjoy. You were not called upon to attend those meetings which excited so much controversy before you came

into office; no impressions have been made on your mind, or irritation produced by attendance on these meetings. With these advantages then, added to your own personal qualities and conciliating disposition, I sincerely trust and believe that it has been reserved for you to bestow that *boon* on the community over which you preside, of restoring peace and tranquillity on a firm and lasting basis. I know, my Lord, I am touching on dangerous ground; but having been engaged in these hostilities, ay, and fought in the hottest of the campaigns, I know something of the nature and object of the warfare and characters of the combatants. I know, Sir, there are honourable men on both sides, who have acted as they thought from conscientious motives, and from a regard to the public weal, and I do not believe there is one of them who would not now enter on negotiations for peace on fair and honourable terms.—(Cheers.) All that is wanted, in my opinion, is a zealous, impartial, and able negotiator; that, I trust, my Lord, they will find in you; and before you lay aside that badge of distinction which has been conferred on you by your fellow-citizens, you will have the happiness of seeing peace and tranquillity restored to the community over which you preside—a blessing, I am sure, which will be gratefully received, and be a distinguished feature in your mayoralty.—(Loud cheering.) From the regret your Lordship expressed at not meeting the Magistrates of Leith here to-day, and the social and convivial spirit you have evinced in your toast, I cannot help remarking, that the unhappy discussions to which you have alluded, commenced soon after the system of economy was introduced into the management of the city funds, by which the convivial meetings that took place formerly in Leith were abolished. The first time I ever had the honour of dining with the Magistrates of Edinburgh, was when the late Provost Creech was Admiral of Leith. I had an invitation to meet the Admiral and his crew, not in the *Shore Dues Office at one o'clock*, but in the *Ship Tavern at four o'clock*, and a happier meeting I never attended.—(Applause.) Whatever dissensions might take place in the forenoon, nothing but harmony existed in the afternoon; and when peace and harmony



are again restored, I do not think it would be any great misapplication of the city funds to appropriate a small part of them to enable the gentlemen who bestowed so much time and attention to the management of the affairs of Leith, to enjoy themselves at a plain dinner and a few bottles of Leith Port, after the fatigues of *Dry Dock* business.—(Laugh.) I shall then be most happy to resume my duty as their collector. May I ask a bumper to the toast—"Success to the Magistrates of Edinburgh, and a speedy restoration of concord between them and the Magistrates of Leith."—(applause.)

The LORD PROVOST briefly replied, and stated that he would meet the Magistrates of Leith in a friendly spirit, at any time and upon any occasion—either at three or four o'clock—before dinner, at dinner, or after dinner—with dinner or without it—and he trusted that this consummation, so devoutly to be wished, would not be delayed to a very distant day.—(Cheers.)

The LORD PROVOST then gave—"Sir Alex. Hope and the Freeholders of Linlithgowshire."

SIR ALEXANDER returned thanks for himself and the freeholders of the county which he had the honour to represent.

Bailie BLACKWOOD gave—"Dr. Brunton and the Clergy of Edinburgh," for which the Rev. Doctor returned thanks.

The LORD PROVOST, in proposing the health of the Solicitor-General, pointed out that learned gentleman as a proper model for all who desired to rise to eminence and respectability in the legal profession. The toast was received with great applause.

"The Magistrates of Edinburgh"—by the Chair.

Bailie BLACKWOOD then proposed the High School of Edinburgh—one of the most venerable and most valuable institutions in our far-famed city—and whose teachers, for diligence and profound erudition, would bear a comparison with those of any seminary in the empire. "The Rector and Masters of the High School," was drunk with universal applause.

Dr. MACLAGAN gave—"Mr. Wood and the Sessional School of Edinburgh." (Applause.)

The LORD PROVOST proposed the New Academy. He believed he was the only member of the present

Council who had attended the opening of that institution, and he wished it all prosperity, for he was convinced that it would prove an excellent stimulus to the High School, and enhance, in place of lessening, the usefulness of that valuable and deservedly cherished seminary. With sincere wishes for its welfare, he would crave a bumper to Mr. Williams and the other masters of the New Academy. (Drunk with applause.)

Mr. WILKIE, R. A. requested, before the Lord Provost should leave the assembly, to express the satisfaction all present must feel at the good-humoured, dignified, and gentleman-like conduct of his Lordship in this his first appearance in the civic chair. In doing so, he begged leave to give a toast calculated to unite with the Chief Magistrate the prosperity of that city the interests of which would now be his peculiar care—the *Modern Athens* itself.—(Cheers.) He said that though a native, as they all were, he now saw Edinburgh as a stranger, and as a traveller who had seen all the admired cities of Europe; but what the tour of Europe was necessary to see elsewhere, he now found congregated in this one city.—(Cheers.) Here are alike the beauties of Prague and of Saltzburgh—here are the romantic sites of Orvietto and Tivoli—and here is all the magnificence of the admired bays of Genoa and Naples—here indeed to the poetic fancy may be found realized the Roman Capitol and the Grecian Acropolis.—(Cheers.) Still to him, and to those who count this the home of their youth, it is the ancient rather than the modern beauties of this metropolis that excite their warmest sympathies.—(Cheers.) The Auld Town, which was but now claimed by the Lord Advocate with enthusiasm as the place of his birth, is what is most treasured and longest remembered by the true Scotsman, and the interest attached to which every true friend to Edinburgh must hope not to see diminished. The recent improvements unite only the improvements of other cities, the grandeur of the Old Town is unique—as seen from Prince's Street, the range from the lofty citadel to the ancient palace of the Stuarts is the wonder of habitable cities. The massive lands and lofty gables, surmounted by the lengthened and undulating vertebræ of chimney tops,

here telling harsh against the sky, and there lost in their reeky eminences, form, with the crown-like tiara of St. Giles's, a spectacle worthy alike of the poet, the architect, and the painter. Such an aspect in such a vicinity might well suggest the heroic exclamation of

“Who would not fight for such a land!”—(Loud cheers.)

He concluded by saying, that a similar exclamation may probably suggest itself to the breast of the Chief Magistrate, as well as those associated with him in his high trust, of

“Who would not deserve well of such a city!”

a city to the prosperity of which he now called upon them to drink, by the homely and familiar appellation of “Auld Reekie.” (This toast was received with loud cheering.)

The Lord Provost left the chair at a little past eleven o'clock, and was succeeded by Bailie Blackwood, who kept those who remained in spirit and good humour till a considerably later period.

The evening passed off with that harmony and conviviality which good wine, good humour, and good fellowship among all present could not fail to produce. The dinner provided by Mr. Steventon was elegant and sumptuous, as will be seen by the following bill of fare:—

15 soups---8 real turtle, 4 clear rump soup, 3 green pea; 15 fish---3 turbot, 3 salmon, 5 cods' heads, 4 stewed haddocks; 15 joints, to remove fish---5 roast beef, 4 roast mutton, 2 roast veal, 4 roast lamb; 15 dishes game to remove joints---black-cock, partridges, grouse; 8 tongues, 6 hams, 9 dishes boiled chickens, 3 boiled turkeys, with white oyster sauce; 6 stewed beef, Harriot sauce, and Spanish onions; 6 boiled legs lamb; 4 boiled do. mutton, 2 roast beef, 2 roast mutton, 40 made dishes, 40 dishes of vegetables, 9 jellies, 9 creams, 18 tarts, 6 cream pastry, 15 lobsters---salads, 8 puddings to remove game. In all 250 dishes.



## INSCRIPTION BY BISHOP LOWTH.

On the south side of the Chancel of Cuddesdon Church,  
near Oxford, is the following beautiful inscription :—

Maria,  
Roberti Lowth, Episcopi Oxon.  
Et Mariæ Uxoris ejus filia  
Nata xīmo. die Junii, A. D.  
MDCCL, Obiit vto. die Julii  
A. D. MDCCLXVIII.

Cara vale ! ingenio, præstans, pietate, pudore,  
Ut plusquam natæ nomine cara vale,  
Cara Maria, vale, at veniet felicius ævum,  
Quando iterum tuum, sine modo dignus ero,  
Cara, redi ! læta tum dicam voce paternos,  
Eja age in amplexus, cara Maria, redi !

## TRANSLATION.

Dearer than daughter, paralleled by few,  
In genius, goodness, modesty, adieu !  
Adieu, Maria ! till that day more blest,  
When, if deserving, I with thee shall rest !  
Come then, thy Sire will cry, in joyful strain,  
O ! come to thy paternal arms again.



## THE ROSCIAD.

Roscius deceas'd, each high-aspiring play'r  
 Push'd all his int'rest for the vacant chair.  
 The buskin'd heroes of the mimic stage  
 No longer whine in love and rant in rage;  
 The monarch quits his throne, and condescends  
 Humbly to court the favour of his friends,  
 For pity's sake tells undeserv'd mishaps,  
 And their applause to gain recounts his claps.  
 Thus the victorious chiefs of ancient Rome  
 To win the mob a suppliant's form assume,  
 In pompous strain fight o'er th' extinguish'd war,  
 And shew where Honour bled in ev'ry scar.

But tho' bare merit might in Rome appear  
 The strongest plea for favour, 'tis not here;  
 We form our judgment in another way,  
 And they will best succeed who best can pay:  
 Those who would gain the votes of British tribes  
 Must add to force of merit force of bribes.

What can an actor give? in ev'ry age  
 Cash hath been rudely banish'd from the stage;  
 Monarchs themselves, to grief of ev'ry play'r,  
 Appear as often as their image there;  
 They can't, like candidate for other seat,  
 Pour seas of wine, and mountains raise of meat.  
 Wine! they could bribe you with the world as soon,  
 And of Roast Beef they only know the tune;  
 But what they have they give: could Clive do more,  
 Tho' for each million he had brought home four?

Shuter keeps open house at Southwark fair,  
 And hopes the friends of Humour will be there.  
 In Smithfield Yates prepares the rival treat  
 For those who laughter love instead of meat.  
 Foote at Old House, for even Foote will be  
 In self-conceit an actor, bribes with tea,\*  
 Which Wilkinson at second-hand receives,  
 And at the New pours water on the leaves.

The Town divided, each runs sev'ral ways,  
 As passion, humour, int'rest, party, sways.

\* In order to evade the act of parliament, Foote called his morning entertainments Giving Tea.

Things of no moment, colour of the hair,  
 Shape of a leg, complexion brown or fair,  
 A dress well chosen, or a patch misplac'd,  
 Conciliate favour or create distaste.

From galleries loud peals of laughter roll,  
 And thunder Shuter's praises—he's so droll!  
 Embox'd, the ladies must have something smart,  
 Palmer! oh! Palmer tops the janty part.  
 Seated in pit, the dwarf with aching eyes  
 Looks up, and vows that Barry's out of size,  
 Whilst to six feet the vig'rous stripling grown  
 Declares that Garrick is another Coan.  
 When place of judgment is by whim supply'd,  
 And our opinions have their rise in pride,  
 When in discoursing on each mimic elf  
 We praise and censure with an eye to self,  
 All must meet friends, and Ackman bids as fair  
 In such a court as Garrick for the chair.

At length agreed, all squabbles to decide,  
 By some one judge the cause was to be try'd;  
 But this their squabbles did afresh renew,  
 Who should be judge in such a trial—Who?

For Johnson\* some, but Johnson it was fear'd  
 Would be too grave, and Sterne too gay appear'd;  
 Others for Francklin voted; but 'twas known  
 He sicken'd at all triumphs but his own;  
 For Colman many, but the peevish tongue  
 Of prudent Age found out that he was young;  
 For Murphy some few pilf'ring wits declar'd,  
 Whilst Folly clapp'd her hands and Wisdom star'd.

To mischief train'd ev'n from his mother's womb,  
 Grown old in fraud, tho' yet in manhood's bloom,  
 Adopting arts by which gay villains rise,  
 And reach the heights which honest men despise,  
 Mute at the bar and in the senate loud,  
 Dull 'mongst the dullest, proudest of the proud,  
 A pert, prim prater of the northern race,†  
 Guilt in his heart and famine in his face,

\* Dr. Samuel Johnson, author of *The Rambler*.

† The voice of calumny gave this portrait to A. Wedderburne, Esq., who in 1778 was made Attorney-General. The writer of this note is no judge of likenesses.

Stood forth—and thrice he wav'd his lily hand—  
And thrice he twirl'd his tie—thrice strok'd his band—

“At Friendship's call,” (thus oft with trait'rous aim  
Men void of faith usurp Faith's sacred name)

“At Friendship's call I come, by Murphy sent,

“Who thus by me develops his intent ;

“But lest transfus'd the spirit should be lost,

“That spirit which, in storms of rhet'ric tost,

“Bounces about and flies like bottled beer,

“In his own words his own intentions hear.

“Thanks to my friends—but to vile fortunes born,

“No robes of fur these shoulders must adorn.

“Vain your applause, no aid from thence I draw ;

“Vain all my wit, for what is wit in law ?

“Twice, (curs'd remembrance !) twice I strove to gain

“Admittance 'mongst the law-instructed train,

“Who in the Temple and Gray's-Inn prepare

“For client's wretched feet the legal snare ;

“Dead to those arts which polish and refine,

“Deaf to all worth, because that worth was mine,

“Twice did those blockheads startle at my name,

“And foul rejection gave me up to shame.

“To laws and lawyers then I bade adieu,

“And plans of far more lib'ral note pursue.

“Who will may be a judge---my kindling breast

“Burns for that chair which Roscius once possest.

“Here give your votes, your int'rest here exert,

“And let success for once attend desert.”

With sleek appearance, and with ambling pace,

And type of vacant head with vacant face,

The Proteus Hill put in his modest plea---

“Let Favour speak for others, Worth for me.”---

For who like him his various pow'rs could call

Into so many shapes, and shine in all ?

Who could so nobly grace the motley list ?

Actor, Inspector, Doctor, Botanist !

Knows any one so well---sure no one knows---

At once to play, prescribe, compound, compose ?

Who can---But Woodward came---Hill slipp'd away,

Melting, like ghosts, before the rising day.

With that low cunning which in fools supplies,

And amply too, the place of being wise,

Which Nature, kind indulgent parent, gave  
To qualify the blockhead for a knave ;  
With that smooth falsehood whose appearance charms,  
And reason of each wholesome doubt disarms,  
Which to the lowest depths of guile descends,  
By vilest means pursues the vilest ends.  
Wears Friendship's mask for purposes of spite,  
Fawns in the day, and butchers in the night ;  
With that malignant envy which turns pale  
And sickens even if a friend prevail,  
Which merit and success pursues with hate,  
And damns the worth it cannot imitate ;  
With the cold caution of a coward's spleen,  
Which fears not guilt, but always seeks a screen,  
Which keeps this maxim ever in her view---  
What's basely done should be done safely too ;  
With that dull, rooted, callous impudence,  
Which, dead to shame and ev'ry nicer sense,  
Ne'er blush'd, unless in spreading Vice's snares  
She blunder'd on some virtue unawares ;  
With all these blessings which we seldom find  
Lavish'd by Nature on one happy mind,  
A motley figure of the fribble tribe,  
Which heart can scarce conceive or pen describe,  
Came simp'ring on, to ascertain whose sex  
Twelve sage empannel'd matrons would perplex ;  
Nor male nor female ; neither, and yet both ;  
Of neuter gender, tho' of Irish growth ;  
A six-foot suckling, mincing in Its gait,  
Affected, peevish, prim, and delicate ;  
Fearful It seem'd, tho' of athletic make,  
Lest brutal breezes should too roughly shake  
Its tender form, and savage motion spread  
O'er Its pale cheeks the horrid manly red.

Much did It talk, in Its own pretty phrase,  
Of genius and of taste, of play'rs and plays ;  
Much too of writings which Itself had wrote,  
Of special merit tho' of little note,  
For Fate in a strange humour had decreed  
That what It wrote none but Itself should read ;  
Much too It chatter'd of dramatic laws,  
Misjudging critics and misplac'd applause ;



Then with a self-complacent jutting air  
 It smil'd, It smirk'd, It wriggled, to the chair,  
 And with an awkward briskness not Its own,  
 Looking around, and perking on the throne,  
 Triumphant seem'd, when that strange savage dame  
 Known but to few, or only known by name,  
 Plain Common Sense, appear'd, by Nature there  
 Appointed, with Plain Truth, to guard the chair ;  
 The pageant saw, and blasted with her frown  
 To Its first state of nothing melted down.

Nor shall the Muse, (for even there the pride  
 Of this vain nothing shall be mortify'd)  
 Nor shall the Muse (should Fate ordain her rhymes,  
 Fond, pleasing thought ! to live in after-times)  
 With such a trifier's name her pages blot,  
 Known be the character, the thing forgot ;  
 Let It, to disappoint each future aim,  
 Live without sex, and die without a name ! \*

Cold-blooded critics, by enervate sires  
 Scarce hammer'd out, when Nature's feeble fires  
 Glimmer'd their last : whose sluggish blood, half froze,  
 Creeps lab'ring thro' the veins ; whose heart ne'er glows  
 With fancy-kindled heat ;---a servile race,  
 Who in mere want of fault all merit place ;  
 Who blind obedience pay to ancient schools,  
 Bigots to Greece, and slaves to musty rules,  
 With solemn consequence declar'd that none  
 Could judge that cause but Sophocles alone :  
 Dupes to their fancy'd excellence the crowd  
 Obsequious to the sacred dictate bow'd.

When from amidst the throng a youth stood forth,  
 Unknown his person, not unknown his worth ;  
 His look bespoke applause ; alone he stood,  
 Alone he stemm'd the mighty critic flood :  
 He talk'd of Ancients as the man became  
 Who priz'd our own but envy'd not their fame ;  
 With noble rev'rence spoke of Greece and Rome,  
 And scorn'd to tear the laurel from the tomb.

\* Curiosity will not quarrel with us for informing her that the name of the person to whom these severe lines allude was Fitzpatrick.

"But more than just to other countries grown,  
 "Must we turn base apostates to our own?  
 "Where do these words of Greece and Rome excel,  
 "That England may not please the ear as well?  
 "What mighty magic's in the place or air,  
 "That all perfection needs must centre there?  
 "In states let strangers blindly be preferr'd,\*  
 "In state of letters Merit should be heard.  
 "Genius is of no country; her pure ray  
 "Spreads all abroad, as gen'ral as the day;  
 "Foe to restraint, from place to place she flies,  
 "And may hereafter ev'n in Holland rise.  
 "May not, (to give a pleasing fancy scope,  
 "And cheer a patriot heart with patriot hope)---  
 "May not some great extensive genius raise  
 "The name of Britain 'bove Athenian praise,  
 "And, whilst brave thirst of fame his bosom warms,  
 "Make England great in letters as in arms? [aspires  
 "There may---there hath---and Shakespeare's Muse  
 "Beyond the reach of Greece; with native fires,  
 "Mounting aloft, he wings his daring flight,  
 "Whilst Sophocles below stands trembling at his height.  
 "Why should we then abroad for judges roam,  
 "When abler judges we may find at home?  
 "Happy in tragic and in comic pow'rs,  
 "Have we not Shakespeare?---is not Jonson† ours?  
 "For them, your nat'ral judges, Britons! vote;  
 "They'll judge like Britons who like Britons wrote."  
 He said, and conquer'd—Sense resum'd her sway,  
 And disappointed pedants stalk'd away:  
 Shakespeare and Jonson, with deserv'd applause,  
 Joint judges were ordain'd to try the cause.  
 Meantime the stranger ev'ry voice employ'd  
 To ask or tell his name—Who is it?—Lloyd.‡  
 Thus when the aged friends of Job stood mute,  
 And tamely prudent gave up the dispute,  
 Elihu, with the decent warmth of youth,  
 Boldly stood forth the advocate of Truth,

\* The future political satirist seems to break forth in this line.

† Ben Jonson.

‡ The Critical Reviewers, in their wisdoms, informed the world who was the author of *The Rosciad* by transcribing the latter half of this line—"Who is it?—Lloyd."

Confuted Falsehood, and disabled Pride,  
Whilst baffled Age stood snarling at his side.

The day of trial's fix'd, nor any fear  
Lest day of trial should be put off here.  
Causes but seldom for delay can call  
In courts where forms are few, fees none at all.

The morning came, nor find I that the sun,  
As he on other great events hath done,  
Put on a brighter robe than what he wore  
To go his journey in the day before.

Full in the centre of a spacious plain,  
On plan entirely new, where nothing vain,  
Nothing magnificent, appear'd, but Art  
With decent modesty perform'd her part,  
Rose a tribunal ; from no other court  
It borrow'd ornament or sought support :  
No juries here were pack'd to kill or clear,  
No bribes were taken, nor oaths broken here ;  
No gownsmen, partial to a client's cause,  
To their own purpose turn'd the pliant laws :  
Each judge was true and steady to his trust,  
As Mansfield wise, and as old Foster just.

In the first seat, in robe of various dyes,  
A noble wildness flashing from his eyes,  
Sat Shakespeare—in one hand a wand he bore,  
For mighty wonders fam'd in days of yore,  
The other held a globe, which to his will  
Obedient turn'd, and own'd the master's skill ;  
Things of the noblest kind his genius drew,  
And look'd thro' Nature at a single view ;  
A loose he gave to his unbounded soul,  
And taught new lands to rise, new seas to roll,  
Call'd into being scenes unknown before,  
And passing Nature's bounds was something more.

Next Johnson sat, in ancient learning train'd,  
His rigid judgment fancy's flights restrain'd,  
Correctly prun'd, each wild luxuriant thought  
Mark'd out her course, nor spar'd a glorious fault ;  
The book of Man he read with nicest art,  
And ransack'd all the secrets of the heart,  
Exerted penetration's utmost force,  
And trac'd each passion to its proper source,

Then, strongly mark'd, in liveliest colours drew,  
 And brought each foible forth to public view ;  
 The coxcomb felt a lash in ev'ry word,  
 And fools hung out their brother fools deterr'd ;  
 His comic humour kept the world in awe,  
 And Laughter frighten'd Folly more than Law.

But hark !—the trumpet sounds, the crowd gives way,  
 And the procession comes in just array.

Now should I, in some sweet poetic line,  
 Offer up incense at Apollo's shrine,  
 Invoke the Muse to quit her calm abode,  
 And waken Mem'ry with a sleeping ode ; \*  
 For how should mortal man in mortal verse  
 Their titles, merits, or their names, rehearse ?  
 But give, kind Dulness ! memory and rhyme,  
 We'll put off genius till another time.

First Order came—with solemn step and slow,  
 In measur'd time his feet were taught to go ;  
 Behind from time to time he cast his eye,  
 Lest this should quit his place, that step awry ;  
 Appearances to save his only care ;  
 So things seem right no matter what they are ;  
 In him his parents saw themselves renew'd,  
 Begotten by Sir Critic on Saint Prude.

Then came Drum, Trumpet, Hautboy, Fiddle, Flute,  
 Next Snuffer, Sweeper, Shifter, Soldier, Mute ;  
 Legions of Angels all in white advance,  
 Furies, all fire, come forward in a dance ;  
 Pantomime figures then are brought to view,  
 Fools hand in hand with fools go two by two ;  
 Next came the Treasurer of either House,  
 One with full purse, t'other with not a sous ;  
 Behind a group of figures awe create,  
 Set off with all th' impertinence of state,  
 By lace and feather consecrate to fame,  
 Expletive kings and queens without a name.

Here Havard, all serene, in the same strains  
 Loves, hates, and rages, triumphs, and complains ;  
 His easy vacant face proclaim'd a heart  
 Which could not feel emotions nor impart.

\* Mason, at whom our Author's satire is leveled in almost all his writings, had published an Ode to Memory. See *Mason's Poems*.

With him came mighty Davies ; on my life  
That Davies hath a very pretty wife ;—  
Statesman all over !—in plots famous grown !  
He mouths a sentence as curs mouth a bone.

Next Holland came.—With truly tragic stalk  
He creeps, he flies.—A hero should not walk.  
As if with Heav'n he warr'd, his eager eyes  
Planted their batteries against the skies ;  
Attitude, action, air, pause, start, sigh, groan,  
He borrow'd, and made use of as his own.  
By Fortune thrown on any other stage  
He might perhaps have pleas'd an easy age,  
But now appears a copy and no more  
Of something better we have seen before.  
The actor who would build a solid fame  
Must imitation's servile arts disclaim,  
Act from himself, on his own bottom stand ;  
I hate ev'n Garrick thus at second-hand.

Behind came King.—Bred up in modest lore,  
Bashful and young, he sought Hibernia's shore,  
Hibernia ! fam'd, 'bove ev'ry other grace,  
For matchless intrepidity of face ;  
From her his features caught the gen'rous flame,  
And bid defiance to all sense of shame ;  
Tutor'd by her all rivals to surpass,  
'Mongst Drury's sons he comes, and shines in brass.

Lo, Yates !—Without the least finesse of art  
He gets applause ; I wish he'd get his part.  
When hot impatience is in full career  
How vilely "Hark'e ! Hark'e !" grates the ear ?  
When active fancy from the brain is sent,  
And stands on tiptoe for some wish'd event,  
I hate those careless blunders which recall  
Suspended sense, and prove it fiction all.

In characters of low and vulgar mould,  
Where Nature's coarsest features we behold,  
Where, destitute of ev'ry decent grace,  
Unmanner'd jests are blurted in your face,  
There Yates with justice strict attention draws,  
Acts truly from himself, and gains applause ;  
But when to please himself or charm his wife  
He aims at something in politer life,

When blindly thwarting Nature's stubborn plan,  
 He treads the stage by way of gentleman,  
 The clown, who no one touch of breeding knows,  
 Looks like Tom Errand dress'd in Clincher's\* clothes.  
 Fond of his dress, fond of his person grown,  
 Laugh'd at by all, and to himself unknown,  
 From side to side he struts, he smiles, he prates,  
 And seems to wonder what's become of Yates.

Woodward, endow'd with various tricks of face,  
 Great master in the science of grimace,  
 From Ireland ventures, fav'rite of the Town,  
 Lur'd by the pleasing prospect of renown ;  
 A speaking Harlequin, made up of whim,  
 He twists, he twines, he tortures, every limb,  
 Plays to the eye with a mere monkey's art,  
 And leaves to sense the conquest of the heart ;  
 We laugh indeed, but on reflection's birth  
 We wonder at ourselves, and curse our mirth.  
 His walk of parts he fatally misplac'd,  
 And inclination fondly took for taste ;  
 Hence hath the Town so often seen display'd  
 Beau in burlesque, high life in masquerade.

But when bold wits, not such as patch up plays,  
 Cold and correct, in these insipid days,  
 Some comic character strong-featur'd urge  
 To probability's extremest verge,  
 Where modest Judgment her decree suspends,  
 And for a time nor censures nor commends,  
 Where critics can't determine on the spot  
 Whether it is in nature found or not,  
 There Woodward safely shall his pow'rs exert,  
 Nor fail of favour where he shows desert ;  
 Hence he in Bobadil such praises bore,  
 Such worthy praises, Kitley scarce had more.

By turns transform'd into all kind of shapes,  
 Constant to none, Foote laughs, cries, struts, and scrapes ;  
 Now in the centre, now in van or rear,  
 The Proteus shifts, bawd, parson, auctioneer.  
 His strokes of humour and his bursts of sport  
 Are all contain'd in this one word, Distort.

Doth a man stutter, look a-squint, or halt ?  
 Mimics draw humour out of Nature's fault,

\* See Farquhar's Constant Couple.

With personal defects their mirth adorn,  
 And hang misfortunes out to public scorn.  
 Ev'n I, whom Nature cast in hideous mould,  
 Whom having made she trembled to behold,  
 Beneath the load of mimicry may groan,  
 And find that Nature's errors are my own. \*

Shadows behind of Foote and Woodward came,  
 Wilkinson this, Obrien was that name.  
 Strange to relate, but wonderfully true,  
 That even shadows have their shadows too !  
 With not a single comic pow'r endu'd,  
 The first a mere mere mimic's mimic stood,  
 The last, by Nature form'd to please, who shows  
 In Johnson's Stephen which way genius grows,  
 Self quite put off, affects with too much art  
 To put on Woodward in each mangled part,  
 Adopts his shrug, his wink, his stare, nay, more,  
 His voice, and croaks, for Woodward croak'd before.  
 When a dull copier simple grace neglects,  
 And rests his imitation in defects,  
 We readily forgive ; but such vile arts  
 Are double guilt in men of real parts.

By Nature form'd in her perversest mood,  
 With no one requisite of art endu'd,  
 Next Jackson came.—Observe that settled glare,  
 Which better speaks a puppet than a play'r ;  
 List to that voice—did ever Discord hear  
 Sounds so well fitted to her untun'd ear ?  
 When to enforce some very tender part  
 The right hand sleeps by instinct on the heart,  
 His soul, of ev'ry other thought bereft,  
 Is anxious only where to place the left ;  
 He sobs and pants to sooth his weeping spouse,  
 To sooth his weeping mother turns and bows :  
 Awkward, embarrass'd, stiff, without the skill  
 Of moving gracefully or standing still,  
 One leg, as if suspicious of his brother,  
 Desirous seems to run away from t'other.

Some errors, handed down from age to age,  
 Plead custom's force, and still possess the stage.

\* The poet has here made up a rod which will do for the satirist as well as the player.

That's vile.—Should we a parent's faults adore,  
And err because our fathers err'd before?  
If, inattentive to the author's mind,  
Some actors made the jest they could not find,  
If by low tricks they marr'd fair Nature's mien,  
And blurr'd the graces of the simple scene,  
Shall we, if reason rightly is employ'd,  
Not see their faults, or seeing not avoid?  
When Falstaff stands detected in a lie,  
Why without meaning rolls Love's glassy eye?  
Why?—There's no cause—at least no cause we know—  
It was the fashion twenty years ago.  
Fashion—a word which knaves and fools may use,  
Their knavery and folly to excuse.  
To copy beauties forfeits all pretence  
To fame—to copy faults is want of sense.

Yet (tho' in some particulars he fails,  
Some few particulars, where mode prevails)  
If in these hallow'd times, when sober sad  
All gentlemen are melancholy mad,  
When 'tis not deem'd so great a crime by half  
To violate a Vestal as to laugh,  
Rude mirth may hope presumpt'ous to engage  
An act of toleration for the stage,  
And courtiers will, like reasonable creatures,  
Suspend vain fashion, and unscrew their features,  
Old Falstaff play'd by Love shall please once more,  
And humour set the audience in a roar.

Actors I 'ave seen, and of no vulgar name,  
Who being from one part possess'd of fame,  
Whether they are to laugh, cry, whine, or bawl,  
Still introduce that fav'rite part in all.  
Here, Love, be cautious—ne'er be thou betray'd  
To call in that wag Falstaff's dang'rous aid;  
Like Goths of old, howe'er he seems a friend,  
He'll seize that throne you wish him to defend.  
In a peculiar mould by Humour cast,  
For Falstaff fram'd—himself the first and last—  
He stands aloof from all—maintains his state,  
And scorns, like Scotsmen, to assimilate.  
Vain all disguise—too plain we see the trick,  
Tho' the knight wears the weeds of Dominick,



And Boniface, disgrac'd, betrays the smack  
In *anno Domini* of Falstaff's sack.

Arms cross'd, brows bent, eyes fix'd, feet marching  
A band of malcontents with spleen o'erflow ; [slow,  
Wrapt in conceit's impenetrable fog,  
Which Pride, like Phœbus, draws from ev'ry bog,  
They curse the managers, and curse the Town,  
Whose partial favour keeps such merit down.

But if some man, more hardy than the rest,  
Should dare attack these gnatlings in their nest,  
At once they rise with impotence of rage,  
Whet their small stings, and buzz about the stage  
" 'Tis breach of privilege !—Shall any dare  
" To arm satiric truth against a play'r ?  
" Prescriptive rights we plead time out of mind ;  
" Actors unleash'd themselves may lash mankind."

What ! shall Opinion then, of Nature free,  
And lib'ral as the vagrant air, agree  
To rust in chains like these, impos'd by things  
Which less than nothing ape the pride of kings ?  
No—tho' half-poets with half-players join  
To curse the freedom of each honest line,  
Tho' rage and malice dim their faded cheek,  
What the Muse freely thinks she'll freely speak ;  
With just disdain of ev'ry paltry sneer,  
Stranger alike to flattery and fear,  
In purpose fix'd, and to herself a rule,  
Public contempt shall wait the public fool.

Austin would always glisten in French silks,  
Ackman would Norris be, and Packer Wilks ;  
For who like Ackman can with humour please ?  
Who can like Packer charm with sprightly ease ?  
Higher than all the rest, see Bransby strut,  
A mighty Gulliver in Lilliput !  
Ludicrous Nature ! which at once could show  
A man so very high, so very low.

If I forget thee, Blakes, or if I say  
Aught hurtful, may I never see thee play.  
Let critics with a supercilious air  
Decry thy various merit, and declare  
Frenchman is still at top ;—but scorn that rage  
Which in attacking thee attacks the age.

French follies universally embrac'd  
At once provoke our mirth and form our taste.

Long from a nation\* ever hardly us'd,  
At random censur'd, wantonly abus'd,  
Have Britons drawn their sport, with partial view  
Form'd gen'ral notions from the rascal few,  
Condemn'd a people as for vices known,  
Which from their country banish'd seek our own.  
At length, howe'er, the slavish chain is broke,  
And Sense awaken'd scorns her ancient yoke :  
Taught by thee, Moody, we now learn to raise  
Mirth from their foibles, from their virtues praise.

Next come the legion which our summer Bayes  
From alleys here and there contriv'd to raise,  
Flush'd with vast hopes, and certain to succeed  
With wits who cannot write and scarce can read.  
Vet'rans no more support the rotten cause,  
No more from Elliot's worth they reap applause ;  
Each on himself determines to rely :  
Be Yates disbanded, and let Elliot fly.  
Never did play'rs so well an author fit,  
To Nature dead, and foes declar'd to wit.  
So loud each tongue, so empty was each head,  
So much they talk'd, so very little said,  
So wondrous dull, and yet so wondrous vain,  
At once so willing and unfit to reign,  
That Reason swore, nor would the oath recall,  
Their mighty master's soul inform'd them all.

As one with various disappointments sad,  
Whom dulness only kept from being mad, †  
Apart from all the rest, great Murphy came—  
Common to fools and wits the rage of fame.  
What tho' the sons of Nonsense hail him Sire,  
Auditor, ‡ Author, Manager, and Squire ?

\* Ireland.

† "Great wits to madness sure are near ally'd."

‡ This was the name of a periodical paper of politics. Lord Bute was appointed First Commissioner of the Treasury 29th May 1762; on the same day was published No. 1. of *The Briton*; No. 1. of *The North Briton* appeared June 5; No. 1. of *The Auditor* June 10. Wilkes and his friends were supposed to be concerned in *The North Briton*, and Murphy in the other two papers. There is a deep stroke of politics upon record, which deserves to be

His restless soul's ambition stops not there ;  
To make his triumphs perfect dub him Play'r.

In person tall, a figure form'd to please,  
If symmetry could charm depriv'd of ease ;  
When motionless he stands we all approve ;  
What pity 'tis the Thing was made to move.

remembered. The gentlemen concerned in The North Briton conveyed a letter to the conductor of The Auditor, reprobating the art of falsehood which had been employed to set every acquisition made by the treaty of peace in a contemptible light, and more particularly the acquisition of Florida, "Than which," says the letter-writer, "I never saw a finer country. The only, at present, profitable tracts of Florida are certain large bogs, which produce an excellent kind of fuel, pretty much the same thing which in England is called Peat or Turf. Of this there is by far a greater quantity than would serve the inhabitants for firing, were they ten times more numerous. Now, Sir, it is a fact notoriously true, and of which I have been an eye-witness, that all kinds of fuel are extremely scarce in the West-Indies; I don't mean for boiling the sugars, for with that the trash of the sugar-cane abundantly supplies them, but for domestic uses. The scarcity is such, that I can safely affirm not one of the lower kind of planters has a comfortable fire in his parlour or bed-chamber: nay, even amongst the better sort I have seldom seen a good fire, though at the severest season of the year.—Is it then a small advantage to add, and that at a cheap rate, to the conveniences and comforts of fellow-subjects, fellow-creatures, and fellow-Christians?"—This curious epistle The Auditor immediately published in his 31st Number, taking merit to himself for printing it "exactly as he received it," that he might "throw all the lights in his power upon the solid value of the advantages procured by the late negotiation." Before it appeared the person who conducted the paper went out of Town; but on his return, in order to be ready for the periodical day of publication, he found the whole Town on fire with his Floridatur. The North Briton reprinted the letter in his 30th Number, with his best thanks to The Auditor for having so obligingly inserted it. Florida turf burnt most violently; the situation was insufferable. The Auditor bore it as long as he could, but at last perished in the flames. The kindness of the correspondent reached beyond death, and thus inscribed his tomb, (the letter was signed *Viator*.)

*Siste, Viator !*

Deep in this bog The Auditor lies still,  
His labours finish'd, and worn out his quill;  
His fires extinguish'd, and his works unread,  
In peace he sleeps with the forgotten dead:  
With heath and sedge, oh ! may his tomb be drest,  
And his own turf lie light upon his breast.

*Et quocunque volunt animum Auditoris agunto.* HOR.

His voice in one dull, deep, unvary'd sound  
 Seems to break forth from caverns under ground ;  
 From hollow chest the low sepulchral note  
 Unwilling heaves, and struggles in his throat.

Could authors butcher'd give an actor grace, †  
 All must resign to him the foremost place.  
 When he attempts, in some one fav'rite part,  
 To ape the feelings of a manly heart,  
 His honest features the disguise defy,  
 And his face loudly gives his tongue the lie.

Still in extremes he knows no happy mean,  
 Or raving mad or stupidly serene :  
 In cold-wrought scenes the lifeless actor flags,  
 In passion tears the passion into rags.  
 Can none remember?—Yes—I know all must—  
 When in the Moor he ground his teeth to dust,  
 When o'er the stage he Folly's standard bore,  
 Whilst Common Sense stood trembling at the door.

How few are found with real talents blest !  
 Fewer with Nature's gifts contented rest.  
 Man from his sphere eccentric starts astray ;  
 All hunt for fame, but most mistake the way.  
 Bred at St. Omer's to the shuffling trade,  
 The hopeful youth a Jesuit might have made,  
 With various readings stor'd his empty scull,  
 Learn'd without sense, and venerably dull ;  
 Or at some banker's desk, like many more,  
 Content to tell that two and two make four,  
 His name had stood in City annals fair,  
 And prudent Dulness mark'd him for a may'r.

What then could tempt thee, in a critic age,  
 Such blooming hopes to forfeit on a stage ?  
 Could it be worth thy wondrous waste of pains  
 To publish to the world thy lack of brains ?  
 Or might not reason ev'n to thee have shown  
 Thy greatest praise had been to live unknown ?  
 Yet let not vanity like thine despair ;  
 Fortune makes Folly her peculiar care.

A vacant throne high-plac'd in Smithfield view,  
 To sacred Dulness and her first-born due,

† Certain Indian tribes are said to believe that all the good qualities of an enemy whom they butcher immediately become their own.

Thither with haste in happy hour repair,  
 Thy birth-right claim, nor fear a rival there ;  
 Shuter himself shall own thy juster claim,  
 And venal Legers puff their Murphy's\* name,  
 Whilst Vaughan or Dapper, call him which you will,  
 Shall blow the trumpet and give out the bill.

There rule secure from critics and from sense,  
 Nor once shall Genius rise to give offence ;  
 Eternal peace shall bless the happy shore,  
 And little factions break thy rest no more.

From Covent-Garden crowds promiscuous go,  
 Whom the Muse knows not, nor desires to know :  
 Vet'rans they seem'd, but knew of arms no more  
 Than if till that time arms they never bore :  
 Like Westminster militia train'd to fight,  
 They scarcely knew the left hand from the right ;  
 Asham'd among such troops to shew the head,  
 Their chiefs were scatter'd, and their heroes fled.

Sparks at his glass sat comfortably down  
 To sep'rate frown from smile and smile from frown.  
 Smith, the genteel, the airy, and the smart,  
 Smith was just gone to school to say his part.  
 Ross (a misfortune which we often meet)  
 Was fast asleep at dear Statira's feet ;  
 Statira, with her hero to agree,  
 Stood on her feet as fast asleep as he.  
 Macklin, who largely deals in half-form'd sounds,  
 Who wantonly transgresses Nature's bounds,  
 Whose acting's hard, affected, and constrain'd,  
 Whose features, as each other they disdain'd,  
 At variance set, inflexible, and coarse,  
 Ne'er know the workings of united force,  
 Ne'er kindly soften to each other's aid,  
 Nor shew the mingled pow'rs of light and shade.  
 No longer for a thankless stage concern'd,  
 To worthier thoughts his mighty genius turn'd,  
 Harangu'd, gave lectures, made each simple elf  
 Almost as good a speaker as himself,  
 Whilst the whole Town, mad with mistaken zeal,  
 An awkward rage for elocution feel,  
 Dull cits and grave divines his praise proclaim,  
 And join with Sheridan's their Macklin's name.

\* Murphy was supposed to be the author of *The Public Leger*.

Shuter, who never car'd a single pin  
 Whether he left out nonsense or put in,  
 Who aim'd at wit, tho', level'd in the dark,  
 The random arrow seldom hit the mark,  
 At Islington, all by the placid stream,  
 Where City swains in lap of Dulness dream,  
 Where quiet as her strains their strains do flow,  
 That all the patron by the bards may know,  
 Secret as night, with Rolt's experienc'd aid,  
 The plan of future operations laid,  
 Projected schemes the summer months to cheer,  
 And spin out happy folly thro' the year.

But think not, tho' these dastard chiefs are fled,  
 That Covent-Garden troops shall want a head;  
 Harlequin comes their chief!—See from afar  
 The hero seated in fantastic car!  
 Wedded to Novelty, his only arms  
 Are wooden swords, wands, talismans, and charms;  
 On one side Folly sits, by some call'd Fun,  
 And on the other his arch-patron, Lun;  
 Behind, for liberty a-thirst in vain,  
 Sense, helpless captive! drags the galling chain;  
 Six rude misshapen beasts the chariot draw,  
 Whom Reason loathes, and Nature never saw,  
 Monsters with tails of ice and heads of fire,  
 Gorgons and Hydras, and Chymæras dire;\*  
 Each was bestrode by full as monstrous wight,  
 Giant, dwarf, genius, elf, hermaphrodite.  
 The Town, as usual, met him in full cry;  
 The Town, as usual, knew no reason why;  
 But Fashion so directs, and Moderns raise  
 On Fashion's mould'ring base their transient praise.

Next to the field a band of females draw  
 Their force, for Britain owns to Salique law;  
 Just to their worth we female rights admit,  
 Nor bar their claim to empire or to wit.

First giggling, plotting, chambermaids arrive,  
 Hoydons and romps, led on by Gen'ral Clive.  
 In spite of outward blemishes she shone,  
 For humour fam'd, and humour all her own;  
 Easy, as if at home, the stage she trode,  
 Nor sought the critic's praise nor fear'd his rod;

\* Milton.

Original in spirit and in ease,  
 She pleas'd by hiding all attempts to please ;  
 No comic actress ever yet could raise,  
 On humour's base, more merit or more praise.

With all the native vigour of sixteen,  
 Among the merry troop conspicuous seen,  
 See lively Pope advance in jig, and trip  
 Corinna, Cherry, Honeycomb, and Snip ;  
 Not without art, but yet to Nature true,  
 She charms the Town with humour just yet new ;  
 Cheer'd by her promise, we the less deplore  
 The fatal time when Clive shall be no more.

Lo ! Vincent comes—with simple grace array'd  
 She laughs at paltry arts and scorns parade ;  
 Nature thro' her is by reflection shown,  
 Whilst Gay once more knows Polly for his own.

Talk not to me of diffidence and fear—  
 I see it all, but must forgive it here ;  
 Defects like these, which modest terrors cause,  
 From impudence itself extort applause.  
 Candour and Reason still take Virtue's part ;  
 We love ev'n foibles in so good a heart.

Let Tommy Arne with usual pomp of style,  
 Whose chief whose only merit's to compile,  
 Who, meanly pilf'ring here and there a bit,  
 Deals music out as Murphy deals out wit,  
 Publish proposals, laws for taste prescribe,  
 And chant the praise of an Italian tribe ;  
 Let him reverse kind Nature's first decrees,  
 And teach ev'n Brent a method not to please ;  
 But never shall a truly British age  
 Bear a vile race of eunuchs on the stage ;  
 The boasted work's call'd National in vain,  
 If one Italian voice pollutes the strain.  
 Where tyrants rule and slaves with joy obey,  
 Let slavish minstrels pour th' enervate lay ;  
 To Britons far more noble pleasures spring,  
 In native notes whilst Beard and Vincent sing.

Might figure give a title unto fame,  
 What rival should with Yates dispute her claim ?  
 But Justice may not partial trophies raise,  
 Nor sink the actress in the woman's praise.

Still hand in hand her words and actions go,  
And the heart feels more than the features show,  
For thro' the regions of that beauteous face  
We no variety of passions trace ;  
Dead to the soft emotions of the heart,  
No kindred softness can those eyes impart :  
The brow, still fix'd in sorrow's sullen frame,  
Void of distinction, marks all parts the same.

What's a fine person or a beauteous face,  
Unless deportment gives them decent grace ?  
Bless'd with all other requisites to please,  
Some want the striking elegance of ease ;  
The curious eye their awkward movement tires ;  
They seem like puppets led about by wires :  
Others, like statues, in one posture still,  
Give great ideas of the workman's skill ;  
Wond'ring, his art we praise the more we view,  
And only grieve he gave not motion too.  
Weak of themselves are what we beauties call ;  
It is the manner which gives strength to all ;  
This teaches ev'ry beauty to unite,  
And brings them forward in the noblest light ;  
Happy in this, behold, amidst the throng,  
With transient gleam of grace, Hart sweeps along.

If all the wonders of external grace,  
A person finely turn'd, a mould of face,  
Where, union rare, Expression's lively force  
With Beauty's softest magic holds discourse,  
Attract the eye ; if feelings void of art  
Rouse the quick passions and inflame the heart ;  
If music sweetly breathing from the tongue  
Captives the ear, Bride must not pass unsung.  
When fear, which rank ill-nature terms Conceit,  
By time and custom conquer'd, shall retreat ;  
When judgment, tutor'd by experience sage,  
Shall shoot abroad, and gather strength from age ;  
When Heaven, in mercy, shall the stage release  
From the dull slumbers of a still-life piece ;  
When some stale flow'r, disgraceful to the walk,  
Which long hath hung, tho' wither'd, on the stalk,  
Shall kindly drop, then Bride shall make her way,  
And merit find a passage to the day ;



Brought into action, she at once shall raise  
Her own renown, and justify our praise.

Form'd for the tragic scene, to grace the stage  
With rival excellence of love and rage,  
Mistress of each soft art, with matchless skill  
To turn and wind the passions as she will,  
To melt the heart with sympathetic woe,  
Awake the sigh, and teach the tear to flow,  
To put on Frenzy's wild distracted glare,  
And freeze the soul with horror and despair,  
With just desert enroll'd in endless fame,  
Conscious of worth superior, Cibber came.

When poor Alicia's madd'ning brains are rack'd,  
And strongly imag'd griefs her mind distract,  
Struck with her grief I catch the madness too,  
My brain turns round, the headless trunk I view !  
The roof cracks, shakes, and falls !—new horrors rise,  
And reason bury'd in the ruin lies.

Nobly disdainful of each slavish art,  
She makes her first attack upon the heart ;  
Pleas'd with the summons, it receives her laws,  
And all is silence, sympathy, applause.

But when, by fond ambition drawn aside,  
Giddy with praise, and puff'd with female pride,  
She quits the tragic scene, and in pretence  
To comic merit breaks down Nature's fence,  
I scarcely can believe my ears or eyes,  
Or find out Cibber thro' the dark disguise.

Pritchard, by Nature for the stage design'd,  
In person graceful, and in sense refin'd ;  
Her art as much as Nature's friend became,  
Her voice as free from blemish as her fame.  
Who knows so well in majesty to please,  
Attemper'd with the graceful charms of ease ?

When, Congreve's favour'd pantomime to grace,  
She comes a captive queen of Moorish race,  
When love, hate, jealousy, despair, and rage,  
With wildest tumults in her breast engage,  
Still equal to herself is Zara seen ;  
Her passions are the passions of a queen.

When she to murder whets the tim'rous thane,  
I feel ambition rush thro' ev'ry vein ;

Persuasion hangs upon her daring tongue ;  
My heart grows flint, and ev'ry nerve's new strang.

In comedy—"Nay, there," cries Critic, "hold ;  
"Pritchard's for comedy too fat and old ;  
"Who can, with patience, bear the gray coquette,  
"Or force a laugh with overgrown Juliet ?  
"Her speech, look, action, humour, all are just,  
"But then her age and figure give disgust."

Are foibles, then, and graces of the mind  
In real life to size or age confin'd ?  
Do spirits flow, and is good breeding plac'd  
In any set circumference of waist ?  
As we grow old doth affectation cease,  
Or gives not age new vigour to caprice ?  
If in originals these things appear,  
Why should we bar them in the copy here ?  
The nice punctilio-mongers of this age,  
The grand minute reformers of the stage,  
Slaves to propriety of ev'ry kind,  
Some standard measure for each part should find,  
Which when the best of actors shall exceed,  
Let it devolve to one of smaller breed.

All actors, too, upon the back should bear  
Certificate of birth—time when—place where ;  
For how can critics rightly fix their worth  
Unless they know the minute of their birth ?  
An audience, too, deceiv'd, may find too late  
That they have clapp'd an actor out of date.

Figure, I own, at first may give offence,  
And harshly strike the eye's too curious sense ;  
But when perfections of the mind break forth,  
Humour's chaste sallies, judgment's solid worth,  
When the pure genuine flame, by Nature taught,  
Springs into sense, and ev'ry action's thought,  
Before such merit all objections fly,  
Pritchard's genteel, and Garrick's six feet high.

Oft have I, Pritchard, seen thy wondrous skill,  
Confess'd thee great, but find thee greater still.  
That worth which shone in scatter'd rays before,  
Collected now, breaks forth with double pow'r.  
The Jealous Wife ! on that thy trophies raise,  
Inferior only to the author's praise.

From Dublin, fam'd in legends of romance  
For mighty magic of enchanted lance,  
With which her heroes arm'd victorious prove,  
And like a flood rush o'er the land of Love,  
Mossop and Barry came—names ne'er design'd  
By Fate in the same sentence to be join'd.  
Rais'd by the breath of popular acclaim,  
They mounted to the pinnacle of Fame;  
There the weak brain, made giddy with the height,  
Spurr'd on the rival chiefs to mortal fight.  
Thus sportive boys around some bason's brim  
Behold the pipe-drawn bladders circling swim,  
But if from lungs more potent there arise  
Two bubbles of a more than common size,  
Eager for honour, they for fight prepare,  
Bubble meets bubble, and both sink to air.

Mossop, attach'd to military plan,  
Still kept his eye fix'd on his right-hand man;  
Whilst the mouth measures words with seeming skill,  
The right hand labours and the left lies still;  
For he resolv'd on Scripture-grounds to go,  
What the right doth the left hand shall not know.  
With study'd impropriety of speech  
He soars beyond the hackney critic's reach,  
To epithets allots emphatic state,  
Whilst principals, ungrac'd, like lackeys wait,  
In ways first trodden by himself excels,  
And stands alone in indeclinables;  
Conjunction, preposition, adverb, join  
To stamp new vigour on the nervous line;  
In monosyllables his thunders roll,  
He, she, it, and we, ye, they, fright the soul.

In person taller than the common size,  
Behold where Barry draws admiring eyes!  
When lab'ring passions, in his bosom pent,  
Convulsive rage, and struggling heave for vent,  
Spectators, with imagin'd terrors warm,  
Anxious expect the bursting of the storm;  
But, all unfit in such a pile to dwell,  
His voice comes forth like Echo from her cell,  
To swell the tempest needful aid denies,  
And all adown the stage in feeble murmurs dies.

What man like Barry with such pains can err  
In elocution, action, character ?

What man could give, if Barry was not here,  
Such well-applauded tenderness to Lear ?  
Who else can speak so very, very fine,  
That sense may kindly end with ev'ry line ?

Some dozen lines before the Ghost is there,  
Behold him for the solemn scene prepare :  
See how he frames his eyes, poises each limb,  
Puts the whole body into proper trim !—  
From whence we learn, with no great stretch of art,  
Five lines hence comes a ghost, and, Ha ! a start.

When he appears most perfect, still we find  
Something which jars upon and hurts the mind ;  
Whatever lights upon a part are thrown,  
We see too plainly they are not his own ;  
No flame from Nature ever yet he caught,  
Nor knew a feeling which he was not taught :  
He rais'd his trophies on the base of art,  
And conn'd his passions as he conn'd his part.

Quin, from afar, lur'd by the scent of fame,\*  
A stage leviathan, put in his claim,  
Pupil of Betterton and Booth. Alone,  
Sullen he walk'd, and deem'd the chair his own ;  
For how should Moderns, mushrooms of the day,  
Who ne'er those masters knew, know how to play ?  
Gray-bearded vet'rans, who with partial tongue  
Extol the times when they themselves were young,  
Who, having lost all relish for the stage,  
See not their own defects, but lash the age,  
Receiv'd with joyful murmurs of applause  
Their darling chief, and lin'd his fav'rite cause.

Far be it from the candid Muse to tread  
Insulting o'er the ashes of the dead,  
But, just to living merit, she maintains,  
And dares the test whilst Garrick's genius reigns,  
Ancients in vain endeavour to excel,  
Happily prais'd if they could act as well.  
But tho' prescription's force we disallow,  
Nor to antiquity submissive bow,

\* The Poet finely hints that fame and a smoking haunch operated upon the same sense.

Tho' we deny imaginary grace,  
Founded on accidents of time and place,  
Yet real worth of ev'ry growth shall bear  
Due praise, nor must we, Quin, forgot thee there.

His words bore sterling weight ; nervous and strong,  
In manly tides of sense they roll'd along ;  
Happy in art, he chiefly had pretence  
To keep up numbers yet not forfeit sense.  
No actor ever greater heights could reach  
In all the labour'd artifice of speech.

Speech ! is that all ?—And shall an actor found  
An universal fame on partial ground ?  
Parrots themselves speak properly by rote,  
And in six months my dog shall howl by note.  
I laugh at those who, when the stage they tread,  
Neglect the heart to compliment the head ;  
With strict propriety their care's confin'd  
To weigh out words, while passion halts behind ;  
To syllable-dissectors they appeal,  
Allow them accent, cadence—Fools may feel ;  
But, spite of all the criticising elves,  
Those who would make us feel must feel themselves.

His eyes, in gloomy socket taught to roll,  
Proclaim'd the sullen habit of his soul ;  
Heavy and phlegmatic he trode the stage,  
Too proud for tenderness, too dull for rage.  
When Hector's lovely widow shines in tears,  
Or Rowe's gay rake dependent virtue jeers,  
With the same cast of features he is seen  
To chide the libertine and court the queen.  
From the tame scene, which without passion flows,  
With just desert his reputation rose ;  
Nor less he pleas'd when on some surly plan  
He was at once the actor and the man.

In Brute he shone unequal'd ; all agree  
Garrick's not half so great a brute as he.  
When Cato's labour'd scenes are brought to view  
With equal praise the actor labour'd too ;  
For still you'll find, trace passions to their root,  
Small diff'rence 'twixt the Stoic and the Brute.  
In fancy'd scenes, as in life's real plan,  
He could not for a moment sink the man.

In whate'er cast his character was laid,  
 Self still, like oil, upon the surface play'd.  
 Nature in spite of all his skill crept in ;  
 Horatio, Dorax, Falstaff—still 't was Quin.

Next follows Sheridan—a doubtful name,  
 As yet unsettled in the rank of fame ;  
 This, fondly lavish in his praises grown,  
 Give him all merit ; that allows him none.  
 Between them both we'll steer the middle course,-  
 Nor loving praise rob judgment of her force.

Just his conceptions, natural and great,  
 His feelings strong, his words enforc'd with weight.  
 Was speech-fam'd Quin himself to hear him speak,  
 Envy would drive the colour from his cheek ;  
 But stepdame Nature, niggard of her grace,  
 Deny'd the social pow'rs of voice and face.  
 Fix'd in one frame of features, glare of eye,  
 Passions, like chaos, in confusion lie ;  
 In vain the wonders of his skill are try'd  
 To form distinction Nature hath deny'd.  
 His voice no touch of harmony admits,  
 Irregularly deep and shrill by fits ;  
 The two extremes appear like man and wife,  
 Coupled together for the sake of strife.

His action's always strong, but sometimes such,  
 That Candour must declare he acts too much.  
 Why must impatience fall three paces back ?  
 Why paces three return to the attack ?  
 Why is the right leg, too, forbid to stir,  
 Unless in motion semicircular ?  
 Why must the hero with the Nailor vie,  
 And hurl the close-clench'd fist at nose or eye ?  
 In royal John, with Philip angry grown,  
 I thought he would have knock'd poor Davies down.  
 Inhuman tyrant ! was it not a shame  
 To fright a king so harmless and so tame ?  
 But spite of all defects his glories rise,  
 And art, by judgment form'd, with Nature vies.  
 Behold him sound the depth of Hubert's soul,  
 Whilst in his own contending passions roll ;  
 View the whole scene, with critic judgment scan,  
 And then deny him merit if you can.

Where he falls short 'tis Nature's fault alone ;  
Where he succeeds the merit's all his own.

Last Garrick came.—Behind him throng a train  
Of snarling critics, ignorant as vain.

One finds out—"He's of stature somewhat low—  
"Your hero always should be tall, you know.—  
"True nat'ral greatness all consists in height."  
Produce your voucher, Critic.—"Sergeant Kyte."

Another can't forgive the paltry arts  
By which he makes his way to shallow hearts ;  
Mere pieces of finesse, traps for applause.—  
"Avaunt ! unnat'ral start, affected pause."

For me, by Nature form'd to judge with phlegm,  
I can't acquit by wholesale nor condemn.  
The best things carry'd to excess are wrong ;  
The start may be too frequent, pause too long ;  
But only us'd in proper time and place,  
Severest judgment must allow them grace.

If bunglers, form'd on Imitation's plan,  
Just in the way that monkeys mimic man,  
Their copy'd scene with mangled arts disgrace,  
And pause and start with the same vacant face,  
We join the critic laugh ; those tricks we scorn  
Which spoil the scenes they mean them to adorn ;  
But when from Nature's pure and genuine source  
These strokes of acting flow with gen'rous force,  
When in the features all the soul's portray'd,  
And passions such as Garrick's are display'd,  
To me they seem from quickest feelings caught,  
Each start is Nature, and each pause is thought.  
When reason yields to passion's wild alarms,  
And the whole state of man is up in arms,  
What but a critic could condemn the play'r  
For pausing here when cool sense pauses there ?  
Whilst, working from the heart, the fire I trace,  
And mark it strongly flaming to the face,  
Whilst in each sound I hear the very man,  
I can't catch words, and pity those who can.

Let wits, like spiders, from the tortur'd brain  
Fine-draw the critic-web with curious pain ;  
The gods—a kindness I with thanks must pay—  
Have form'd me of a coarser kind of clay ;

Nor stung with envy nor with spleen diseas'd,  
 A poor dull creature, still with Nature pleas'd ;  
 Hence to thy praises, Garrick, I agree,  
 And pleas'd with Nature must be pleas'd with thee.

Now might I tell how silence reign'd throughout,  
 And deep attention hush'd the rabble rout,  
 How ev'ry claimant, tortur'd with desire,  
 Was pale as ashes or as red as fire ;  
 But, loose to fame, the Muse more simply acts,  
 Rejects all flourish, and relates mere facts.

The judges, as the sev'ral parties came,  
 With temper heard, with judgment weigh'd each claim,  
 And in their sentence happily agreed,  
 In name of both great Shakespeare thus decreed.

" If manly sense, if nature link'd with art ;  
 " If thorough knowledge of the human heart ;  
 " If pow'rs of acting vast and unconfin'd ;  
 " If fewest faults with greatest beauties join'd ;  
 " If strong expression, and strange pow'rs, which lie  
 " Within the magic circle of the eye ;  
 " If feelings which few hearts like his can know,  
 " And which no face so well as his can show,  
 " Deserve the pref'rence—Garrick ! take the chair,  
 " Nor quit it—till thou place an equal there." \*

\* Unhappy for his country (if the theatre be of service to a nation's virtue) that while the pen is tracing this reflection Garrick is taking possession of a grave near his own Shakespeare ! He has quitted the chair, but left no equal in his place.

An equal did I say ? There is one plann'd !  
 Kean is his name, and Kean in all is grand !  
 An abler actor never trode the stage ;  
 We wish him well in youth, we wish him well in age.  
 Now, Irish Roscius, take the chair,  
 Nor quit it till THOU place an equal there.





## THE DISTRESSES OF A FATHER ;

Or, the adventures of Thomas Stagestruck, related by his Father.

I AM the father of an only son, who, two years ago, deserted me to join a company of players, and I have never heard of him since. Thomas had from his infancy such a turn for theatricals, that I, have often thought his head deranged ; he, however, got my permission to see the Play of Hamlet, and I went with him ; my son seemed during the whole play to be most attentive, and, when the entertainment was over, I desired him to see if our coach was in the way, when he very soon returned, and said,—“I think I hear it—stand, ho ! who is there ?” It happened to be our coach, and when we were seated in it, I observed that it was a fine star-light night, when Thomas exclaimed,—“When yon same star, that’s westward from the pole, had made his course to illume that part of Heaven.” “What part of Heaven ?” said I.—To where spirits oft walk in death.”—I confess I did not understand him, and thought he was mad. It happened that our coachman, being somewhat in liquor, missed his road, and when I was endeavouring to put him right, Thomas called out—“Whither wilt thou drive me ? I’ll go no further.” “You go no further,” said I ; “if you don’t behave a little better, and mind your own business.”—Here he had the impudence to interrupt me with—“Ay, Sir, you to your business, and I to mine ; for every man hath business, and desire such as it is.”

We at last got home, and I told Thomas to pay the fare, when I heard this dialogue between him and the coachman :—Thomas—“What is your fare, Sir ?” Coachman—“Five shillings, your honour.” Thomas—“It’s an imposition, Sir,” Coachman—“We always charge five shillings for night work two miles.” Thomas—“Day and night ! but this is wondrous strange.” Coachman—“You must pay the coach, Sir, before I leaves this here house.” Thomas—“There is your fare, Sir, and be damned.” Coachman—“How, Sir ?” Thomas—“Like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side ; begone Sir.”

Upon asking Thomas what he meant by the last speech, he asked if I did not remark that the coachman

was very much deformed. When we had sat down to a bit of supper, I asked Thomas what he would have to drink, when he replied—"I dare not drink yet, Sir,—by and by." "Well Sir," said I, "as you please;—William, I'll thank you for the cup." I had no sooner said this, and taken it in my hand, when Thomas put forth his, and exclaimed—"As thou'rt a man, give me the cup; let go; by Heaven I'll have it." He did succeed in getting hold of it, but, before he put it to his lips, roared out—"It is the poisoned cup!" William, upon hearing this, declared there was nothing in it but good *ale*, *toast*, and *nutmeg*, and to convince us, as he called it, drank off the whole, and then remarked that Mr. Thomas himself must surely be *in his cups*. Here I was obliged to tell him to hold his tongue, and Thomas joined me, and began again quoting—"If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart, absent thee from felicity awhile, and in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain to tell my story!" "Your story indeed! I'll have done with you, Sir; so for the present good night." Here my son answered with—"Good night, sweet father, and flights of angels sing thee to rest."

It so happened the next day, that we had a party of friends to dine with us, when my wife, who had a very fine taste, remarked that the beer was stale and flat; upon which Thomas got up from his chair, and quoted, I believe from Shakespeare,—"*How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable seem to me all the uses of this world! Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden, that grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature possess it merely.*" Upon hearing this, I told him if again he annoyed the company with his nonsense, I would turn him out of the room; but this he saved me the trouble of doing, by taking himself out, and holding the handle of the door in one hand and assuming a theatrical air with the other, repeated these lines, I do not know from where;—

"Let Hercules himself do what he may,

"The cat will mew, the dog will have his day."

Here he made his exit, and as I told you before, I have never seen him since. I have the honour to be, Mr. Editor, your most obedient humble servant,

TIMOTHY STAGESTRUCK.

## SCOTTISH KNIGHTS.

It is worthy of remark, that the last Knight that was made in Scotland, before the union of the two kingdoms, and the last made since the Union, were both painters; the first, Giovonni Battista Medina (*vide* Pilkington's Dictionary of Painters, edit. by Fuseli); and the last, Sir Henry Raeburn, who was knighted at Hopetoun House, when his Majesty visited Scotland.

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## THE CONGREGATION OF PIOUS ANIMALS.

ONCE upon a time, it is said that an extraordinary fit of piety influenced the animal creation, to offer up their grateful acknowledgments to Jupiter for the various gifts and endowments he had bestowed upon them; and when assembled, some of the most forward of them, with much seeming humility and thankfulness, professed the deepest sense of the peculiar happy talents and dispositions with which they vainly thought they were blessed. The peacock returned thanks for the exquisite sweetness of his voice—the hog for his love of cleanliness—the viper for his harmless disposition—the cuckoo for the pleasing variety of his musical notes, and the goose for the gracefulness of her carriage, and so on. Jupiter accepted this commendable act of duty, in return for real blessings that they undoubtedly did enjoy; but at the same time informed them, that their being so very particular as to specify these endowments was quite unnecessary, as the particular gifts which each of them had to boast of were best known to himself, who gave them.—*Northcote's Fables.*

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## KENNY, THE DRAMATIST.

MR. K. was travelling in Ireland, where the roads had been tended by the "finest pisantry in the world," and of course were nearly impassable. Suddenly Kenny, who writes better than he rides, was thrown off. "Hoiloe!" said his friend, "that is not the way to Cork." "No," said Kenny, "but it's the way to Kill-Kenny."

## ANECDOTE.

IN one of the bed-chambers in Bishopthorp Palace, near York, on each side of the chimney are (or were) two Cherubims weeping most bitterly ; and the story says that when the carver was asked by somebody how it entered into his head to represent them crying, his answer was, that he appealed to the *Te Deum* for the propriety of what he had done,—“Cherubim and Seraphim continually do cry.”

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## A MAN DESTROYED BY A LION.

THE following dreadful occurrence took place at the Star Inn, Bedminster, in a caravan of wild beasts. The keeper being in want of an attendant, a young man, of the name of Josh. Keddle, a native of Sherborne, who had been accustomed to the business from his infancy, offered his services and was accepted. He was, however, cautioned not to go within reach of any of the beasts ; this caution he unfortunately neglected. A party came to see the animals, and as the lion was asleep and did not appear willing to rise, the man imprudently went into his den ; the lion suddenly awakened, and probably hungry, and alarmed at the presence of a stranger, darted forward a paw, with which he seized the showman by the shoulder, at the same moment with the other he dreadfully lacerated the face. The miserable man cried piteously, and struggled to get loose, but all his efforts were in vain, and the lion, now infuriated, seized him by the throat with his mouth, and held him in that situation till death put an end to the too horrible sufferings of the victim. A gentleman instantly brought his pistols, and another person called to a blacksmith, who had a piece of red-hot iron, to afford assistance, but it was twenty minutes before the animal would quit his prey, although its mouth was much burned. At length the head of the unfortunate victim fell from his jaws, a spectacle too horrible for description, when the body was drawn from the cage.—*Bristol Mercury*.



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